

April 20, 1960

Registered in Australia for trans-
mission by post as a newspaper.

The Australian

Over 800,000 Copies
Sold Every Week

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

PRICE

9²



Beginning
"HONS
and
REBELS"

*Britain's
zaniest
bluebloods*

Easter Bonnet

LUCAS brings you Vanity Fair—as only LUCAS could! The fashion match of the season. LUCAS, the symbol of things lovely in Australia, joins hands with America's Vanity Fair, to bring you the loveliest lingerie you'll ever own.



Fashioned for the life you love living

LUCAS
Vanity Fair

Styles N1019-C1019: Above, a delicious frosting of Banlon guipure forming a beguiling little cape and scattered like fallen blossoms in the misty layers of the delicate nightgown. Two layer nylon in ivory/lemon, ivory/ciel, ivory/rose in the nightgown with white guipure mounted on colour to match in the cape. Sizes 12-36. Nightgown £9/9/0. Cape £10/10/0.

For the name of your nearest store or salon please write E. LUCAS & Co. Pty. Ltd., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 188C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409P, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 481G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

APRIL 20, 1960

Vol. 27, No. 4

CONTENTS

Fiction		Fashion	
Miss Paston's Private War, <i>Clive Burnley</i> . . .	16, 17	Fashion Festival Designs . . .	27
Trustee From The Toolroom (serial, part 5), <i>Nevil Shute</i> . . .	21	Dress Sense, <i>Betty Keep</i> . . .	29
Dear Bachelor, <i>Virginia Hatch</i> . . .	22, 23	Fashion Frocks . . .	53
Have Gun, Will Marry, <i>John Prebble</i> . . .	26	Fashion Patterns . . .	69
Special Features		Entertainment	
"Hons And Rebels" (part 1), by <i>Jessica Mitford</i> . . .	3, 12, 13, 15	Preview of "Upstairs and Downstairs" . . .	57
North to the Sun — all-color Queensland Tourist Section, 33 to 41		Films . . .	58
		TV Pin-up — <i>Bob Conrad</i> . . .	62
		Television Parade . . .	63
Home and Family		Regular Features	
A Room Of One's Own . . .	43	Worth Reporting . . .	10
Pre-natal Musts, <i>Sister Mary Jacob</i> . . .	45	It Seems To Me, <i>Dorothy Drain</i> . . .	20
Prize Recipes . . .	47	Your Bookshelf . . .	29
Cooking the Modern Way . . .	48, 49	Letter Box . . .	31
Home Plans . . .	50	Ross Campbell . . .	31
Australian Homes . . .	51	Social . . .	60, 61
Gardening—Care With Lime . . .	65	Stars . . .	69
		Jackys Diary . . .	70
		Mandrake, Crossword . . .	71

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● "Whenever I see the words 'Peer's Daughter' in a headline, I know it's going to be something about one of you children," Lady Redesdale, mother of the famous Mitford sisters, once said sadly.

THIS anecdote is told by Jessica Mitford in a prologue to her autobiography, "Hons And Rebels," which begins on the opposite page.

Explaining her autobiography, Jessica wrote:

"When I first revisited my mother's house in 1955, at the age of 38, after an absence of 19 years, I fell under the spell of the past.

"The tangible evidences of this past are somewhat different from those found in the average English home.

"In the windows are swastikas carved into the glass with a diamond ring, and for every swastika a hammer and sickle. "They were put there by my

sister Unity (a dedicated follower of Hitler) and myself when we were children."

Jessica revealed that among the shelves of family books in the drawing-room was a huge scrapbook in which her mother kept newspaper cuttings about her family.

The doings of the Mitford sisters in their heyday attracted world-wide interest, which prompted Lady Redesdale's remark about the frequent appearance of their names in newspaper headlines.

The color picture on page 3 is reproduced from "The Cotswolds in Color," our copy from Angus and Robertson.

Car winner announced

THE Renault Dauphine car—the prize in the Kitchen Contest conducted during the Parade of Homes at Cherrybrook Estate, Pennant Hills, N.S.W.—has been won by Miss Margaret Bradshaw, Tennyson St., Elwood, Victoria.

The car will be presented during the Channel 9, TCN "Home and Beauty" half-hour at 3.30 p.m. on Wednesday, April 27.

STAFF reporter Marjorie Stapleton, who collected the material for the Queensland Tourist Feature (pages 33 to 41), explained why two porpoises live in the bigger of the two pools at Schnapper Rocks, Coolangatta (page 33).

Our Cover



● This charming pink-bonneted youngster, smiling over the rim of a hatbox, could well be "the sweetest girl in the Easter parade." Picture is by Mr. V. Grimmert, of Glandore, South Australia.

She said: "The keepers feed the porpoises from the diving boards over the big pool. They fed them from the side of the pool, the porpoises might injure themselves on the concrete walls."

At present there's great interest in Bobo, one of the porpoises, because she is expecting a calf.

By the way, we have called the creatures porpoises because it's the name popularly used. Strictly speaking, they are dolphins.

An authority tells us there are no porpoises in Australian waters.



"Down with practically everything," says the placard on the jacket of "Hons And Rebels."

Next Week

● In response to thousands of requests we are reprinting our Handbag Calorie Counter in our next issue. You can pull the counter from the paper, fold it twice, and slip it into your handbag—pocket for men—as a handy reference whenever you eat. To go with the counter is a four-page pull-out of 18 low-calorie recipes with which food and cookery expert Leila C. Howard shows how to have a game losing weight.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 20, 1960

HONS and REBELS

By Jessica Mitford

Being an intimate account of the amazing foibles and eccentricities of the Mitford family, zaniest of all Britain's bluebloods

TWO miles up the hill from Swinbrook village, in England's Cotswold, stands a large rectangular grey structure of three storeys.

Its style is not "modern," "traditional," or simulated antique; it bears rather the utilitarian look of frankly institutional architecture.

It could be a small barracks, a girls' boarding-school, or a lunatic asylum.

There has been more than a suspicion of all these functions in its short history.

It is actually Swinbrook House, built by my father to satisfy the needs, as then seen, of a family with seven children.

We moved there in 1926 when I was nine years old.

Swinbrook had many aspects of a fortress. From the point of view of the inmates it was self-contained in the sense that it was neither necessary nor generally possible to leave the premises for any of the normal human pursuits.

Schoolroom with governess for education, riding stables and tennis court for exercise, seven of us children for mutual human companionship, the village church for spiritual consolation, our bedrooms for hospital wards even when operations were necessary—all were provided.

Outsiders

From the view of outsiders, entry, in the rather unlikely event they might seek it, was an impossibility.

According to my father, outsiders included not only Huns, Frogs, Americans, blacks, and all other foreigners, but also other people's children, the majority of my older sisters' acquaintances, almost all young men—in fact, the whole teeming population of the earth's surface, except for some, though not all, of our relations, and a very few tweeded, red-faced country neighbors to whom my father had for some reason taken a liking.

In a way he was not "prejudiced" in the modern sense. Since the 'thirties this term has come to mean the focusing of passionate hatred against a selected race or creed; the word "discrimination" has

even become almost synonymous with prejudice.

My father did not "discriminate"; in fact, he was in general unaware of distinctions between different kinds of foreigners. When one of our cousins married an Argentine-

to stay. Since my mother rather enjoyed having visitors she was often an ally, and these battles were frequently won.

My brother Tom's friends—portly, blond young men known by Nancy as "the Fat Fairs"—were an exception; they were always allowed.

Unity, Debo, and I, the three younger children, were thrown much on our own resources. As a lost tribe, separated from its fellow men, gradually develops distinctive characteristics of language, behaviour, outlook, so we developed idiosyncrasies that would no doubt have made us seem a little eccentric to other children our age. Even for England, in those far-off days of the middle 'twenties, ours was not exactly a conventional upbringing.

Our accomplishments, hobbies, and amusements took distinctly unusual forms.

Thus, at an age when other children would be occupied with dolls, group sports, or piano lessons, Debo spent silent hours in the chicken house learning to do an exact imitation of the look of pained concentration that comes over a hen's face when it is laying an egg, and each morning she methodically checked over and listed in a notebook the stillbirths reported in the vital statistics columns of "The Times."

I was amused myself by giving my father daily Palsy Practice, which consisted of gently shaking his hand while he was drinking his tea: "In a few years, when you're really old, you'll probably have palsy. I must give you a little practice now, before you actually get it, so that you

Key to family

• The family of David Freeman-Mitford, second Baron Redesdale, and his wife, daughter of Thomas Bowles, described by the author in "Hons and Rebels," are:

Thomas, only son, born 1909, died of wounds in Burma, 1945.

Nancy, b. 1904, married Hon. Peter Rodd, author of (among others) "The Pursuit of Love."

Pamela, b. 1907, married W/Cdr. Derek Jackson.

Diana, b. 1910, married first Hon. Bryan Guinness, then Sir Oswald Mosley.

Unity, b. 1914, died unmarried 1948, was admired by Nazis as "a perfect Aryan type."

Jessica, b. 1917, married first Esmond Romilly, killed in action in 1941; then Robert Truchaut, of New York.

Deborah, b. 1920, married Duke of Devonshire.

ian of pure Spanish descent, he commented, "I hear that Robin's married a black."

Unceasing tug of war was waged with Farve by Nancy, Pam, and Diana, the three grown-up daughters, to be allowed to have their friends



THE MITFORDS, 1921. From left (back): Muv, Nancy, Diana, Tom, Pam, Farve (Baron Redesdale). Front: Unity (Boud), Jessica (Decca), Debo.



MARKET SQUARE of the Cotswold village of Moreton-in-the-Marsh. The Memorial Hall, at left, was built in 1887 by the Mitford family in memory of the first Earl of Redesdale, lord of the manor.



THE AUTHOR, Jessica Mitford.

won't be dropping things all the time."

Unity and I made up a complete language called Boudledidge, unintelligible to any but ourselves, into which we translated various dirty songs (for safe singing in front of the grown-ups) and large chunks of verse.

Debo and I organised the Society of Hons, of which she and I were the officers and only members. Proceedings were conducted in Honnish, the official language of the society, a sort of mixture of North of England and American accents.

Contrary to a recent historian's account of the origin of the Hons, the name derived, not from the fact that Debo and I were Honorables, but from the Hens which played so large a part in our lives.

These hens were in fact the mainspring of our personal economy. We kept dozens of them, my mother supplying their food and in turn buying the eggs from us—a sort of benevolent variation of the share-cropping system. (The H of Hon, of course, is pronounced, as in Hen.)

The main activity of the Hons was to plan the outwitting and defeat of the Horrible Counter-Hons, of which Tom was the chief representative.

"Death to the Horrible

Counter-Hons!" was our slogan as we chased him all over the house with home-made spears.

We developed and played endlessly a Honnish game called "Hure, Hare, Hure, Commencement" (of unbearable pain), a contest to see who could best stand being pinched really hard.

"Hure, Hare, Hure" was a refinement on an earlier sport known as "slowly working away."

Slowly working consisted of unobtrusively taking the hand of an elder, usually Tom, when he was reading a book. Very gently at first, and with infinite patience, one would scratch away at one spot. The goal was to draw blood before the victim noticed what was happening.

"Hure, Hare, Hure," on the other hand, required the active co-operation of two players. The first player pinched the arm of the second, increasing the pressure while slowly and rhythmically chanting, "Hure, Hare, Hure, Commencement" four times. The player who could endure in silence till the fourth time was the winner.

Tom, our only brother, occupied a rather special place in the family life. We called him Tuddemy, partly because it was the Boudledidge translation of Tom, partly because

we thought it rhymed with "adultery."

"Only one brother and six sisters. How you must love him. How spoilt he must be," strangers would say.

"Love him! You mean loathe him," was the standard Honnish answer.

Debo, asked by a census-taker what her family consisted of, replied furiously, "Three Giants, three Dwarfs, and one Brute."

The Giants were Nancy, Diana, and Unity, all exceptionally tall; the Dwarfs Pam, Debo, and me; the Brute, poor Tuddemy.

In fact, the anti-Tuddemy campaign, which raged throughout childhood, was merely the curious Honnish mirror-world expression of our devotion to him.

For years, he was the only member of the family to be

● To page 12



FARMER Geoffrey Hocquard, 31, of Marlborough Province, the biggest (6ft. 3in., 16st. 7lb.) axeman of the N.Z. team visiting Sydney for the Royal Show.



TESTING Australian timber in Sydney in a yard at Alexandria. From left: Rex Davidson, Alan Rose, Innes Davidson, Bill Shelford, of the N.Z. team.

Axemen train like boxers for Show

Kiwis say tough local timber could make a champion look "a mug"

YOU may think your husband has an enormous appetite, but try feeding any one of the seven New Zealand axemen here for the Royal, and you'd be permanently without pin money.

The big fellow of the team is Geoffrey Hocquard, a magnificently built 6ft. 3in., 16st. 7lb. The smallest is the captain, John Creighton, a mere 5ft. 9in., 14st.

And they all say that since coming to Australia — to a climate that's far too steamy for them, to a city noisier than any place they've known, and to timber like concrete — they need building up, although the food they eat in a week would keep me going for a month.

These men are not content with three meals a day—they need four, and a lot of extras on top of that.

They have a light breakfast — just a couple of plates of porridge each, a large steak and several eggs, and about half a loaf of toast.

Lunch is everything on the menu, and so is dinner. But by 10 p.m. they're getting

hungry again, so they have a light supper of steak and eggs or a large fish each.

Mixed with all that during the day is about two quarts of milk each, plenty of ice-cream, and lots of fruit, especially oranges and grapes.

Although individual Kiwis have chopped here before, the seven men make up the first official team to compete at the Royal.

Competitive axeman ship seems to have begun in Tasmania about the turn of the century and spread from there.

The first woodchop at the Royal was in 1906—only one event for a prize of £18—but at this year's Show 119 men are competing for prizes worth £4300.

Fine bunch

The New Zealanders were brought to Sydney by Sir Edward Hallstrom, who is also paying their expenses.

They're a fine bunch of men, all just over 30 except Bill Shelford, from Tokoroa, near Rotorua, who is 26, all married except John Creighton, from Murchison, and all with children except the bachelor and Shelford.

By
RONALD McKIE,
staff reporter

Geoffrey Hocquard has two children, Innes Davidson has one, his brother Rex three, Alan Rose has two, and Darcy Seymour two.

Five of them are farmers or bushmen. Although Darcy Seymour is a truck-driver, and Alan Rose a taxi-driver, both have had bush experience.

The thing that worries them in their training is the toughness of Australian wood. For the big chop both teams will use half Australian and half New Zealand radiata pine.

This will make the event a fair test of axemanship.

But in the normal contests in the woodchopping stadium in which the Kiwis will take part the wood will be mountain ash, a semi-hardwood.

Up to a couple of years ago blackbutt was always used, but it has become such a valuable building timber that it is uneconomic to chop it up, even at the Royal.

"Birch is our hardest," John Creighton says, "but your timber is twice as hard."

"The best international axeman could look a complete mug here until he got to know how to handle your timber."

"You can cut it too slow or too fast, and there's only one way to find out—hammer away at it."

"Thirty years ago it took Whata Green, a Maori, two years working in Australia before he knew enough about Australian timber to win two championships at the Royal—and Whata was a great axeman anywhere."

The secret

The Kiwis, who include several New Zealand champions and in Creighton and Shelford two world champions, train just like boxers.

Ellis Sutton, their manager, is a seed merchant from Invercargill and president of the N.Z. Athletic, Cycling, and Axemen's Union.

He says that the secret of axemanship, once the technique has been mastered, is fitness.

"At home the boys do a lot of deerstalking and climbing, which is very good for condition, and they also find that weight-lifting, gymnasium work, and especially skipping



THE TEAM of New Zealanders competing for the Hallstrom Cup on April 13 in the main ring at the Show. Sir Edward Hallstrom is paying the team's fares and expenses.

are all fine to keep in good shape.

"The boys also spend a lot of time keeping their axes right. For competitive work an axe has to be razor-sharp."

Big Geoffrey Hocquard shaved the hair from his arm with his favorite axe.

"I'm told about 250,000 axes are sold each year in Australia," he said. "I'm not surprised in a country this size — and with such tough timber."

"But axes are funny things. You'll get one that looks and feels perfect, but isn't a y good to you. You'll get another that just looks like any axe, and she'll be a beauty from the first swing."

"Axes are very much like women—temperamental."

Perfection for Royal clients

Even a buttonhole was work of art, says ex-Hartnell tailoress

By CAROL TATTERSFIELD, staff reporter

ANNE BRIGGS flipped through the book of assignments from her previous job.

"Here's one," she said and read it out. "Her Majesty, the Queen. Petrel-blue velvet coat, fitted, lined with ermine."

"Oh, it was beautiful," breathed Anne with awe, as though she'd worn it.

Of course, she hadn't. She'd made it, though, when she was working as a tailoress with London's Royal dressmaker, Norman Hartnell.

Anne would be working on Princess Margaret's trousseau now if she hadn't succumbed at the age of 20 to a thirst for travel and earned her passage to Sydney as a children's nurse.

Now, after a year and a half in Sydney, Anne doesn't often talk about the Hartnell job to the other dressmakers she works with in a city fashion house. They might think she's boasting.

But with a bit of prompting, she'll chatter on like a sewing-machine.

"Oh, those chandeliers in the showroom!" she said. "It was all so elegant and fine, you felt that even a buttonhole was the most important job in the world when you were making clothes for such interesting people. It was just an honor to work, you felt."

Her parents in Harrow thought so, too, which was lucky because they had to support her when she first became a Hartnell apprentice at 15. She earned 30/- a week.

"But it was wonderful training," insisted Anne, and she insisted, too, that she'd been lucky to have been accepted for the job, though she must have been pretty sharp with a needle.

Mention a needle and Anne looked as though she'd been stuck with one.

"I nearly lost my job once," she said. "Oh, it was terrible. I was doing a fiddly little job on a lapel of the Queen's coat and I left my needle in it."

"The coat was whisked away to Buckingham Palace for a fitting. Fortunately, the Queen didn't see the needle, but Mr. Alberto, the fitter, did. He was furious. 'If your needle

had scratched the Queen,' he said, 'you would get the sack this very minute.'"

This reminded Anne of another story about the Queen and a Norman Hartnell needle. An apprentice had "lost" a gimp needle—one of those big strong needles for the wiry cotton used for strengthening buttonholes.

"Anyway, a few months went by," said Anne, "but one day the Queen came in to see Mr. Hartnell. Then she produced the needle—it had been in the hem of the coat she was wearing."

Palace stories

"I've saved this needle for you," she said. "It's such a big one. Do tell me what it's used for."

"Amazing, really," said Anne, "because all the clothes are checked and double checked before they finally go to Buckingham Palace."

Anne laughed. There were a lot of Royal anecdotes to remember. At morning tea with the staff she used to crane her ears to hear snatches of the latest story brought back from the Palace by the fitter.

Prince Philip had had to tell Prince Charles not to tear down the stairs chasing and shrieking at Princess Anne...

The fitter had dropped the Queen's brand-new pale blue suit in the mud between the workroom and main Hartnell premises... and everyone hoped she hadn't noticed it had been dry-cleaned before it had even been worn...

After a few months at Hartnell's, Anne became used to hearing about the Royal household, though she always was slightly startled to see the Queen or Princess Margaret on any of their impromptu visits to the establishment.

There were other visitors, too. The Duchess of Kent used to come in the back way—up the fire-escape, Anne said, so that she wouldn't see too many people she knew and have to stop and talk.

"She used to buy things, but quite often she'd just borrow a model for a special occasion. Quite a lot of the clients used to do that," Anne said.



SUIT worn by the Queen in 1955. It was one of the Royal dresses Anne helped to make while working at Hartnell's.

But behind Anne's natural young bubbling talk of her job, she preserves professional loyalty about her clients. Not in a million years would she tell the Queen's measurements or the details of a dress before it was released, not even to her family.

At the Coronation time, Anne and the other girls used to be offered bribes by the crowds outside the building in exchange for the plans for the Coronation gown.

The same thing would be

happening now with Princess Margaret's wedding dress, she supposed.

"Oh, it's so good to talk about it all again," she said wistfully.

But how come the shy young teenager was trusted to ply her needle on Royal custom?

"Oh, I was just lucky," Anne said, typically modest. "You see, each apprentice is attached to an assistant and a 'hand,' who is responsible

for the whole garment. If the hand is liked by the fitters and Mr. Hartnell, she gets the most important jobs."

Anne's "hand" was good and was liked, so the young apprentice learned to practise her buttonholes right royally.

"I think I was 16 when I made my first pair of sleeves for the Queen," she said.

"You had to be so particular. Besides the Queen, all our customers expected perfection. A suit would come back for the merest alteration, just one more layer of wadding—all done by hand—in a shoulder-pad."

After a couple of years as a buttonholing apprentice, Anne was made an assistant. Then her "hand" left Hartnell's and went to work for Ronald Paterson, another of London's Top Ten designers. Anne went with her.

Extreme styles

"Much the same sort of work," said Anne. "I made models for the fashion premieres—his fashion was more extreme—and I made for individual clients. But, oh... I just found I missed Hartnell's."

Heart in mouth, Anne said, she crept back to Hartnell's staff manageress, who was rather like a school headmistress.

"You've heard of the Prodigal Son," Anne told her. "Well, I'm back."

And they must have been pleased, too, because Anne was soon made a "hand," earning

£6/10/- a week and completely responsible for most of the Queen's tailoring.

"It was wonderful, because you'd do the whole garment—from the machining along the fine tacking when it came from the cutter, to the pressing before it was sent to the palace."

Queen's coats

"There was a lot of altering, too. I must have done about 30 of the Queen's coats and suits—you know, shortening, changing the styles to bring them up to date. There was one suit that was six years old."

Anne flipped through her assignment book again to refresh her memory.

"Oh, yes, here's lady Pamela Berry, the president of the Incorporated Society of London Fashion Designers, and Mrs. Edward Rayne, wife of the Queen's shoemaker. Oh, and, of course, Queen Alexandra, the ex-queen of Yugoslavia. The first suit I ever made was for her."

Last entry in Anne's neat little book is—apart from the cape she made for the Brussels International Fair—her proudest.

"H.M. The Queen. Three-quarter-length honey tweed coat lined with ocelot."

"I had the sleeves out six times before they were just right," said Anne.

"It was a sensation when the Queen wore it to the races. I've kept a scrap of the material and lining. I've kept a scrap of everything I've made just for a mad sort of scrapbook."



TAILORESS Anne Briggs, 22, with an autographed copy of Norman Hartnell's book "Silver and Gold," which he gave her before she left London for Australia.



he's a busy little fellow these days...

... and swift as his arrow, there's romance in the hair when you add alluring colour with Napro "hi-liter." Just one bubble, gently foamed through your hair, gives it a colour lift that lasts for weeks! Blondes need the gleam of Sunray Gold... brunettes have a romantic choice of Sable Brown, Copper Glow, or the new vogue — French Plum. So exciting for redheads, too. Good news for grey hair... Napro's new Smoke — sheer sophistication!

napro
hi-liter colour shampoo
bubbles only

Also in the 4-application economy bottle, 8/6



"Mother" to 1000

Perth grandmother looks after Malayan students

By JOAN JACOBY, staff reporter

● Students arriving from Malaya to study at schools and universities in Western Australia need never feel friendless.

R EADY, willing, and waiting for them when they arrive in Perth is a foster-mother who not only understands their problems but speaks their language.

She is Mary Hodgkin, a 51-year-old grandmother of three, mother of four, university graduate, and wife of Dr. Ernest Hodgkin, Reader in Zoology at Perth University.

As well as running her own household she manages to look after nearly 1000 foster-children.

Mrs. Hodgkin is liaison officer for Malayan students in Western Australia.

She was appointed to the position last July by the Malaya and Singapore Governments.

Mrs. Hodgkin speaks Malay. She and her husband, both English, spent 11 years in Malaya before World War II. In January, 1942, Mrs. Hodgkin took their four young children to Perth. Dr. Hodgkin was imprisoned by the Japanese. He joined his family after his release four years later.

Mrs. Hodgkin's job is supposed to be part-time, but the phone at her home in Mosman Park never stops ringing.

Students call her for many things—financial trouble, romantic trouble, advice on a course, a desire to change lodgings, a vacation job, homesickness, help in selling a tape-recorder.

It might be a landlady ringing to say that a student booked in hasn't turned up.

Mrs. Hodgkin often has to pacify landladies because Asian students have a habit of moving. They find it hard to get used to European food and get lonely for companionship with their own people.

They overcome this by getting together and sharing flats or houses and doing for themselves.

This presents more problems. Housekeeping is one, as many of the students come from well-off families and have been used to being waited on by servants.

Money is another. The majority are private students (only about 50 are Colombo Plan students or on

Malayan scholarships) who live on an allowance from their families.

"An article in a Chinese newspaper said students would need £25 a month down here," Mrs. Hodgkin said.

"But most of them are getting £30 to £40, and some find that hard to manage on."

Of the 1000 students under Mrs. Hodgkin's wing, about 650 are at technical colleges, mostly studying accountancy; 30 are doing nursing, 150 are at university, a few are at the Teachers' Training College. More than 100, aged from 10 to 19, are in private schools.

Extracts from interviews conducted with Asian students from several countries reveal some difficulties and differences they find in Australia.

● With a Chinese male student from Singapore, who studied economics at university:

Q: How do you like Australian food?

"I have got used to the food, but Australians are lazy about cooking. They always boil

An Indian boy says Australia taught 'the dignity of labor'

cabbage because it saves time, but they could save time over washing up if they used fewer eating plates and cutlery.

"I didn't eat much in my first year at school. I bought a lot of biscuits.

"If we have a good job, we want to go home, but some Chinese don't like to go back to their parents' discipline.

"Malays have an easier time, because their parents are not so strict and don't make them work all the time.

"I like going out with Australian girls. They aren't shy and can talk about anything. Chinese girls never argue and you have to do all the talking.

"Chinese girls are narrow. They always have to ask their parents, even about what they think."

● With an Indian boy from Kuala Lumpur, Malaya, who had completed a technical college course in accountancy:

Q: Would you like to marry an Australian girl?

"There is no reason why I shouldn't; but I intend to go back and marry an Indian to please my father, who has been very good to me.

(There have been several marriages in Perth between Australians and Asian students.)

"Yes, I go to parties and dances with Asians and Australians. Australians are very free and easy. I would like some Australian friends to visit me in Malaya."

● With a Burmese male student studying education at university:

Q: What are you going to do when you get back?

"I hope to go to an administrative post in North Burma, where I can try out some of my ideas.

"If I stayed here I would get only about twenty quid a week. In Burma I would get the same, but the cost of living is much less.

"It is amazing how little Australians know about Asia, but I knew nothing of Australia before I came here. I think the Asia Week Exhibition was very good for this."

● With a Thai girl from Bangkok, who had finished her studies and was in a temporary job in Perth:

Q: What will you do when you return home?

"There are plenty of opportunities for typing and ledger work for girls at home. I will possibly work with my father; but I would prefer to be domesticated and have a home to run.

"Thai girls usually choose their own husbands. They

meet them at parties or at friends' houses.

"I don't like the way Australian boys and girls treat their parents, and sometimes I don't like the manners of Australian boys. They are very rough.

"Sometimes Thai students act like Australians when they go home, and the parents don't like it. There is some argument at home about sending us here because of this."

Many students, according to Mrs. Hodgkin, are surprised at first to see Europeans working on the wharves, or sweeping the roads, and Australian women doing all their own housework.



FOSTER-MOTHER Mrs. Mary Hodgkin (second, left) with three Chinese students, from left, Low Phung Mooi, Low Ek Hiang, and Lum Lai Kuen. They are about to go aboard S.S. Perth for an Australian-Asian Association river trip.



MALAY accountancy students Hashim Othman, 22, left, and Rahman Samusu, 21, prepare curry and rice in their house at Claremont helped by guest Maggie Mahmud, 23, who has trained as a nurse.

But, as time passes, especially if they have been doing their own cooking and housework, their views change.

An Indian student from Malaya wrote this of his experiences in Australia:

"I learnt for the first time the real dignity of labor, the self-reliance of the Australian in doing things for himself.

"I, who had never cooked a meal, washed a shirt, swept a floor, or made a bed, soon learnt not only to do these things but to take pride in doing them."

To study the other side of the picture, Mrs. Hodgkin is on a six weeks' visit to Malaya.

This trip will pave the way for a return visit in 1961, when she will spend the year on a £1000 Fellowship awarded by the Australian Federation of University Women.

Mrs. Hodgkin completed her B.A. degree with honors in Anthropology at the University of Western Australia last year (she began the course in 1955 when she was 46). She is working on her thesis for an M.A. degree. She gained a science degree at Manchester University before her marriage.

In Malaya, Mrs. Hodgkin will study the students' readjustment to their own country, peoples, and conditions after their years in Australia.

Now Belinda's in fashion with London's high society

LONDON designer Belinda Bellville rocketed to fashion fame when she made the bridesmaids' dresses, including Princess Anne's, for the recent Mountbatten wedding. These pictures were taken at the Bellville et Cie spring showing.



ON PARADE. Designer Belinda Bellville (above) supervises as the former Diane Kirk, now the fourth Lady Beatty, models "Wild Almond," a satin organza ballgown, at Belinda's spring showing in her fashionable Belgravia salon.

VERSATILE ensemble (left) designed by Belinda Bellville is for town and country wear. The checked tweed coat covers a classic knife-pleated shantung dress. It expresses the elegance of Belinda's designs.

WEDDING GOWNS are Belinda's specialty, and the salon of Bellville et Cie, in which she is a partner with Sydna Scott, designs for many society brides. The two gowns (right) were in Belinda's spring collection.





ELEGANCE is the keynote of these outfits worn by Balmain's model Bronwen Pugh (right) in a checked silk dress and Nina du Bois in "Flower Drum." All the hats in the collection are by Bellville et Cie, too.



"PICCOLO," in coarse white lace, is threaded with baby-blue satin ribbon. Backstage, discussing how it looks as it goes on parade, are the designer (seated at right) and her partner, Sydna Scott. Belinda has a large teenage following, but caters for all ages, including ageing but elegant dowagers.

BELINDA BELLVILLE is not making the Royal bride's dress, but most of the guests, from Tony Armstrong-Jones' stepmother to Princess Margaret's cousins, the Hon. Mrs. John Wills and Lady Pamela Hicks, will be wearing her creations.

How does Belinda, 30-year-old mother of two girls, cope with a fashion business which employs 40 people?

"Well, I don't know myself," said Belinda, who was wearing her grandmother's switch in her hair and had swatches of material in the belt of her well-cut tweed dress. "Sometimes I'm so busy I put the swatches in my hair and the switch in my dress." And that is what nearly happened when Belinda went to Buckingham Palace to fit Princess Anne's dress for the Mountbatten wedding.

Belinda is tall and reed-slim.

"What can I wear at 6ft. 1in.?" she says, as she coaxes her flat-chested, hipless English clientele into dresses that give them deceptive allure.

Belinda learned the hard way what her clients should wear. "My grandmother, who is called 'Cuckoo,' like the clock, tutored me, though she didn't realise it."

Cuckoo was a dress designer, and her business passed through several hands to become Hardy Amies.

At 78, Cuckoo, who is wealthy Mrs. Gordon Leith, saw Belinda's spring collection — from which Margaret's guests have chosen their clothes — in her boudoir.

"Because she is arthritic and couldn't come to the show, I have put the whole collection on for her at home," said Belinda, who is in partnership with Mrs. Sydna Scott, the business head of the salon.

But it has been worth Belinda's time and effort to show Cuckoo the collection, for her grandmother is her most stringent critic, and it was while working in her home that Belinda first made her fashion name.

"I had very modest ambitions, but clients caused a traffic jam with their Rolls-Royces and my small workrooms couldn't cope," said Belinda.

The partnership made one move to bigger premises in Belgrave, and they'll move again this year.

"This time I hope it's the last move," says willowy Belinda, who wants nothing more than time to finish the jumper she started knitting for one of her daughters.

She started with £A750, which her husband lent her from setting-up-house money, and succeeded mostly through inexpensive but individual dresses for debs.

"Whereas in my coming-out days debs were self-consciously dressed by the little dressmaker round the corner, probably in muslin, today they are the most demanding and fashion-conscious of my customers," she said.



"VIOLET RAY," a breathtaking dinner-dress of silk organza and cotton organza, worn by Lady Beatty. The appointment-book at the salon reads like a pocket edition of "Debrett's."



"LEPRECHAUN," an acid-line afternoon dress in slubbed chiffon, is worn by Bronwen Pugh. There are no age boundaries to the Bellville designs, but one strength is individual designing.

Put *Sunbeam* power mixing
into YOUR kitchen — for only

£15.19.6

Sunbeam
BEATER-MIX

Complete with stand and TWO heat-resistant bowls



Modernise your kitchen at minimum cost with the Beater-Mix—an exclusive Sunbeam electric mixer, priced at only £15.19.6. And this low, low price also includes a sturdy, stainproof stand and TWO beautiful heat-resistant bowls. With its graceful design, this unit not only lightens your work, but adds eye-appeal to your kitchen! Come and see this economical energy-saver — at Sunbeam retailers everywhere.



A few shillings a week buys any Sunbeam appliance!

...TURN HER DAYDREAMS INTO SUNBEAMS

Worth Reporting

BRISBANE business girls with an eye to the future and a nodding acquaintance with stocks and shares are forming themselves into Investment Clubs.

The Rittenhouse Investment Club was the pioneer, and it was followed soon after by the Brisbane Ladies' Investment Club. Three others are forming.

Members of the Brisbane Ladies' Investment Club include schoolteachers, girls from banks and insurance offices, professional drivers, hairdressers, and private secretaries.

President is Miss Rae Maloney, who told us some-

Fashion defeats the beats

A COOL beat bonged from Bryce Brody's quartet down in the El Rocco Cafe — right in the heart of Kings Cross beatdom — and coolly stark paintings looked down on a parade of beatnik-styled "fashions of our times."

"Just like the Renaissance," proclaimed Sydney University chemistry lecturer Dr. Hans Freeman as he opened this parade of Hanni Wilson's winter fashions.

We didn't see anything resembling a Da Vinci or a Raphael painting, but we did see a sad-faced beatnik sitting and thinking in a smoky corner, some elegant mannequins parading in frantic black-and-orange stockings, long-haired fur skirts, and other far-out creations.

However, we could dig the "Renaissance" comparison when we considered that Brody had whittled his music down to the bare beat, that John Coburn's paintings had cut art down to the bare bones, and the clothes . . .

Well, we've heard that fashions like the ones we saw are now sweeping Italy, so p'raps we are in for a renaissance—these colored stockings, tunic skirts, and striking colors may even be the forerunners of a major art revolution.

Bit tough on the beats, though. With fashion moving in, they'll have to find a new gimmick.

* * *

NO one can say the potato isn't a versatile vegetable. Not any more they can't. We've just heard of some bright bush boys who use a potato as a plug in their open-air bathtub.



FAYE AGNEW . . . Vancouver she had the Queen.

The stars met by chance

TWO musical-comedy stars well known in Australia met by chance in San Francisco recently and swapped gossip on what they had done since their last show together.

They were American Rene Paul and New Zealander Faye Agnew. They both appeared in the J.C.W. production "Call Me Madam," he in the male lead, she in the juvenile lead, and toured with the show in Australia and New Zealand in 1954.

In San Francisco, Rene was playing an important role in a new stage musical, "The Pink Jungle," which stars the star Ginger Rogers.

Faye had just come down from Vancouver, where she had been playing a leading role in "Damn Yankees" at the Theatre Under the Stars.

Here, last year, during a Canadian tour, the Queen attended a Royal Command Performance of "The Chocolate Soldier." Afterwards, Faye Agnew, as one of the stars, was presented to Her Majesty.

Faye, who is now back work in Australia, was previously with the "Old Firm" eight years. During her years in Canada she had several parts in TV shows.

MOTORING

By Betty McKay

● The whole secret of keeping your car clean is — never let it get dirty.

It is unlikely that your new car has had a really good coating of wax on the duco or enamel. So you should wax it yourself thoroughly three times a year.

All the pure waxes are excellent, provided that you follow instructions and do only small areas at a time.

Areas which get the most direct sun rays should have most attention. These are bonnet, roof, boot, and tops of wings (or mudguards).

An easy way is to wax a section each weekend. This takes only 10 minutes.

Use soft cheesecloth for applying and polishing.

Chrome work responds best to dry cheesecloth and

elbow grease, and can also be wax polished.

If the car gets very dirty and you have to use a detergent, remember you must re-wax the whole car afterwards.

I never use anything but clean running water.

Two chamois leathers are useful—one for washing off the dirt with the aid of the running hose—the other one (the better one) for drying.

A car never looks really well kept with dirty tyres. There are several good-type preparations on the market and it's not hard to slap a coat on with a paint brush.

The dull finish is considered to look better than the

"glossy," which also tends to crack and flake.

A few points:

● If possible, keep your car in the garage when not in use. Dust-covers are all right if they are soft and if they don't flap in the wind. They can scratch.

● Your waxing is good if raindrops sit in globules which don't spread out.

● Dry off after sudden showers, particularly if the car is exposed to hot sun.

● Remove squashed grasshoppers and other insects from front of car as soon as possible—damp brown paper will remove them.

SAFETY HINT:

Avoid the dangerous fault of hesitancy in passing. This causes chaos in traffic. If you pull to the outside you should have already judged if it was safe to pass. Then you should overtake quickly and get back on the left.

No Cords ... no Plugs to bother about

with the new

CORDLESS Home Radio



S.T.C. "Transette" All-Transistor

so light, so portable, you can have music wherever you like

Owning a Transette cordless radio is like having a radio in every room of the house! The Transette is so light, so portable, you can just pick it up and carry it with you from room to room. There are no cords, no plugs to bother about, none of this bending down plugging in and out. And, the Transette is so attractively designed with its hand-polished Maple cabinet and gold trims. It gives such a rich, full tone, has its own in-built aerial, and it's so much more economical to run than ordinary electricity-powered radios. When you own an S.T.C. Transette, you own the most up-to-date development in modern transistorised radio!

6 TRANSISTOR MODEL 36 GNS. • 7 TRANSISTOR MODEL 40 GNS.

* Prices slightly higher in some areas.

WHATEVER TYPE OF TRANSISTOR SET YOU WANT ...

S.T.C. HAS THE BEST!

Rambler

Powerful Transistor Portable Radio. Ideal outdoor portable, so smart in its hard-wearing all leather case. All-transistor design gives long life and powerful reception from one economical battery. 6 Transistor model 36 Gns. 7 Transistors 40 Gns.*



Portagram

Portable Transistor 4-speed Record Player and Radio. No plugs, no wires; own in-built power supply — dual batteries give up to 150 playing hours. Perfect radio reception, plays all records. Weighs 14½ lbs. Price 63 Gns.*



Transigram

Transistorised 4-speed Record Player. The lightest 'gram ever — only 11½ lbs. with batteries! Completely transistorised — no cords, no electricity. Plays any record. Gives full tone and volume. Price 41 Gns.*



Buy S.T.C. Transistors for the finest tone
... the most consistent performance



Standard Telephones and Cables Pty. Ltd.

SYDNEY • MELBOURNE • BRISBANE

IT

"The Lady of the Year" with The "Velvet Touch"



wins
£1,000
cash

in a velvet money bag

FIRST PRIZE

- 2nd prize — £500
- 3rd prize — £100
- 25 prizes of £10 each

* PLUS 150 plastic clip-on aprons

So easy—lots of fun. The Velvet Touch is the happy knack of good housekeeping. Every user of good, pure Velvet soap has it. Listed below are the beginnings of seven sentences about some of Velvet soap's many wonderful good-housekeeping features. The endings of all but one of these sentences are shown separately.

Carefully study the beginnings and endings and fit them together by placing the appropriate numbers in the squares provided.

Then complete the remaining sentence, using no more than twelve additional words. There is no limit to the number of entries.

Rules of Contest

1. Prizes will be awarded according to the skill and judgment shown.
2. Judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into.
3. Each entry should be accompanied by the name "J. Kitchen & Sons Pty. Ltd." cut from a Velvet carton or wrapper — except in States where the law prohibits their inclusion.
4. Every entry must bear the name and address of the contestant. Entries may be sent on a plain sheet of paper if desired.
5. Prizewinners will be notified by mail,

and the names of major prizewinners published in leading metropolitan morning papers on 22nd June.
6. Entries should be addressed to:
The Velvet Touch Contest,
N.S.W., Box 7061, G.P.O., Sydney.
Vic., Box 4229, G.P.O., Melbourne.
Q'ld., Box 1448T, G.P.O., Brisbane.
S.A., Box 224C, G.P.O., Adelaide.
Tas., Box 294C, G.P.O., Hobart.
W.A., Box 1000, P.O., Nth. Fremantle.
Entries must arrive no later than 29th May, 1960.

Entry Form

BEGINNINGS:

- Velvet saves the life of clothes because ☐
- Velvet saves hands because ☐
- Velvet helps the family budget every day because ☐
- Velvet is so economical for all household cleaning because ☐
- Velvet is so efficient for collars and cuffs because ☐
- Velvet users have the Velvet Touch because ☐
- Velvet can be trusted for those 'extra special' garments because ☐

Please write clearly.
Get more entry forms from
your local store.

ENDINGS:

1. It is 100% pure — so gentle.
2. Delicate fabrics are safe with gentle Velvet suds.
3. A single tablet lasts for ages.
4. It cleans extra grubby marks easily, thoroughly.
5. It does a whole week's dishwashing for only 4½d.
6. There is no harsh ingredient to cause washday wear.
7. (YOUR ENDING)

NAME

ADDRESS

STATE

(Please write clearly)

V19

Continuing HONS AND REBELS

from page 3

"on speakers" with all the others.

In spite of frequent alliances of brief duration for Boudle-didge or Honnish pursuits, or for the purpose of defeating some common enemy—generally a governess—relations between Unity, Debo, and me were uneasy, tinged with mutual resentment.

We were like ill-assorted animals tied to a common tethering post.

Occasionally Unity and I joined in the forbidden sport of "teasing Debo." The teasing had to be done well out of earshot of my father, as Debo was his prime favorite, and fearful consequences could follow if we made her cry.

She was an extraordinarily soft-hearted child, and it was easy to make her huge blue eyes brim with tears—known as "welling" in family circles.

Unity invented a tragic story involving a Pekingese puppy. "The telephone bell rang," it went. "Grandpa got up from his seat and went to answer it. 'Lill ill!' he cried..."

Lill was on her deathbed, a victim of consumption. Her dying request was that Grandpa should care for her poor little Pekingese. However, in all the excitement of the funeral the Peke was forgotten, and was found several days later beside his mistress' grave, dead of starvation and a broken heart.

This story never failed to send Debo into paroxysms of grief. Naturally, we were severely punished for telling it. Months of allowance would be confiscated, and often we were sent to bed as well.

A more borderline case would be merely to say, in tones fraught with tragedy, "The Telephone Bell Rang," in which case Debo howled as loudly as if we had told the story to its bitter end.

Odd pursuits, indeed, and little wonder that my mother's continual refrain was, "You're very silly children."

My mother personally arranged and supervised our education, and taught us our lessons herself until we reached the age of eight or nine. Thereafter we entered the schoolroom, presided over by a fast-moving series of governesses.

Muv taught English history from a large illustrated book called "Our Island Story," with a beautiful picture of Queen Victoria as its frontispiece.

"See, England and all our Empire possessions are a lovely pink on the map," she explained. "Germany is a hideous, mud-colored brown."

The illustrations, the text, and Muv's interpretative comments created a series of vivid scenes: Queen Boadicea, fearlessly riding at the head of her army... the poor little Princes in the Tower... Charlemagne, claimed by Grandfather as our ancestor... hateful, drab Cromwell... Charles I, Martyred King... the heroic Empire-builders... the Americans, who had been expelled from the Empire for causing trouble, and who no longer

had the right to be a pretty pink on the map... the Filthy Huns, who killed Uncle Clem in the war... the Russian Bolshies, who shot down the Czar's dogs in cold blood (and, as a matter of fact, the little Czarevitch and Czarevnas, only their fate didn't seem quite so sad as that of the poor, innocent dogs)... the good so good, and the bad so bad, history as taught by Muv was on the whole very clear to me.

I graduated to the schoolroom when I was nine. Unity—Bobo to the rest of the family, but Boud to me—was the only other schoolroom-age child; Debo was only six, still having lessons with Muv.

Boud was a huge, outsize child of twelve. Nancy gave her the blunt nickname of Hideous, but Boud wasn't really hideous. Her immense, baleful blue eyes, large, clumsy limbs, dead-straight tow-colored hair, gave her the appearance of a shaggy Viking or Little John.

She was the bane of governesses, few of whom could

woman, with a carefree and unorthodox approach to that we found most attractive.

We made occasional trips to Oxford.

"Like to try a little jiggery-pukery, children?" Miss Bunting suggested.

There were two methods: the shopping-bag method, in which an accomplice was needed, was used for the larger items. The accomplice undertook to distract the shop-lady while the lifter or jiggery-poker in Miss Bunting's idiom, stuffed her bags with books, underclothes, boxes of chocolates, depending on the wares of the particular store.

The dropped-hanky method was suitable for lipsticks and small pieces of jewellery.

Miss Bunting was very lax about lessons. Only when we heard my mother's distinctive tread approaching the schoolroom did she signal us to buckle down to work. We did all we could to make life tolerably attractive for her with the result that she stayed on for some years.

Growing up in the English countryside seemed an interminable process.

The great goal of every childhood — being grown-up — seemed impossibly far away.

There were no intermediate goals to fill the great, dull gap; graduation from one stage of education

to the next; no adolescent "first parties" to look forward to.

You were a child from birth until you reached the age of seventeen or eighteen, depending on where your birthday fell in relation to the London season.

I longed passionately to go to school. The warm, bright vision of living away from home with girls my own age, learning all sorts of fascinating things, dominated my thoughts for years.

But no arguments I could advance would move my mother on this point. Besides she had heard them all before; the older children, with the exception of Pam, had all in turn begged to go.

Pam was the only one of the older four who had consistently loved living at home in the country. As a child she had wanted to be a horse, and spent long hours practising to be one, realistically pawing the ground, tossing her head and neighing.

Yet two things did happen in the latter years of the 'twenties. True, they took place in that bright old world of the Grown-Ups, and we in the schoolroom were mere spectators, to be shooed out of the drawing-room at the most exciting moments.

Nevertheless, we were not unaffected. These events which at least lifted life temporarily from the drab and unchanging, were the publication of Nancy's first novel and Diana's marriage to Bryan Guinness.

For months Nancy had giggled helplessly by the drawing-room fire, her curiously triangular green eyes flashing with amusement, while her thin pen flew along the

The governess taught us — shoplifting!

stand up for long to her relentless misbehaviour. They came and left in bewildering succession, and each replacement brought with her a new slant on the sum total of human knowledge.

Miss Whitey taught us to repeat, "A - squared - minus - B - squared - equals - A - squared - minus - 2 - AB - plus - B-squared," but she did not stay long enough to explain why that should be. Boud found out that she had a deadly fear of snakes, and left Enid, her pet grass snake, neatly wrapped round the W.C. chain one morning.

We breathlessly awaited the result, which was not long in coming. Miss Whitey looked herself in, there was shortly an ear-splitting shriek, followed by a thud.

"Refrainments"

The unconscious woman was ultimately released with the aid of crowbars, and Boud was duly scolded, and told to keep Enid in her box thereafter.

Miss Whitey was succeeded by Miss Broadmoor, who taught us to say Mensa, Mensa, Mensa all the way through.

Nancy, even in those early days preoccupied with U and Non-U usage, made up a poem illustrative of the main "refrainments" of Miss Broadmoor's speech: "Ay huff a loft, and oft, as ay lay on may ayderdown so soft (tossing from sate to sate with may nasty coff) ay ayther think of the loft, or of the w-h-h-h-h-eat in the troff of the loft."

She was soon followed by Miss Bunting, whose main contribution to our education was to teach a little mild shoplifting. Miss Bunting was a dear little round, giggly

Farve was "The Old Sub-Human"

lines of a child's exercise book. Sometimes she read bits aloud to us.

"You can't publish that under your own name," my mother insisted, scandalised, for not only did thinly disguised aunts, uncles, and family friends people the pages of "Highland Fling" but there, larger than life-size, felicitously named "General Murgatroyd," was Farve.

But Nancy did publish it under her own name, and the Burford Lending Library even arranged a special display in their window, with a hand-lettered sign: "Nancy Mitford, Local Authoress."

Violent temper

The General was portrayed as an ardent organiser of shooting parties, a man of violent temper, terror of housemaids and gamekeepers, who spent most of his time inveighing against the Huns and growling at various languid, æsthetic young men in pastel shirts who kept popping up at unexpected moments.

My father's peculiar argot—"Damn sewer!" "Stinks to merry hell!"—his loathing of anything or anyone who smacked of the literary or the artistic, were drawn to the life.

Thus Farve became—almost overnight—more a character of fiction than of real life, an almost legendary figure, even to us. In subsequent years Nancy continued to perfect the process of capturing him and imprisoning him between the covers of novels, sometimes as General Murgatroyd, later as the terrifying Uncle Matthew of "Pursuit of Love."

So successful was she that even the obituary writer of "The Times," describing my father shortly after his death in 1958, betrayed a certain confusion as to whether he was writing about the Rt. Hon. David Bertram Ogilvie Freeman-Mitford or "the explosive, forthright Uncle Matthew

In spite of the brief row that flared when Nancy insisted on publishing "Highland Fling" under her own name, it became evident that my parents, and even the uncles and aunts, were actually quite proud of having an author in the family.

They cited an earlier Miss Mitford—Mary Mitford, author of a minor Victorian novel after the style of "Crawford."

As for Farve, he rather loved being General Murgatroyd. Now that he had been classified, so to speak, his Murgatroydish aspects began to lose some of their dread, even to take on some of the qualities of raw material for fiction.

Actually, by the time I was out of the nursery, terrifying old fires had burned down somewhat, and Farve was considerably mellowed.

The childhood trials of Nancy, Pam, Tom, and Diana had already receded into legend. There was an awful time when they had rashly invited a distinguished German scientist to tea, and Farve had gone into such a furious rage at the idea of having a "bloody

Hun" in the house that they were forced to telephone the professor and explain that it would be better if he didn't come.

"No one spoke for a week," the story ended.

And even I dimly remembered the hushed pall that hung over the house, meals eaten day after day in tearful silence, when Nancy at the age of twenty had her hair shingled, Nancy using lipstick, Nancy playing the newly fashionable ukulele, Nancy wearing trousers, Nancy smoking a cigarette—she had broken ground for all of us, but only at terrific cost in violent scenes followed by silence and tears.

Outsiders suffered even worse. When Nancy was two, a doctor was called in to treat a badly infected foot. He determined that it required lan-



LORD REDESDALE... he loved being lampooned in Nancy's first novel, "Highland Fling."

cing, and anaesthetised Nancy with a chloroform-soaked handkerchief.

Farve, always in attendance at operations—he even supervised the birth of each of his children—noticed that Nancy appeared to have stopped breathing.

"What did you do then?" we asked at this point in the story.

"I seized the doctor by the neck and shook him like a rat."

Now that Farve was General Murgatroyd we all entered into the spirit of the thing. I developed the theory that he was a throwback to an earlier state of mankind, a missing link between the apes and homo sapiens. My mother confiscated my allowance for calling him "The Old Sub-Human," but he didn't really mind.

The languid young aesthetes of "Highland Fling" also turned up frequently in real life, imported by Nancy, as visitors at Swinbrook. Most of these had the effect on Farve of driving him into a Murgatroydish rage; to one or two he took an unaccountable liking.

Nancy became a devotee of new trends in art. We rather assumed that at least a partial

reason for this interest was to "tease The Old Sub-Human"—and tease him it did, most effectively.

The sculpture of Jacob Epstein ("damned Hun!" as Farve inaccurately called him), the works of Picasso ("filthy sewer!") in turn produced fascinating rows.

His fury was redoubled when Nancy announced her intention to move to London and study art at the Slade School. As usual, we got only the echoes of the titanic rows going on downstairs. We came down for meals that were eaten in dead silence.

Muv must have interceded, for Nancy finally won her point and went to live in a furnished bed-sitting-room in Kensington. I was terribly disappointed when she came home after about a month.

"How could you! If I ever got away to a bed-sitter I'd never come back."

"Oh, darling, but you should have seen it. After about a week it was knee-deep in underclothes. No one to put them away."

"Well, I think you're very weak-minded. You wouldn't catch me knuckling under because of a little thing like underclothes."

Dimly, through the eyes of childhood, I glimpsed another world; a world of London bed-sitters, art students, writers... a world from which Swinbrook would seem as antiquated as a feudal stronghold.

Runaway plan

A marvellous idea flashed into my mind—one of those ideas to be cherished, polished, perfected until it can become a reality. I decided to run away from home.

Not yet, but one day when I had worked out a thoroughly satisfactory plan and had saved enough money to support myself for a while.

I wrote immediately to Drummond's Bank; in a couple of days I had their answer:

"Dear Madam.—We respectfully beg leave to acknowledge receipt of ten shillings as initial deposit in your Running Away Account. Passbook Number—enclosed. We remain, dear Madam, your obedient servants..."

I triumphantly flashed the letter around the family. "Look! And fancy Drummond's being my obedient servants! What bliss!"

Muv only said vaguely, "Well, darling, you'll have to save up a nice lot; you have no idea how expensive living in London is these days."

But she had other things on her mind: Diana had just become engaged to be married.

Diana, youngest of the four grown-up Mitfords, had traditionally been my Favorite Sister.

Inevitably, when Diana became engaged to Bryan Guinness during her first London season, I was violently partisan to "her side." That there were "sides" was part of the family pattern of struggle.

At Swinbrook, any change—a haircut, the acquisition of a dog, the introduction of a new friend—was bound to cause a flare-up. To become

To page 15

Give yourself lovely natural-looking curls the easy

RICHARD HUDNUT WAY!



SOFT, NATURAL CURLS FOR NORMAL AND EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR

NEW!
Richard Hudnut
QUICK home permanent

CUTS WINDING TIME IN ½

2 WAVES IN THIS BOX—USE ½ SAVE ½

Even beginners find it easy!

Today, the accent's on hair... soft 'n' wavy that you can quickly brush into dozens of exciting styles. And Richard Hudnut comes to the rescue with the *easiest and most natural-looking of all permanents*.

Richard Hudnut waves in half the time! The Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion penetrates so quickly you can wrap *more* hair on to each curler... only 20 curlers will give you a complete hairstyle that will last ages.

Setting's easier too! Natural-looking Richard Hudnut curls help hair to hold its set and because the Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion is *lanolised*, each curl will glow with silken beauty.

There's a Richard Hudnut home perm made for your hair.

For easy-to-wave hair—RED BOX. for hard-to-wave hair—GREEN BOX. Both will give you one 40-curl perm or two 20-curl perms, one now... one later.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND STORES 13/-

RICHARD HUDNUT
New Quick HOME PERMANENT

AND FOR SMART END CURL STYLES

RICHARD HUDNUT
Quickette

Gives two end waves or two between-perm pickups. The Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion recaps for use a second time... which can't be done with old-fashioned lotions! 9/- box.



Sleep beautifully snug in **BRUSHED NYLON**



All set for winter
thanks to
NYLON!

You'll adore the new colors and styles in this year's Brushed Nylon slumberwear — particularly the lovely floral prints now appearing for the first time. Winterweight Brushed Nylon offers warmth without weight, brings you all Nylon's easy-wash, quick-dry and no-iron virtues — the happy solution to your winter laundering worries. See this beautiful Brushed Nylon slumberwear in the stores and shops!



British Nylon Spinners (Australia) Pty. Ltd. supply the Nylon yarn used by Australia's textile trade to make this merchandise.

Continuing HONS AND REBELS

from page 13

engaged was the most daring, inflammatory act yet attempted by any of us.

Boud, Debo, and I managed to get a lot of second-hand information about the engagement, to which we added our own speculations. Bryan seemed to possess many desirable qualities. He was young, handsome, rather intellectual, but hadn't gone too far in that direction — he was as yet either a writer nor an artist — liked riding, was obviously madly in love with Diana . . . Nevertheless, the grown-up relations lined up solidly behind Farve in opposition to the marriage.

Aunts and uncles noted with lucking disapproval that Diana was only eighteen — barely out of the school-room.

We gathered that Muv's main objection centred on the fact that Bryan was "so rightfully rich."

"It's probably really because Bryan's family made their money in trade," I suggested to Debo. "They don't like the idea of poor Diana being advertised on posters. Guinness is Good For You, you know."

In point of fact, the richness of the Guinnesses may have had something to do with my mother's opposition. She herself had strong feeling for the virtue of economy.

Muv was forever fending off a slightly mythical wolf from our door by the practice of various, rather oddly chosen, economies. She worked out the cost of washing and ironing an average of nine napkins, three meals a day, 365 days a year, found it staggering, and eliminated napkins from the dining-room table forever. Paper ones would, of course, have been unthinkable, and individual napkin rings too disgusting for words.

To her annoyance, the "Daily Express" ran the story of our napkinless meals under the headline "Penny Pinching Peers."

Diana's method of attaining her objective, perhaps the only one that could have succeeded short of elopement, was to sulk for an entire winter.

She stayed in her bedroom a great deal of the time, and came down to the drawing-room only to sit in stony silence, looking vacantly out of the window.

This strategy for getting one's own way was not entirely unknown to us. Some years earlier Debo had successfully pined away for a Pekinese, causing suspension of an ironclad family rule

that no one under the age of ten could own a dog.

Diana made slow but sure progress in her campaign to be allowed to marry Bryan, and after a few months my parents reluctantly withdrew their objections.

Meanwhile, owing to a bit of luck, I was able to register an unexpected increase in my Running Away Account.

An extraordinarily acute pain seized me one morning. Never having had a stomach-ache before, I knew at once that it must be appendicitis.

"Poor little D., I expect you ate too much," Muv said sympathetically, as she went off for her daily inspection of the chickens. The pain kept on hurting, so I telephoned Dr. Cheattle in Burford.

"Would you mind coming over to take out my appendix?" I asked him. He arrived in a surprisingly short time. Muv came back from the chickens, and she and Nanny, at Dr. Cheattle's direction, covered all the nursery with white sheets.

Farve was summoned to assume his usual self-appointed rôle of supervisor. Dr. Cheattle covered my face with a chloroform-soaked handkerchief.

My appendix

An unusually understanding doctor, Dr. Cheattle presented me with the appendix, fixed up in a jar of alcohol, as soon as I awoke from the anaesthetic. Debo hung around enviously.

"You are so lucky to have a dear little appendix in a bottle," she said. It was no trouble at all to relieve her of a pound she'd been saving since last birthday.

A couple of weeks later Nancy flushed the appendix down the w.c.

"Nasty thing, and besides it's beginning to smell," Debo wailed bitterly, but the pound was safely deposited with Drummond's.

Operations were about the only form of medical treatment "allowed" by my mother. She permitted them on the grounds that they had Biblical sanction in the passage, "If thine eye offend thee, pluck it out."

Appendectomy was, in those days, supposed to be followed by weeks of complete bed rest, but my mother surreptitiously made me walk around the room as soon as the anaesthetic had worn off. She had a complete mistrust of doctors and all their works.



FAMILY STORMS enchanted the Redesdales when Diana ("My Favorite Sister," says Jessica) became engaged to Bryan Guinness, of the famous Irish brewing family.

Dr. Cheattle was summoned only on rare occasions, and even then his instructions were never followed. As soon as he was out of sight, Muv quickly poured all the medicine down the drain.

"Horrid stuff! The Good Body will throw off the illness if left to itself."

Muv considered me to be living proof of her health theories. I had the doctor five times as a child, and each visit presented a new challenge for pitting the Good Body theory against prevalent medical practices, a new opportunity to outwit the long-suffering Dr. Cheattle.

He would arrive with his little black bag and the examination generally took place in the drawing-room, where parents, sisters, uncles, and aunts could check on his every move.

When I broke my arm, Dr. Cheattle put me to sleep on the drawing-room sofa with the usual chloroform-soaked handkerchief, and set the bone with an elaborate arrangement of bandages and slings. He told my mother to leave the dressing undisturbed until his next call.

However, that night Muv took off all the bandages and made me do exercises with the broken arm "to prevent it from growing stiff."

As she was unable to get the bandages to look the same after that, she cancelled Dr. Cheattle's second visit. Rather surprisingly, the Good Body triumphed; the arm not only healed by itself but even became interestingly double-jointed.

Dr. Cheattle prescribed a starvation diet, nothing but sips of water, for a case of typhoid fever when I was five. He explained that typhoid perforated the sufferer's stomach, and any food would

fall through, causing certain death; but Muv smuggled me bits of chocolate and bread and butter under the very eyes of a trained nurse, and once more the Good Body pulled me through.

Possibly my mother's total war on the germ theory of illness had contributed to our complete isolation from other children. The "county" families had been thoroughly shocked when, at the height of my typhoid bout and in defiance of the doctor's recommendations, Nancy's "coming-out" ball had been held as scheduled in the germ-infested house. Afterwards, Muv triumphantly pointed to the fact that none of the guests had come down with the fever.

Illnesses, no matter how catching they were generally supposed to be, were never allowed to interfere with family plans. We were taken, covered with chicken-pox scabs or choking with whooping-cough, to weddings, birthday parties, Christmas gatherings, to the great annoyance of the other mothers.

"This silly germ theory is something quite new," Muv said placidly. "The truth is doctors don't have any idea what causes illnesses; they're always inventing some new theory."

All in all, the appendicitis was well worth while; I now had a lovely eight-inch scar in addition to my double-jointed arm and an extra pound towards running away.

Soon after my recovery we all went up to London in advance of Diana's wedding.

(Copyright Jessica Mitford, 1960. Published by Gollancz.)

NEXT WEEK: Diana's marriage and divorce. Unity becomes a Fascist, Jessica a "Ballroom Communist."

**VITAL...MANAGEABLE...
BEAUTIFUL HAIR with**

Steiner

HAIRDRESSERS



PERFUMERS

BY APPOINTMENT TO THE LATE QUEEN MARY

SEBOSYN

(pronounced SEE-BO-SIN)



"SELINA"

Exclusive Hair Style
by STEINER
Grosvenor St., London

- * Feeds life into your hair more quickly, more surely, than you ever dreamed.
- * Nurses dry hair, over-permed hair, back to health.
- * Helps replace natural sebum removed from the hair by washing — hence so valuable after shampooing.
- * Sebosyn also corrects breaking nails.
- * Sebosyn is economical: 9/6 Tube will last 6-8 weeks.

5.3 VITAMINISED CREAM SHAMPOO

Cleanses deep deep down below the scalp. Leaves hair sweet and manageable. Generous size Sachet only 2/6.



Tube 9/6

FROM SELECTED CHEMISTS AND STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA.
Distributors: Ellis Agencies Pty. Ltd., 55 Flemington Rd., Nth. Melbourne

STEINER — THE AUTHORITY ON HAIR
LONDON • PARIS • MELBOURNE • ROME

Silverware on the "Queen Elizabeth" is preserved with Goddard's



**BEAUTIFY YOUR SILVER
WITH Goddard's
WORLD-FAMOUS SILVER POLISH**

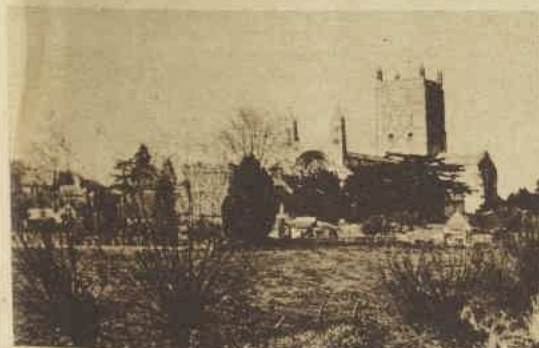


The easiest, smoothest way to make your silver shine with the lustre of treasured heirlooms. Just one rub wipes away stains and tarnish, keeps the surface of your silver absolutely intact. Goddard's Silver Polish — used in England's most famous homes and hotels.

Only 3/6 & 4/10

* GODDARD'S . . . for people who really take pride in their silver.

YOU'LL ALSO APPRECIATE GODDARD'S SILVER CLOTH AND GODDARD'S PLATE POWDER, 4/6 per lb.



THE ABBEY at Tewkesbury, in the Cotswolds, near the Mitford family seat.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 20, 1960

3258

Page 15



Miss Paston's Private War

An amusing complete short story

By CLIVE BURNLEY

ALEXANDRA PASTON was eighteen at the time; a strong, straight-backed, fair-haired girl who could make a wolf-whistle tail off to an apologetic sigh with one scornful glance from her blue eyes.

The wildest stories were told about what happened at Fargo's the afternoon she blew up the Daffodil Rally of the Dunchester Motor Club. But the truth was even wilder, and here it is.

A car rally of this type is a highly unproductive caper in which motorists play a complicated game over several counties. Competitors, armed with maps and accompanied by their navigators, set off at intervals, each carrying a card bearing a number of map references with a question against each, such as: Name of shop? Date on wall? Number of benchmark? and so on.

The idea is that, after identifying the points on the map, they should drive from one to another by the shortest route they can find in the quickest time they can make, record the required information as proof of arrival, and finally return to the starting point, the man with the best time receiving a silver cigarette-holder for himself and a pewter tankard for his navigator.

The Dunchester Motor Club had organised this particular thing with great care. Where they went most seriously wrong was the map reference 775254, where competitors were required to note the number on an electricity supply pole.

The map showed that there was only one possible means of reaching the precise spot indicated, namely, by turning off the Upcom road and down a dead-end lane which ran slap through the yard of Fargo's farm. Organisers and competitors alike were deceived by the appearance of this lane, which was nicely metalled in tarmacadam, without any notice reading PRIVATE or even BEWARE OF THE DOG.

Out of a field of eighteen, only eight cars reached the place at all, most of the rest being hopelessly foxed at Leddinton by the

second of the organisers' mistakes—a trifling matter of typing a five instead of a three. And of these eight, five (the first arrivals) actually got through to the pole, noted its number and escaped clear away.

But by then Alexandra, who lived at Fargo's farm, was distinctly annoyed. In the space of about half an hour five cars had roared through the farmyard along the indubitably private road, scattering dust and poultry, and then, before either had settled, had driven back again.

Alexandra was determined to take action.

The last three cars to arrive did so in a fairly tight bunch. They turned into the lane, swirled through Fargo's, followed the metalled surface until it deteriorated into gravel and ashes, and finally ended in a ploughed field. Here the navigators identified the pole and hastily wrote down the number it bore stamped on a disc of zinc. Then, turning with difficulty, the cars retraced their tyre-marks to the end of the road.

Very soon they came again to the place where the lane ran through the farm. On their left was the discreet Georgian facade of the farmhouse, with ivy licking up its edges and its tall brick chimneys silhouetted against the eggshell-blue sky; on their right were the outbuildings, the Dutch barn, the implement sheds, and stables.

But also, directly in front of them, closed across the road and very obviously chained and padlocked, was a gate. Standing immediately behind this obstruction, wearing jodhpurs which concealed her outline and a bright blue sweater which did not, stood Alexandra, a look of cool hostility on her face.

The leading car was the handsome blue Martin Viper Six, which Grant Nettlebury, the son of the biggest shopowner in Dunchester, was driving; beside him, as navigator, was his uncle, Ted Carlow.

Grant got out and walked up to the gate. "What do you want?" asked Alexandra. Now Grant was tall and handsome; he

Alexandra stood by the gate as Grant approached. "What do you want?" she asked.

was aware of this and accordingly beamed in the over-cordial way that experience had taught him was charm, and said, what was indeed obvious, that he wanted to come through.

"This road is private," answered Alexandra, looking him directly in the eye. "Cars have been coming through here this afternoon without permission and at a dangerous speed. And they've done a certain amount of damage—frightening stock, cracking a manhole cover, and other things."

"I'm very sorry," said Grant, "I—"

"So am I," Alexandra told him. "And I don't see why we should be the losers just because there are some trespassers you can't keep out without laying a minefield. If you want to come back through the gate I'm afraid you must pay me five shillings a vehicle."

By this time Stan Crudgett was arriving in his grey Delaunay Eight and was hooting angrily. As assistant works manager at a bottletop factory he had cultivated that ruthlessness which he knew to be essential in a captain of industry—only with him it

was generally rudeness. Behind him was the green Stutz driven by Rory Post, with Dick Highsmith, the dentist, as navigator.

"You see," Grant was explaining, "we're members of the Dunchester Motor Club and—"

"I don't care if you're members of Parliament," said Alexandra firmly, "it'll cost you five shillings just the same."

"I won't stand for this," shouted Grudgett, leaping from his car. "Break the gate open."

Alexandra merely cast a glance over her left shoulder.

They saw what she meant. Twenty feet away Louis the tractor-driver sat on a bale of straw whetting a bean hook. He had flaming ginger hair and the cords on his



bare arms were the sort of thing you expect to see on heroic statuary, not in real life. Chained to a post beside him was a black, barrel-chested Labrador. It was clear that Alexandra negotiated from a position of strength.

Grant grinned. It was temperamentally impossible for him to be angry with a girl like Alexandra Paston. "You win," he said, "we'll pay up like men."

Rory took the same view, but Crudgett said he would report the matter to the police and consult his solicitors. But in the end he paid up, and as soon as released drove off in a tantrum.

That the other cars did not follow his example was primarily due to the fact that Uncle Ted Carlow, Grant's navigator, happened to remark casually to Alexandra that the farmhouse was a lovely bit of Georgian architecture and that he was sure it contained a wonderful flagged kitchen, long-panelled drawing-rooms, and other delights.

Miss Paston agreed it had all those things.

If he were really interested she would show him over the house. And, to Mr. Carlow's intense surprise, the idea was warmly supported by Grant, Rory, and Dick Highsmith; they were too late now to hope for an award in the rally.

As far as Grant was concerned it was merely a matter of priorities; one did not meet a girl like Alexandra every week. Rory's reasons were more complex. For him life was a series of jolly ruses and stratagems, and he always tried to even scores.

He thought that he might find an opportunity in the house—even if it were only by asserting that the Sheraton furniture was bogus. And Highsmith always trailed along with Rory.

Rory's opportunity was to come much sooner and more completely than he had imagined. Alexandra showed the four men into just such a kitchen as Carlow had imagined, wide and flagged and beam-ceilinged; here she left them for a moment and recrossed the yard to speak to Louis, and

as soon as she had left Rory bolted the door, chuckling.

Alexandra came back in a few minutes and jiggled the latch.

"Put five shillings through the letter-box," shouted Rory, "and I'll let you in."

It raised a laugh.

"Open this door," commanded Alexandra. "At once! Open it!"

"Dick," whispered Rory to Highsmith, "nip through the house and lock any other doors. We'll show her."

Highsmith did even better. He not only shut the doors, but he found that all the ground floor windows had internal shutters folded in the width of their thick walls; these he closed until the lower windows were all battened and lights had to be put on.

When he returned to the kitchen parleying had ceased; Alexandra had gone off somewhere, and Rory and Grant were mightily amused by the whole thing.

Not so Ted Carlow. He was a responsible citizen and he felt particularly badly, because

it was on his account that they had been invited into the house at all.

"A joke's a joke," he said uncertainly.

"Don't take it too far, now."

"Rest easy," said Rory. "We won't do that. We'll just show the little lady that two can play at this game—or even six. When she tries again we'll open up. Have a cigarette."

But after that cigarette had been smoked Alexandra had still not returned, and Ted Carlow decided that it was time to call the thing off. Accordingly, he opened the door and stepped out . . .

He came back instantly in a blaspheming heap with the turn-up of his left gabardine trouser leg slapping loose round his ankle like a kind of bangle. They slammed the door on the muzzle of the black Labrador.

"Now who's taking it too far?" demanded Rory indignantly. "Setting wild dogs on us. The girl must be mad, raving mad."

To page 18

Teach yourself to TOUCH TYPE



The whole family can learn
on an easy-to-use...



REMINGTON PORTABLE

Dad, Mum, everyone—even children!—can learn to touch-type on an easy-to-use Remington Portable... and it's fun, too! After a few short hours of practice you should be able to write faster than with pen and ink.

You'll amaze yourself at the speed... the ease... with which you can become a competent touch typist. It's the easiest thing in the world! You can do it at home all by yourself, assisted only by the Remington Touch Method Typing Instruction Book. This booklet shows you every step — almost finger-by-finger. It's fully illustrated, clearly written, so simple to follow that even a child can learn. Best of all, IT'S FREE with every Remington Quiet-riter.

Ask your Remington Retailer for a copy of the Remington "Easy Touch Method Typing" leaflet.

LEARN MORE—EARN MORE

It's a scientific fact that students who type usually get higher marks. Typing actually helps you think and remember better! Later on, of course, the ability to type may mean a better paying job... a more successful career. Not only that—typing can be a source of extra income, earned at home!

These Remington features make typing easier, printwork neater.

- Bigger paper cylinder keeps typing neat and even—gives more clear carbon copies.
- Changing ribbons is simple—done in a jiffy without fuss or mess.
- Miraclic Tabulator—makes column work simple and reliable.
- Same keyboard as office typewriters—essential for learners! Nail protector keys.



Remington portables are priced from as low as 44 guineas or as little as 7/6 per week.

Portability and performance perfectly combined

Remington Rand (Aust) Pty. Ltd.,

A Division of Sperry Rand Corporation.
MAKERS OF THE WORLD'S FINEST TYPEWRITERS.

Continuing...

MISS PASTON'S PRIVATE WAR

from page 17

"I don't know," said Grant. "Look at it from her angle. She's alone here, and four strange men turn her out of the house and take possession by what amounts to force. No, I don't blame her; I rather admire her—I don't think she's the sort to take anything lying down."

"And neither am I," said Rory. "But it's sudden death to step outside that door. What are we doing to do about it?"

After some debate, the four men decided to view the situation from an upstairs window. Any lingering trace of amusement was wiped off their faces as soon as they looked out. Their cars had disappeared—the drivers now recalled that they had both left their ignition keys in their dashboards.

In the yard the redheaded Louis was standing guard with a double-barrelled sporting gun handy against his hip; he was grinning in the not altogether jovial manner of a man who likes a good fight and smells one.

The black Labrador padded about restlessly at his feet. A fox-faced little jockey of a fellow carrying what looked like a .22 rifle was going round to the back of the house, followed by a prick-eared Alsatian. And a stolid character with a Hindenburg face and a pickaxe shaft in his leathern hand was moving round to cover the front.

"This is quite absurd," said Ted Carlow, opening the window. "You there!" he called to Louis. "Call your dog off and let us out of the house. Don't you know the whole thing's a joke?"

"Maybe it is," said Louis, patting his gun stock. "Only I reckon it looks a lot funnier from this end. You'll come out when we say so."

"Where are the cars?" Grant demanded.

"Dunno," answered Louis. "Miss Alexandra took 'em. I dare say she's run 'em over Tarkley Quarry. It's a fifty-foot face there with a couple of fathom of water at the bottom."

"Stop this nonsense at once," shouted Highsmith in the voice of command he had learned in his school cadet corps. "Let us out immediately and don't argue."

"If you talk to me in that tone of voice again," said Louis, raising his shotgun, "I'll give you a dose of the lead pellet measles, and let the winders go hang."

It was obviously no use talking to the fellow.

A little later they saw Alexandra come back up the farm lane on foot, take a Land-Rover from one of the outbuildings and drive off in that. What the deuce was the girl up to?

Time passed very slowly. "I don't like it," said Grant at last. "This larking about with dogs and shotguns—it's dangerous. We ought to stop it before somebody gets hurt."

"I had the same idea about World War II," said Rory. "I couldn't stop that either."

"If I could get out of this place," Grant went on, "I'd be able to break up the party—if, say, I could get to the nearest village." He was thinking of the generally chastening effect that blue uniforms have.

"Listen," he went on. "If I could slip out of the back door without being seen, I could reach that hedge behind the paddock there and sneak off along it into that wood on the left. Then I could get to the road easily. After all, I once did a commando course..."

"Let's try it, Rory, if you and Dick stage some sort of diversion from these front win-

dows to bring the guards round, then Uncle Ted can let me out at the back door and bolt it after me."

After some thought and investigation, the nature of the diversion was agreed upon. A sack of potatoes was discovered in the pantry. This was carried upstairs and emptied into two heaps of about equal size in two of the front bedrooms—it didn't do the carpets any good—and Dick and Rory took station at their windows. They were going to enjoy this.

When the barrage opened, Louis was leaning casually against a fence rolling himself a cigarette, confident of his command of the situation. He

its even more ridiculous climax.

The sun had fallen low and red, turning all the landscape pink, so that the haystacks looked like piles of grated beetroot, and every now and again the lurking Labrador's eyes glowed like hot coals.

In this crimson twilight Miss Alexandra Paston's Land-Rover came roaring to a stop in the yard before the house.

From one side emerged Alexandra; from the other, Police Constable Alfred Pettitwell, still wearing his bicycle clips. Alexandra had sought him all over Tarkley Magna.

P.C. Pettitwell had waxed moustaches, and was altogether a portly and rather obsolete figure, but he knew his duty. He strode over to the kitchen door and knocked such a re-

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



was too big to miss and hits were registered at once. He became in a few seconds more ginger than ever, as the result of a half-pound King Edward making his nose bleed.

The Labrador, similarly pelted, alternately roared with fury and yelped with anguish. Louis was no quieter, shouting threats at the top of an extremely powerful voice and scrambling for potatoes to hurl back.

That was how the first two windows were smashed. The third went when Louis actually did fire his gun. Perhaps he aimed high, perhaps not; in any event the window and a dressing-table mirror were shattered.

It was soon over. The defenders' only casualties were a bruise or two acquired in diving for cover and two scratches on Dick's arm that he swore were shot wounds. The besiegers withdrew out of range, but the operation had succeeded in its purpose.

GRANT got clear away, and eventually, lacerated by quickthorn and splashed with mud, succeeded in reaching the road.

Uncle Ted Carlow was by now very greatly alarmed by the whole business. Guns going off, windows smashing—the possible consequences terrified him.

A sudden inspiration came to his aid: why had he not thought of it before? He searched the house until he found the telephone in the front hall, lifted the receiver, and said into the instrument: "Police."

The official voice at the other end lost something of its matter-of-fact tone when it learned that the caller was besieged and under gunfire.

"Hold on. We'll be right over..."

The quite absurd affair at Fargo's was now approaching

sounding series of blows that all the crockery tinkled.

It was still tinkling when a second vehicle, a large black car swept into the farmyard. Out of it leaped three flat-capped policemen and Grant Nettlebury, who, while trudging towards Dunchester on the main road, had met a patrol car.

"That's one of 'em," Grant cried, pointing to Louis.

"Drop that gun," shouted a sergeant.

Louis gave up. He put his hands in the air and let the weapon fall with a clatter, a senseless thing to do. One barrel went off, punctured a car tyre and put a pellet in a policeman's calf.

The constabulary leaped upon Louis and had his arms twisted behind his back in a couple of seconds. The Labrador rushed right and left, snapping at everybody, and drew blood at least once before he was finally secured and tied to a gatepost. P.C. Pettitwell stood petrified at the farmhouse door.

But there was more to come. The riot in the yard was at its height when a second, even larger, even blacker, car drove smartly up to the farm. From this also poured police, those who had come in answer to Uncle Ted Carlow's telephone call. These officers began asking what the trouble was, but their colleagues did not know.

Now there were seven policemen of various ranks at Fargo's, an impressive assembly; too impressive for the little ferret-faced man, who was somewhat simple-minded, and had once been bound over to keep the peace; he suddenly took to his heels across country. Two constables pursued him and brought him back, all three plastered with mud from the ploughland.

Rory and Dick and Ted Carlow now came out of the house. Soon a dozen people were talking at once, all determined to be heard.

Alexandra was explaining to

one knot of police that her home had been forcibly seized by four men who had obviously wrecked it, as witness the broken windows; she had no doubt that they had smashed the Minton ware, pulled out the wall safe, and torn up her brother's stamp collection.

She demanded their instant arrest.

Rory was telling another group that he and his friends had been imprisoned, attacked by savage dogs, and shot at their cars had been stolen and pushed over a quarry. Highsmith was exhibiting the scratches on his arm.

Uncle Ted hovered from group to group, pleading for calm. Louis called the sergeant of police a fascist stormtrooper. The ferret-faced man said he hadn't been there at all; it was all lies.

Only Grant Nettlebury took no part in this clamor; he leaned against a fence, smoked a pipe, and watched—particularly he watched Alexandra.

The police had just reached the point of ordering silence; in consequence there was a moment's hush. In that pause was heard the sound of yet another vehicle changing gear as it approached the farm.

"Must be the flying squad," said Rory, "direct from Scotland Yard. Or the fire brigade."

But it was, in fact, Colonel Hubert Paston, Alexandra's father, returning from Iverbury market in a serene and contented frame of mind.

His pigs had sold nicely; he felt certain his barley was better than Hodgkinson's; he'd arranged to hire the drain-digger for Six Acre Bottom; his wife had telephoned him at the King's Head to say that Aunt Madge was much better and she'd be coming home tomorrow; he'd had a darned good lunch and a certain amount of darned good liquor—it had been a good day.

But what in heaven's name was this? His farmyard full of a shouting mob? Police—scores of police. Broken glass. People plastered with mud. Potatoes lying about; guns. Two of his best hands apparently under arrest and blood all over Louis' face...

He was so utterly taken aback that he forgot what he was doing and drove straight at the asbestos-sheeted shed, into which, with crackling noises, he disappeared.

It was, as you will imagine, some time before anything like order was completely restored. The inspector of police sent all his men away but three, shepherded everyone else into the farm kitchen, and began his inquiry. It was a great credit to him, as well as to the others concerned, that within about ninety minutes the whole thing had been more or less straightened out.

What contributed most of all to this was a statement that Grant made after consulting his friends.

"Colonel Paston," he said, "nothing looks less funny than a practical joke that fizzles. We apologise for what happened and we can only say it wasn't what we intended. But never mind who's to blame for what; if we hadn't come trespassing here, there wouldn't have been any trouble."

"Therefore we'll undertake to pay for repairs to all the damage, everything. If we can use your telephone I think we can get a man over from Dunchester who'll put your windows in for you tonight before you go to bed. We're sorry and we'll do all we can to put it right."

"Well, now," said the colonel—he was not a very regimental type of man and was still a little dizzy from the whole affair—"that seems a fair offer, under all the circumstances."

To page 42

These doors say Welcome to a
warm and friendly home



An early homestead completely remodelled with

Modern PLYWOOD

... for graceful living in keeping with the
world trend today to retain the warm natural
beauty of real timber in all home, office decor.

Rapid remodelling of this early Queensland homestead into a gracious, spacious up-to-date home was made possible by the quick-to-build-with large sheets of modern plywoods that exhibit all the beauty of natural wood while adding to it the attributes — far greater strength, freedom from warping, swelling, shrinking or splitting — that have made plywood today's world boom building material.

Brisbane architect, Mr. N. G. Stewart, enlarged the rooms by removing unnecessary passages, converting verandahs into sun annexes. He panelled throughout with fine figured plywoods, or plywoods that take modern paint tones so well. Floors in some rooms are of plywood tiles, all built-ins and cupboards are plywood and the old exterior weatherboards have been replaced by waterproof plywood sheets.

Modern plywoods make it possible to convert any well-built old house into a fine home that you can afford.

Seek advice from your local hardware or timber retailer, your local manufacturer, or write direct to . . .

THE AUSTRALIAN PLYWOOD BOARD

129 Creek Street, Brisbane, Q'd. Phone 31 2521

Branch: 7th Floor, 18 Martin Place, Sydney. Phone BW 1684.



To: The Secretary
THE AUSTRALIAN PLYWOOD BOARD
129 Creek Street, Brisbane, Q'd.

Please forward me details of the uses of modern plywoods for:

NAME

ADDRESS.....

WW 20460

Soap and Water are just the beginning



A daily bath or shower is just not enough to keep a girl sweet and dainty all day long

Every girl should protect herself from the embarrassment of underarm odour — and the safest, most effective way is with delicate Mum Cream.

Mum Cream is the safe, gentle deodorant — the deodorant you can trust.

The special ingredient in Mum Cream, hexachlorophene, kills the bacteria causing perspiration odour and keeps you protected 24 hours a day.

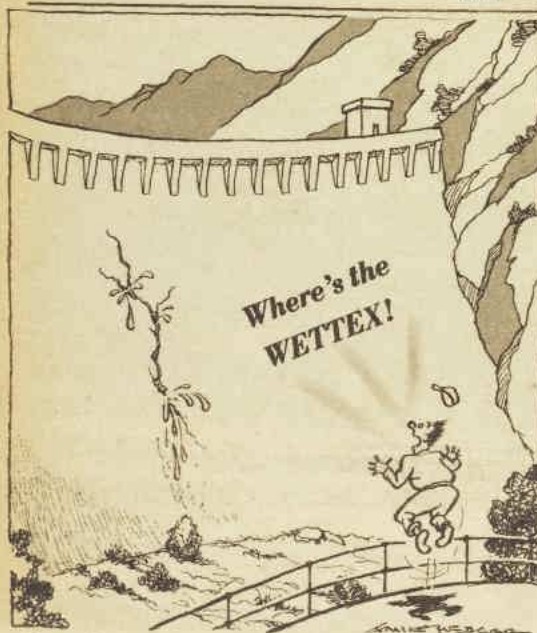
Beauty-cream-mild Mum, contains no harsh astringents to block the pores and irritate the skin. So safe, you can use it every day. So gentle it cannot harm the most delicate fabrics.



Inexpensive Mum Cream is available in 3 sizes from as little as 1/9.

Stay up-to-date dainty,
with Mum cream

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS



FATHER



MOTHER



ELIZABETH MALINTYRE.
"There's a poor, starving little boy out here . . . can I give him a piece of cake?"

It seems to me

"PACK 'em in tight, with minimum space."

The above does not refer to sardines or even to bus passengers.

It describes the future prospect for air travellers. In all fairness this policy is allied with one of lower fares, as envisaged by Lord Balfour, a director of British European Airways.

Lord Balfour was answering questions on "Meet the Press" on Sydney's Channel 9. He remarked, truly enough, that it was ridiculous to supply meals to tourist passengers on the one-hour London-to-Paris flight. "A drink of water, perhaps," he suggested.

As one who is rather sad to see the old pampered days of air travel passing, I do hope the air companies will continue to supply tea and coffee for a while, just till I get used to the jet age and revved up for supersonics. Water, indeed!

The discussion reminded me of a grievance of mine — I wish people would not go round saying that tourist and economy class travel are "just as comfortable."

They say this because of the common human dislike of admitting that any action springs from a desire to economise.

Tourist travel is a lot cheaper, so much cheaper that I hardly ever travel any other way. It saves some lovely money, but it is not nearly as comfortable as first-class.

How long-legged characters manage I can't imagine. If the packing-in is to get any tighter passengers will have to be graded on a conveyor belt like oranges and put in appropriate spaces.

AND that reminds me, I'll be sorry if the day comes when Australian tourist plane passengers are not given seat numbers.

The first time I travelled on one of Lord Balfour's planes (from London to Paris) I didn't know this, and dreamily let a lot of gentlemen with briefcases elbow me out of the way.

So I didn't see the English Channel. Flying back to London from Milan I knew better. But after sizing up the competition I chose guile instead of elbows.

I asked a few people which was the best side for viewing the Alps. A kind man who was bored with alps overhead (as I hoped) and gave me a window seat.

WHEN small foreign cars began to sell well on the American market the big Detroit manufacturers at first paid little attention.

Then they decided to compete. A few months ago three of the biggest U.S. motor firms unveiled small models, recently announced that they were selling well.

But I notice that the manufacturers cannot bear to use the term "small" car.

They call their product "compact" cars.

By



Dorothy Drann

I'VE been thinking about Maurice Chevalier's remark that maybe, with so many amazing new pills, scientists will get round to inventing one that will keep everyone on deck indefinitely.

The nicest pill would be one that preserved eternal youth.

And yet the problem would be when to take the stuff — at 17, or 22, or 25?

"I do think it's time Shirley took her youth-preserving pills," says Mamma fondly. "She looks lovely now."

"If it means we're never going to be rid of that gang of moonstruck youths, I think you should postpone it," says Papa.

"Well, look at me," answers Mamma. "I kept thinking my figure might improve and didn't get my prescription till I was 26, and now I'm the only one of the girls at the bridge club with a wrinkle in my forehead."

"Judging by the conversation of the bridge-club girls," says Papa, "it was a pity you all didn't postpone your youth-preserving a bit longer."

At this point Mamma bursts into tears and I think we need pursue the conversation no further.

DOCTORS at Salisbury, England, are trying to solve the mystery of the common cold. They are using volunteers who spend three weeks in camp, agree to be infected and treated, and receive three shillings a day.

Do you get bored with work and fed with life

And think your lot is dull or full of strife?
And do you sometimes wish your course was set

Far from your suburb, far removed from fret,

Say, lounging somewhere in the South of France,

Complete, of course, with money and romance,

Dripping with diamonds and encased in mink,

No sign of typewriter or kitchen sink?

That would be nice, but since it's far away,

One takes such crumbs of comfort as one may.

Picture a stretch in camp — you can't deny

You'd be unhappier if surrounded by

A horde of folk with colds, and, much worse still,

Such types as caught cold of their own free will.

happy feet happy days

You'll get greater comfort for those aching, tired feet if you use Zam-Buk nightly. Just bathe the feet in warm water, dry thoroughly and rub in Zam-Buk. The emollient, antiseptic and healing oils go deep into the skin to bring relief for sore, aching feet.

For promoting the healing of cuts, bruises, burns, insect bites, sunburn, heat rash, get Zam-Buk to-day.

ZAM-BUK MEDICINAL CREAM is a non-greasy treatment. Rub in as a massage for tired, aching feet and muscular pains. 24

POISONED QUICKS

heal up fast
with
NAILEEN



It's dangerous to neglect painful, unsightly poisoned cuticles. Act now, before the infection spreads. Stainless, painless NAILEEN is guaranteed to HEAL your poisoned cuticles, or you pay nothing. It is easy to apply — you simply dip an orange stick into the Naileen bottle and apply a few drops under the cuticle, each night at bedtime. No bandages. Thousands of successes. Get a bottle today; 5/- at all chemists, with a money-back guarantee. Wonderful, too, for Tinea (Athlete's Foot) and Milk Rot. 811

FACIAL HAIRS

Home Treatment

Permanently banish unsightly hair with "VANIX." A few applications and hair becomes less noticeable, then gradually withers and roots are killed. "VANIX" is painless and has no injurious effect on the skin.

"VANIX"

is only 7/11 a bottle from all branches of Washington H. Soul, Pattinson and Co. Ltd., Sydney and Newcastle; Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Little Collins St., Melbourne; Myer Emporium, Melbourne, Geelong and Ballarat; Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide; and Boons Ltd., Perth.

Mail Orders 9/-, including postage from above, or direct from THE VANIX CO. (Dept. W4), Box 38A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

Luxurious Walking Ease!

LIKE WALKING ON PILLOWS
Soft Latex Foam
Insoles, 5/9 pr.

1. Relieve painful callouses.
2. Give feet soft bed to rest upon.
3. Cushion tender heels.
From all Chemists & Stores.

Dr. Scholl's
AIR-PILLO INSOLES

Start the
Weekend well
with

Weekend

★

1/-

from your
Newsagents

TRUSTEE

from the toolroom

Final instalment
of our serial

By NEVIL
SHUTE



Keith helped the truck-driver to unload the heavy case and take it round to the back of the house.

KEITH STEWART sat on the deck of the Mary Belle that Saturday afternoon twelve days out from Honolulu, while Jack Donnelly slept below. He was very different now from the fat, rather unhealthy little man who had sailed upon the Mary Belle. Five days of seasickness had made him noticeably slimmer and more competent in his appearance. That had been over for a week.

He still wore the tattered panama hat as a protection from the midday sun, and he still wore the cricket shirt at night and when the sun began to burn, but most of the time he went clothed only in a pair of bathing shorts and barefoot. He was a very different man from the Keith Stewart who had boarded the aeroplane at Blackbushe.

By his noon latitude observations and by Jack's dead reckoning he judged that they were now about two degrees and forty minutes north of the equator, about abreast of Christmas Island, and probably two or three hundred miles to the east of it. Jack thought that they were closer than that. They had seen a patch of floating seaweed early that morning and he had viewed it with concern. "It could have come from anywhere," Keith had protested.

"Not from the east it couldn't," Jack had grumbled. "Seaweed don't last more 'n a few weeks in the sea. I never seen seaweed more 'n three hundred miles from land, 'n that only when there's been an offshore gale."

Later, in the Pacific Islands Pilot, Keith had found some evidence of an east-going current in the vicinity of Christmas Island at that season of the year. Jack grunted when he told him.

"I guess we're well away down to leeward," he grumbled. "Give me a shake-up if you see any birds." He went down below to sleep.

Later that afternoon Keith saw something better than a bird; he saw the smoke of a steamer. Presently he could see the hull above the horizon and realised that it was going to pass fairly close to them.

He called Jack Donnelly from his sleep.

The captain put his head out of the hatch and studied the position. "Bear up a little," he said. He pointed with the flat of his hand at the direction he wanted Keith to steer to intercept the steamer or pass close to her. Keith put down the helm and pulled in the mainsheet and then the foresheet. "That's okay," said Jack. "Keep her as you go."

"What are you going to do?" asked Keith.

The captain looked at him in surprise. "Why, stop her 'n ask where we are," he said. It seemed the most natural thing to him. To Keith it seemed an appalling thing to do, but he said nothing.

Jack said, "We'll need a board." He thought for a moment, vanished down below, and reappeared with the lid of the locker under his bunk, and, mysteriously, a piece of chalk.

"I'll take her," he said, going to the helm. "You write better 'n what I do. Put WANT POSITION." A sudden doubt assailed him. "Suppose they give it on a board in this latitude and longitude. You know how to put that out upon the chart 'n say where we are?"

Keith said, "I can do that." He bent to his task, making the letters as bold and clear as he could, and adding the word PLEASE, which seemed quite unnecessary to his captain.

The ship drew nearer on an intercepting course. She was a tanker, light in the water, painted grey all over. When she was less than half a mile away and they could hear the noise of her engines above the noises of their own passage they held up their board. Her engines slowed and stopped.

From the bridge an officer scrutinised it through glasses, waved to them in acknowledgment, and vanished inside.

Two officers appeared upon the bridge holding a black-board. The figures on it read, "Lat. 02deg. 05' N, Long. 156deg. 55' W."

Keith copied the figures down carefully, and went below and set them out upon his chart. He reappeared at the hatch. "We're only seventy-four miles from Christmas Island," he said.

"How far ought we to be?"

"About two hundred and fifty."

Jack waved a salutation to the officers on board the tanker and they waved back; they heard the engine-room telegraph bells jangle and the big propeller turned in a flurry of foam under her counter. They sailed clear of her stern and got on to their course.

"Guess we'll put her up a point to windward, maybe a point and a half," said Jack Donnelly. "I knowed that we was getting down to leeward by that patch of weed."

That afternoon Mr. Ferris called Captain Petersen from Cincinnati. "Say, Captain," he said, "I was hoping to have joined you again before now, but I don't seem able to make it. I got a job for you to do, though. You know anything about a fish boat called the Mary Belle? Been in the yacht harbor recently?"

"Sure, Mr. Ferris," said the captain in surprise. "They sailed for Tahiti, maybe two weeks ago."

"How many people were on board her when she sailed?"

"Two, I think. There was the captain, a guy by the name

of Jack Donnelly. The other was a kind of passenger. English, he was. They came on board here to ask about the course."

"They did? What was the passenger's name?"

The captain rubbed his chin. "Well, now, Mr. Ferris—I'll have to try and think. It might have been Keats."

"Keith. Keith Stewart. Say, he's a friend of Sol Hirzhorn, and Sol's all het up about the risk he's taking going to Tahiti in that way."

"Now look, captain. I want you to get going right away 'n follow down the route that he'd have taken to Tahiti. If you catch up with him, that's fine. If you don't, then when you get to this place Papeete 'n he's not there, you start looking for him back along the track. If you reckon they've got wrecked upon an island, visit every island they could be on. But find Keith Stewart."

Captain Petersen's heart rejoiced; he was sick of Honolulu. This was a job after his own heart. "What will I do when I find him?"

"Put the ship at his disposal for whatever he wants to do. But when that's over I want him back in Seattle or Tacoma. You'd better come right back to Seattle with the Flying Cloud 'n mind you bring Keith Stewart with you. Sol Hirzhorn wants to see him, and I've got a big deal on with Sol."

"You shall have him, Mr. Ferris."

"Okay, then, for now, I'll maybe meet you in Seattle when you arrive or else it might be Jim Rockawin. You know Jim?"

"Sure, I know Jim. About Mrs. Efstathios. Will she be coming along with us?"

There was a momentary silence. "Gee," said Mr. Ferris, "I forgot all about Dawn. She with you now?"

"She's on shore some place. I wouldn't know. Maybe the Royal Waikiki Hotel. Music with Manuel, Mr. Ferris."

"I know, I know. It's a quarter to eight with us. The doctor says I got to be in bed and asleep by ten. Say, if she comes within the next two hours, ask her to call me. Otherwise, tell her how things are yourself." The captain made a slight grimace.

"She isn't Mrs. Efstathios any more. The decree went through. She can move into a hotel on shore, or she can go along with you, or she can come right home. Tell her that—with love and kisses from Daddy. But you sail for Tahiti first thing in the morning."

"Okay, Mr. Ferris," said Captain Petersen.

To page 42



It was quite a family affair when Lucia and her children wrote to George.

A short story by VIRGINIA HATCH

Dear George:

SPICE HILL, AUGUST 10.

I'm sorry the measles prevented me from coming in to the play. I hope Ruth Bell could go with you on such short notice. George, I didn't mean to be cruel about you being just a self-sufficient bachelor, really I didn't. All I mean is that here I am with Roger and Barbie and the baby and they are my job, especially since their father is gone, and things just keep happening. If you want to get married, you should start from scratch, I mean, with a nice free unattached female—like Ruth Bell. That was all I meant.

I do hope Roger thanked you for the wonderful archery set, it was so thoughtful. Lucia.

HAPPY ADVENTURE CAMP, SUNDY.

Dear Uncle George:

The bow and arrows came. I knocked out the mess-hall window. Mom says Barbie's got measles. I hope this finds you the same. Ha! Ha! Roger.

MONDY.

Dear Uncle George:

I et the whole box. It was good, the chewy best. My spots are going. Barbie.

SPICE HILL, AUGUST 14.

Dear George:

The concert sounds lovely and I would love to go but the only baby-sitter I could find hasn't had measles.

Are you sure you had measles when you were a boy? Otherwise I do not think you should try to come out Friday night. Barbie keeps asking when are you coming and I just tell her she will have to be patient. Lucia.

Dear Uncle George:

They make us write letters once a week. I wrote to Mom but altho you are not a real relation, I said I would write my Uncle George since I call you Uncle if you arnt.

I can make the canoe go by bouncing up and down, no paddles. Duff got in a bees nest, boy he looks neat! Roger.

Dear George:

On account of the measles, would you be able to meet Roger at Grand Central and take him across to the Penn Station for the 5 o'clock train? I hate to bother you but I just don't like him to be alone in the Big City.

It was sweet of you to send Barbie the crayon set. She drew the most fascinating figures all over the bedroom wall, giraffes and elephants. I feel she may have talent. But I have to repaper. Lucia.

Dear, dear George:

I feel terribly that you had such an awful time with Roger. I do apologise and I know you can see now why I can't marry you. My children are just too difficult.

You should have taken the bow and arrows away from him before you ever got in the taxi. A small boy on the way home from summer camp is a pretty wild proposition at best. And then he must have been startled when he leaned out of the taxi window and shot off the arrow and it just happened to hit a policeman. Of course when the officer loomed up, all he could think of was to say you were kidnapping him and he was merely trying to get the officer's attention to be saved. Actually, I think it shows an ability to meet situations, don't you? But I can imagine how you felt being dragged to the station when the officer wouldn't believe you, who you were and all.

Honestly, George, when Roger got off that train, lugging that huge bow and arrow set and the jar of canned frogs, and so peeled with sunburn — I was just thankful he was back.

And I am so sorry, too, that Roger got lost at Radio City. You must have felt awful when you looked in the next seat

and found he was not there any longer. I do think the management was wonderful to page him and announcing it from the stage was a very fine idea, too. I may candidly say I would have been in hysteria at that point. Roger is so little, really, and so trusting. He might go off with anybody who had enough bubble gum.

I know you are thankful to have one small boy returned home and not loose around New York with a jar of frogs and a bow and arrow set while you were trying to locate him. Gratefully, Lucia.

SPICE HILL, MONDAY NIGHT.

Dear George:

I got to thinking in the night last night after you left and I just don't want you to think I don't feel you are about the very nicest — and the most thoughtful — I mean since Roger senior left us. But I think a woman with three children is too much, as I have said — and no matter what you say about my eyes and my smile and all, I still have three children. It's what I would myself call a matrimonial hazard of the first water. Or a five-alarm fire.

But George, do you think that baby-sitter has a steady, sane look in her eyes? I just read of the most awful thing — a baby-sitter flung a baby out of the window! I think next Saturday I better stay home. Lucia.

Dear Unc George:

Mama and I went to a town cald Baltamor this wk, and a man on the train askt her for a drink with him. I said Mama doesnt need it, her suitcase is loaded with liker. Mama said it was a small bottle of perfume you guv her last week. Barbie.

BALTIMORE.

Dear George:

Baltimore is still lovely and people walk slowly in Charles

**Wanted: A father willing to model jet planes — join in Scouts' jamborees —
have picnics at the beach — go to the zoo — and be good-tempered at all times.**

Dear Bachelor ...

Street. Aunt Hat is better now and will be at home shortly. I offered to take her back to Spice Hill but she feels it would be more restful in her own home, Guilford.

I had a dreadful experience on the train. A very handsome colonel with all sorts of ribbons on his uniform sat in the club car next to us while Barbie and I were waiting to go into the diner and he made friends with her — you know she is so friendly — and he offered me a cocktail. Well, Barbie spoke right up and said I had a bottle in my suitcase that a nice man gave me. It was your perfume, of course, but that would sound phony to explain.

So I had to have dinner with him to prove I am really a lady. He was very nice and took such an interest in Barbie. Lucia.

Dear Uncle George:

I need a paint set like you sent Rog. He used it allup. Barbie.

SPICE HILL, SEPTEMBER 6.

Dear George:

I am so sorry I couldn't meet you for our evening in New York. I really meant to.

I pictured the whole thing, the nice dinner in that little French place you know everybody at, and the good play, and the dancing afterward. Honestly, George, it would have been such fun, and I had a new dress, a pale smoke color — and the baby-sitter all engaged, and I think reliable, although I am never sure any more. I had my hair done, too, in a new way, and a manicure — nobody, but nobody, would ever guess I had done a big washing and cleaned house and got the three Indians cleaned and fed.

Just as I was getting the car out, and finding a flat tyre and coming back to get the taxi, I found that Roger was in the backyard. He was so high up in the tree and I screamed, and he just plummeted down like a meteor.

I knew he wasn't dead because he began to yell so loudly. But I did feel I had to get the doctor and be sure, and then he had so many bruises and cuts — and Barbie got upset and began dancing up and down screaming, "My brother's killed, goody goody!" That upset Pudding, who began to wail.

So then I had to cancel the taxi and wait for the doctor and quiet the baby and give Barbie my jewel-box to play with, and I just couldn't manage.

I hope you and Ruth Bell had a glamorous and happy evening. Lucia.

Dear Uncle George,

That was a swell time last Satdy and Mam says I oughts thank you for taking me to the zoo. I liked the zebra and seal. And snakes. I and Duff are collecting, we found quite a bunch. We got cartons for them. We got one dozen at leas. It is a secret. Don't tell. Please bring me a cage when you come — and I hope you come Fridy not Satdy, I got lots to have you do. Roger.

Dear Uncle George,

I used my crayns all up. I wisht I had more. I wisht I had a kitten, too. Please come early next time, I hav some things to show you. Barbie.

SPICE HILL, TUESDAY.

Dear George,

The children are bothering me to have you come earlier this weekend if you can get away from the office. You could spend Friday night here, as Aunt Hat won't be leaving until Sunday.

I got so upset this week, because I was supposed to visit school for PTA and Roger left me a note saying, "Please, Ma, no fancy clothes." (He spelled it right, too.) I never wear fancy clothes and I just didn't know what I was doing wrong. Then he phoned from school at noon while he had his lunch and said in his perfectly wild voice, "Please, Ma, no fancy clothes." I was so worried I almost called you at the office to see what you would think I ought to wear.

George, do you think I dress suitably? Lucia.

Dear Uncle George,

There is a problem come up at my school which is the father-son banquet with stunts. The fathers do nutty things and all and the kids holler. It is kind of neat. I mean everybuddy is there and all but no mothers.

It is Fridy nite and you could wear that neat tie you had when you and Mom went off and left us all evening. Period. Roger.

SPICE HILL, SUNDAY.

Dear George,

I am so terribly sorry you missed that appointment with the Cleveland buyer on account of staying so long at that dinner with Roger and missing the last train.

Anyhow, I gather you were the hit of the evening with that imitation of the Green Hornet in Times Square. And Roger had felt so — disgraced not to have a father.

I mean, I am so grateful. But I think you are spending too much time on my children. So I do hope you will take Ruth Bell to the company dinner, she is such a lovely person and so beautiful and so poised and has no problems. Lucia.

Dear Uncle George,

Why I am now writing is I liked the beech picnic a lot. It was neat and I thot you mite cum out for anuther this Friday nite. Mom says no, but I thot mabe you could cancel yur dates and do it if I ast you. Duffy Gordon wants to cum, too, if we go, so to see how you do the hot dogs on those sticks. His Father cant do it. Roger.

SPICE HILL, Sept. 30.

Dear George,

No, I can't make the dinner. I am a Den Mother and this is the night for the jamboree, and when I merely suggested, Roger's eyes went just black and he said, why doesn't Uncle George come to our jamboree? You see, I feel I have to be responsible. Lucia.

SPICE HILL, OCT. 2.

Dear George,

I think it would be best if we did not see each other any more. I am sure the dinner was fine, and Ruth Bell would make a fine hostess for the staff, and of course she has no other ties, being a career woman, and the jamboree was fine, too, except the boys rather wrecked the house, there being no man to keep them in order. But I do the best I can. Lucia.

Telegram to Mr. George Blakeslee from Mrs. Lucia Brown- ing, October 5: Cannot meet you. Roger ill. Sorry. Lucia.

SPICE HILL, OCT. 10.

Dear George,

I do hope it didn't upset your Chicago conference, but I do thank you for coming out to the hospital. I just couldn't seem to cope. Now that it is all over and Roger only has a virus I can only say I do thank you. I do. Lucia.

Dear Uncle George,

Know what I thot of? I thot too bad no more beech picnicks and zoos for yours truly. I am very neat now and home tomorrow and can you come Friday as per usual so we can start bldg that jet plane? Barbie ast me to say can you cum, too. Roger.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL, OCT. 11.

Dear George,

Mrs. Magnusson is doing fine with the baby. He has a little rash that worries me and I can't leave Roger just yet and I get absurdly anxious, although I know Mrs. Magnusson has had five children and is so faithful and so sensible. I keep staring out of this hospital window, wondering about Pudding and Barbie. I think I can take Roger home tomorrow, I certainly hope so, Lucia.

SPICE HILL, OCTOBER 13.

Dear George,

I never can thank you enough for coming right over and seeing about Pudding and Barbie. When you phoned that you had to fly to Chicago I felt so lost, somehow, but when I got home with Roger and found a complete dinner all cooked and ready to reheat, plus the flowers, plus the latest magazines by my bedside, plus the new games for the children, I don't mind admitting I sat right down without even taking my hat off and bawled. Mrs. M. said you had been out just before you left for the plane and what she said about you would turn your ears lobster-colored. With love, Lucia.

Dear Uncle George,

You wasnt around when I cum home and I felt you should of stood here when I came, not go off to Chicago. Mom says you earn a living and probly you do, I hope. Ha ha.

If you get back next week I could work on the jet plane, I am week but very O.K. and the hospitl was quite neat. Roger.

SPICE HILL, OCT. 20.

Dear George,

Roger is back in school and we had Sadie Hawkins Day, which means the girls pin colored bows on the boys they like best and the boys pin back more bows. I made two for Roger and he said hesitantly maybe I better make a couple extra. He came home with 176 bows on his shirt. It looks as if we are raising a glamor boy! Lucia.

Dear Uncle George,

I have a brain injury. Roger.

Dear George,

I am so sorry you left the office and rushed out after getting Roger's note. It was very clever of you to realise, however, as

you reached Stamford, that if he had a serious brain injury he couldn't have written to you. All that happened was that he got in an argument with Duffy as to whether you were his real father or not and Duffy bashed his head in with a croquet mallet. It was not serious at all and I am sorry about the whole thing.

I am increasingly anxious about the time you spend running in and out from the city to Spice Hill.

The children just loved the new game. You seem to always know just what they will like best. Lucia.

Dear Uncle George,

You better cum out, I am in a fix. I never ment to lok the lady in the tiker booth at the movies and hide the kees, a guy said you daren't and I dared. Roger.

SPICE HILL, NOV. 1.

Dear George,

What a surprise when you came out in the middle of the week and picked Roger up at school! Why ever did you do it? But it was a godsend that you had the car to get Barbie in, since I just couldn't start the old thing at all that day. Lucia.

Dear Uncle Georg,

Roger maks me writ this. He says too much coming and goeing and you culd have the sew room for yours. Barbie.

SPICE HILL, NOV. 4.

Dear George,

It just isn't any use. I got all dressed up again and wanted to give you a merry evening, as you deserve, when the baby-sitter phoned that she had just come down with mumps. We could have had such a gay evening together. I hope it wasn't too late for you to get Ruth Bell. Lucia.

Dear Uncle George,

I am sneeking this off. I think you better cum out, Mom is crying lots. I ast her if she had a toothache. She said no. I guess it was too bad she had to stay home last Satdy nite and miss going to the big city. I guess that would have been neat. She had her hare done again. Roger.

Dear Unk George,

Roger says I ast you to bring me a panda. Barbie.

SPICE HILL, NOV. 7.

Dear George,

I have told you how it is. I have the three children and it is such a crew! They just aren't your responsibility and there it is. You deserve — you deserve everything. Lucia.

Dear Uncle George,

I lost a tooth and I sav it in a dish for you to see. Roger.

SPICE HILL, NOV. 10.

Dearest George,

I feel as if I have stars at my fingertips. Somehow this last weekend, when the children were all in such a state, and you came and managed everything. I love you, I loved you the first minute I saw you. I love your steadiness and your intelligence.

But, my darling, I never would have given in and said I'd marry you except for one thing. When you said last Saturday night as we tucked the children in and cleaned up the kitchen and turned on the radio and you said so thoughtfully that we would have to plan a honeymoon some place where the children would have plenty of things to do, then I knew. Your own Lucia.

SPICE HILL, NOV. 12.

Darling,

A week from Wednesday is all right. But I hope you won't mind, George, I have wired Aunt Hat to come and take care of the children for two weeks. I just thought on our honeymoon — if it doesn't bother you too much, let's leave the children at home! Your very own Lucia.

Dear Uncle George,

This is to ast you for a favvor. Would you be on the father-son team for baseball next time? I culd help you practise. Duffy's old man is a pretty good socker, but neat.

Mom says you are going on a short trip with us behind with old Aunt Hat but I guess that is O.K., as long as you get back in time to practise some. Roger.

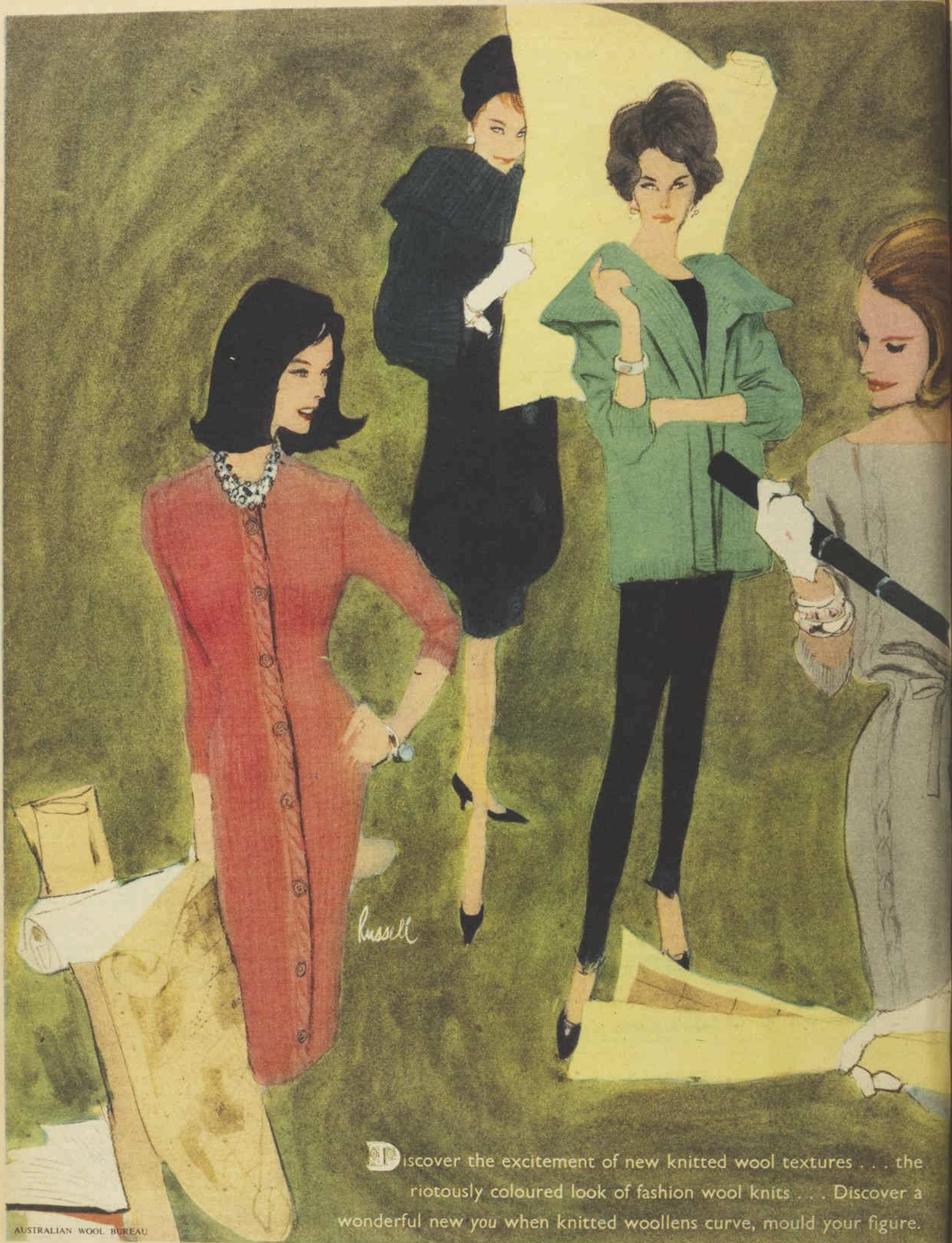
SPICE HILL, NOV. 14.

Darling,

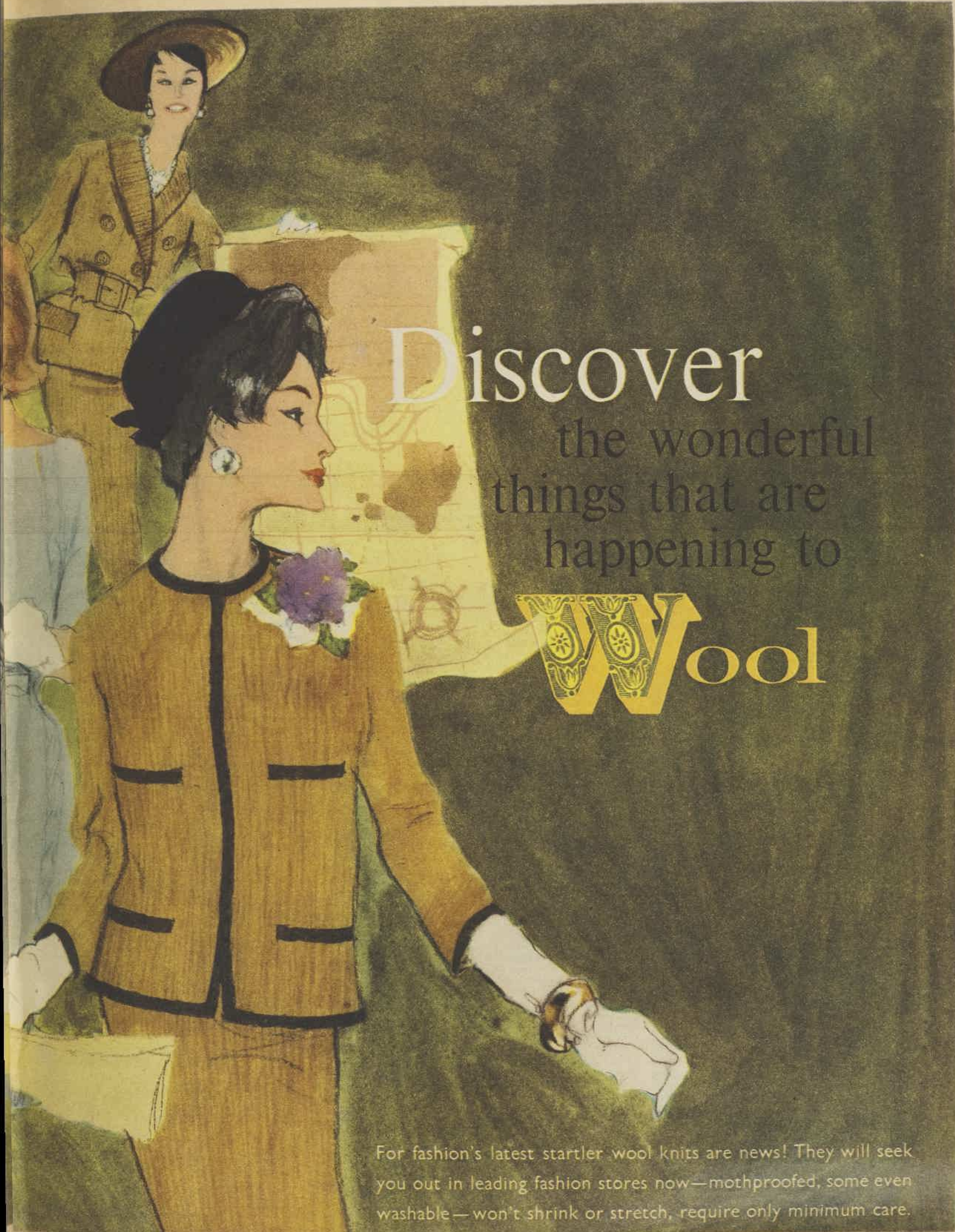
I do hope you realise you are taking on a whole family. Until tomorrow, it isn't too late.

But I know you have had a whole family for some time. We all love you. Lucia.

(Copyright)



Discover the excitement of new knitted wool textures . . . the riotously coloured look of fashion wool knits . . . Discover a wonderful new you when knitted woollens curve, mould your figure.



Discover

the wonderful
things that are
happening to

Wool

For fashion's latest startler wool knits are news! They will seek you out in leading fashion stores now—mothproofed, some even washable—won't shrink or stretch, require only minimum care.

For Mother's Day
for those
who love the best . . .



PILLOW CASES in attractive Gift Boxes



The perfect answer for Mother's Day, Anniversaries, Weddings, Birthdays and other gift occasions. A welcome pair of ACTIL Pillow Cases will give lasting pleasure, lasting comfort.

STRONGLY WOVEN . . .
Actil's closely-woven texture ensures wonderful wearing quality.

NO FILLING . . .
Actil sheeting is all strong, 100% pure cotton to give extra durability.

ENVELOPE STYLE. 20 x 30 Size

ONLY 14'11 FOR TWO PILLOW CASES
(Plus freight in certain country districts)

ACTIL
HOUSE

SHEETS &
PILLOW CASES

Wholly produced in Australia

AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED

HAVE GUN- WILL MARRY

A short short story
By JOHN PREBBLE

JOHNNY CHRISTMAS was a rep working the trans-Pecos country. That's to say he rode the open range looking for strays carrying this brand or that, rounded them up, and took them home.

The time he came into Bonilla he was working, or said he was working for the Goodnight spread, but the way he hung about the cantinas we figured he'd been taking nobody's pay for a long time.

He had dollars in his pocket and was in no hurry to move on. He stabled his skewbald in Harrison's Livery and took a room over the Chinese laundry.

He was a fellow of 22 and he was the right kind to be a rep, for he didn't mind being on his own.

You can't say he ever made friends in Bonilla, though he was mighty polite, calling the men "Sir" and flicking the brim of his hat to the ladies.

The only time he got talkative was one night in the Jingle-Bob Saloon when he said that a rep needed nobody and nothing but a good cow-pony.

After he had been in Bonilla about a week he left off his spurs and chaps and bought himself a hat and fancy vest like a gambler's. Not that he seemed much of a hand at poker to begin with.

But soon Bonilla realised that just because a man rode in and played a bad hand it was no call for thinking he was no good at the game. In a couple of weeks Johnny was winning money from Luke Cantrell, about the best poker-player down that way.

Something else Bonilla learnt after Johnny came to town. This was that although a man may act like he don't need no friends that don't mean someone isn't going to take an interest in him.

In Johnny's case it was Miss Lucy Parsons. Miss Lucy was a right pretty girl who taught school.

A real public-spirited creature was Miss Lucy, always talking about the sin of gambling and such, her pretty face all pink and her bosom heaving. She was a pleasure to the eyes at such times, and nobody took offence.

Nobody except Johnny. The way I see it he was real feared of women. I've seen him duck down a side street when he saw Miss Lucy with the light of battle in her bright eyes.

If he didn't duck away in time she'd nail him up against a wall and let him have it about the evils of gambling and drinking and flirting. And Johnny'd stand there with his hat in his hand, and his head nodding, and saying, "Yes, ma'am" and "No, ma'am," and all the time looking for a chance to escape.

Trouble was, every time he got caught by Miss Lucy he'd get quietly mad. He played poker best after Miss Lucy had been on about the sin of it, like he wanted to prove to himself that he didn't care what she said.

The only man in Bonilla worth Johnny's play at the time was Luke Cantrell, and after a while Luke got pretty sore at losing money just because Miss Lucy had been preaching.

So one afternoon Luke waited till school was out. He raised his hat to



Miss Lucy Parsons, the pretty schoolteacher, was always lecturing Johnny about the evils of gambling.

Miss Lucy and asked for the pleasure of seeing her home.

On the way he spoke up. "Me and the other gambling gentlemen of this town will be surely obliged if you will leave off trying to reform Mr. Christmas. Leastways until he gives up poker."

"Why, Mr. Cantrell," said Miss Lucy, "if he gives up gambling he will have reformed, will he not?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Luke unhappily. "But every time you go preaching him it costs me many dollars. Already he has taken 2000 from me at the table."

"Two thousand dollars," repeated Miss Lucy, "why, thank you for the information, Mr. Cantrell."

Next day she caught Johnny Christmas in between Borgmann's Hardware and the Sheriff's office. The way old Borgmann told the story (him having had his ear to the window) Miss Lucy had been trying to get Johnny to part with his two thousand to build a new schoolhouse.

That night Luke Cantrell lost 500 dollars to Johnny.

Luke was a mean man, and he tried to break up the situation the best way he knew. He hired a Mexican drifter to empty 18 grains of buckshot into Johnny's back one night outside the Chinese laundry.

Luckily old Lee the laundryman shouted a warning. The Mexican was buried next day.

About this time a newspaperman named Russell came up from Austin and started a paper called the "Bonilla Ledger," and put in what he called "Society Notes." This was mainly about the respectable folk in town, the kind of cakes their wives were making, and whose son was eyeing whose daughter.

These "Society Notes" of Editor Russell gave Luke Cantrell an idea.

An hour before Editor Russell put the "Ledger" to press I saw Cantrell in the shop with a bit of paper in his hand. When he came out he was grinning.

Next morning, just before noon, a fellow came running into the Jingle-Bob waving a copy of the "Ledger."

We all gathered round to look at it. There it was, in black type.

ENGAGEMENT

"We are happy to announce an engagement in marriage between our respected schoolteacher Miss Lucy Parsons and Mr. Johnny Christmas of this town."

At dusk Johnny came out of his room and headed for another game of poker

at the Jingle-Bob. He passed the "Ledger" offices. There pinned up was the issue and Johnny read the announcement and said nothing. That night he won 700 dollars from Luke Cantrell.

Next day Johnny was up bright and early. He hammered on Editor Russell's door and I saw them both arguing.

About dusk the same fellow came running into the Jingle-Bob saying there was a notice pinned up outside the "Ledger." It read:

CORRECTION

"We regret to announce that our report of the proposed marriage between Miss Lucy Parsons and Mr. Johnny Christmas was incorrect. Mr. Christmas informs me that he has no intention of marrying our charming pedagogue, and wishes this to be understood by all."

That night a big crowd gathered to watch Johnny play poker with Luke. He didn't say a word about the bit in the "Ledger." He just played like he'd never played before, and Luke had a bad time of it.

At ten o'clock the batwings swung open and somebody said, "Gentlemen! Somebody sang out, 'It's Miss Lucy!'"

It was the schoolteacher all right, with a scattergun in her hand. "Gentlemen," said Miss Lucy, "you'll agree that when it is announced that a gentleman is to marry a lady this is a serious matter."

Luke caught on then. "I do, indeed," he said, looking down on Johnny like he'd just seen a snake.

Johnny opened his mouth. "Mr. Christmas," interrupted Miss Lucy, "I am charitable and I put down your public denial of our engagement to the fears which I am told affect a bridegroom before his marriage."

"Ma'am . . ." said Johnny and stood up.

"I'm glad to see you rise in the presence of your affianced," said Miss Lucy. "Now, if you will accompany me to the Reverend, who is waiting to marry us, I will put down this gun."

And Johnny the rep went without a word.

He and Mrs. Christmas left by stage for California next morning.

Some of us believed Johnny would be back to settle with Luke. But about two months later a parcel arrived from San Francisco for Luke.

Inside was a pair of fine gold cufflinks and a note that said, "From Johnny Christmas with gratitude."

(Copyright)

Fashion festival designs

THESE five fashions are part of a Paris couture collection designed by Maggy Rouff. The collection, together with designs from the Australian Wool Board, is part of our L'Oreal of Paris Fashion Festival. The festival opens in Perth next month, and will be in all capital cities.



• Two gay short-skirted party dresses (above). The bustle dress in black-and-white-striped silk has a pink rose trim. The bare-topped dress in chartreuse-green chiffon is prettily draped.

• Chic pink tweed easy-fit suit (left) has a straight-cut slender skirt. Beneath the cardigan-type jacket is a short-sleeved, loose-fitting overblouse in white silk matched to the jacket lining.

• Chrysanthemum - printed silk afternoon dress (left) has a moulded bodice-top and three-tiered knee-length skirt. The dress is banded at the natural waistline with a bow-tied satin ribbon belt.

• Green wool coat (right) has a single-breasted fastening and two patch pockets placed above the waistline. The coat is worn with a coarse straw hat with a high crown and wide brim.





A new
touch
of magic

At the first hint of a spot...

There's no need to let distressing spots and blemishes spoil your looks ... and your enjoyment! Yardley have the answer in Clearskin. Simply wash the affected area at night, dry, then smooth on this wonderful new greaseless cream. Whilst you sleep, its purifying ingredients go gently to work to clear your skin. Sponge off in the morning and behold the magical improvement. Clearskin can also be used for a 15-minute rejuvenating mask.

Clearskin by YARDLEY



In an
economical
pink and gold
stand-up tube,
12/6

For further information on Yardley beauty preparations, write Susan Foster, G.P.O. Box 3326, Sydney, Australia.

DRESS SENSE

● Black-and-white-check tweed is my material choice for the simple one-piece dress at right.

I CHOSE the design at the request of a young married woman. She wrote:

"I want to make one good wool frock suitable for general wear and would be grateful for advice on a style, color, and material. I will also want a pattern in size 34. I will be wearing the frock at home when friends visit, and also

under a red woollen overcoat. I am 24 and 5ft. 4in."

Black-and-white-check wool is my fabric suggestion for the one-piece dress illustrated at right. The dress is neatly belted in back and has short sleeves and a collarless neckline. For more formal occasions the leather belt could be replaced with a black or scarlet satin cummerbund.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the pic-

ture are details and how to order.

"WILL you please tell me the correct dress for the male members of a wedding party? The wedding will be at St. Andrew's Cathedral at 4.30 p.m. and the reception will take place at a city hotel. Many of our friends say a dinner suit is correct. Will it be necessary for the men to wear gloves?"

Strictly speaking, a morning

suit is correct for an afternoon wedding. However, it is now considered equally correct for the men to wear dark lounge suits. Gloves are worn with a morning suit, but not with a lounge suit.

"WOULD you please suggest a smart beach wrap to take on a holiday at Surfers' Paradise? I am 18 and very fashion-conscious. I particularly like American beach styles."

On Californian beaches terry-towelling "cover-ups" in shades such as leaf-green, lilac, rose, and mocha are very popular. The coats are mainly thigh-length and made on tailored lines, and with a detachable hood collar. The collar is practical protection against wind and sun as well as being high fashion.

"DO you think it would be correct to combine deep-rose velvet with white eyelet embroidery? The eyelet embroidery is about 6in. wide. Please advise me as soon as possible, as I want a new frock for the dance season."

I think a very pretty short-skirted dance dress could be made by mixing rose velvet and white eyelet embroidery. For the design I suggest an elongated sleeveless bodice in velvet and a white eyelet-embroidered tiered skirt with rose velvet ribbon tied at the normal waistline.

"I HAVE some lemon chiffon for a party frock and



By
Betty Keep

DS401.—One-piece dress in sizes 32 to 38in. bust requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

would like a suggestion for a style. I like something soft around my neck and shoulders. I am in my late twenties and have blond hair and brown eyes."

I suggest a short formal with a straight, easy-fitted neckline. Have the bodice sleeveless and slightly bloused, with a self scarf draped softly around a low, bateau-shaped neckline. The drape would look attractive knotted on one shoulder with streamer ends.

"IS it correct to have a white lace wedding frock made over a pastel shade? The style I have chosen has long sleeves, a high, collarless neckline, and a bell skirt to just above the ankles. I am not having a train."

Quite correct. I like the idea of white lace over a soft pearly pink. A pretty idea would be to have white satin shoes dyed in the same pink and to carry a Victorian posy of pink flowers framed in white tulle.

YOUR BOOKSHELF By JOYCE HALSTEAD

"Borstal Boy"

Brendan Behan (Hutchinson).

This much-discussed book has now been released from the Australian censorship ban. Brendan Behan, arrested when he was 16 for revolutionary activities with the I.R.A., was first sent to gaol, finally sentenced to three years' Borstal detention.

Behan spares the reader nothing of the crudity of prison life and its inmates, but himself emerges as a likeable character, intellectually superior to others around him and appreciative of the occasional glimpses of real humanity in his sordid surroundings. The book is bursting with Behan's ebullient spirit and humor; and, most important, has first-class literary merit.

"Coasts of Cape York"

Coralie and Leslie Rees (Angus & Robertson).

Report by a Sydney couple of their trip around Cape York—their "Cape York-about." Accounts of lugger voyages to Thursday Island and other islands make

interesting reading, interspersed with historical notes and reports of local development schemes. But the most exciting chapters are those written by Leslie Rees describing his near-disastrous voyage in a mission boat down Cape York coast and his stays at isolated mission stations.

"Mary Bravender"

Olga Stringfellow (Collins).

Mary Bravender, a Scottish girl, goes to New Zealand in 1862 to marry an Englishman who has a sheep-run northwest of Wellington. At a time when she is desperately unhappy, Mary's life becomes entangled with the fierce Maori Hau Hau uprisings against the white man in protest against the forced sales of native lands. Throughout the story looms the handsome figure of a highly respected half-caste Maori-American, who strongly influences Mary's future. This is an action-packed historical novel, accurately set and written with feeling by a former N.Z. journalist. The Victorian prose style is, however, a bit too stilted.

'AKTA-VITE'

TRADE MARK

A power for health for all the family

Everyone can benefit from delicious 'AKTA-VITE'. Housewives; expectant and nursing mothers; energy burners; active sports; convalescents. 'AKTA-VITE' contains in each daily dose enough of the vitamins A, B₁, C and D to lift you from being "just well" to really buoyant health. 'AKTA-VITE' contains these vitamins in a highly concentrated form so that the regular daily dose brings the average diet up to full requirements. Even if only slightly deficient (and a hearty eater can be short on vitamins) daily 'AKTA-VITE' will soon give you a better appetite, more restful sleep and zest for living. Try 'AKTA-VITE' in hot or cold milk as a nightcap, sprinkled on cereals or sweets, or straight from the spoon.



Daily 'AKTA-VITE' costs only 2d. a day.

ASK YOUR FAMILY CHEMIST—HE KNOWS



A power for health for people like these

For striving students and adolescents

Long hours of study can affect the health, particularly as most students are growing at the same time. At such times the body needs more nourishment. In all cases a sure intake of vitamins is, to say the least, a very wise precaution. A course of 'AKTA-VITE' is highly recommended.

For "energy burners"

Many people continually overwork themselves, either because of their serious conscientious nature or because of circumstances. They burn up energy. To such people 'AKTA-VITE' is a great help. It improves the appetite, soothes the nerves and promotes sound, restful sleep.



Painting Inside?

Colours never seen before!



What a big difference Taubmans Thix in Spectrocolor makes to walls and ceilings!

Colours free from "haze" . . . that "spring to new life" under electric light. That's the difference that Spectrocolor makes. Spectrocolor is paint colour with a new dimension. Gives you colours you've never before imagined with greater purity, greater cover. All colours are ready-to-use, without tinting or intermixing, in the widest range ever produced in Australia.

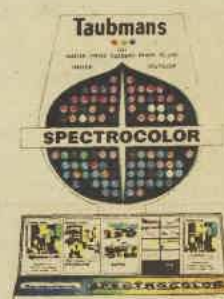
Taubmans Thix is the only genuine

one-coat paint for any inside surface . . . even raw concrete walls. No sealers! No undercoats! No dribbles down the handle of brush or roller and next-to-no splashes. Thix is a yard-a-minute faster than any other paint. It's quick drying, too. Paint in the morning and use the same room in the evening. You'll love the beautiful, washable, velvet enamel finish, that looks clearer, cleaner and freshly painted, years longer.

SPECTROCOLOR CARDS

Choose your colours from Taubmans brilliant Spectrocolor cards, the most glamorous ever produced in Australia. Each card shows the widest range of ready-to-use colours carefully laid out to make colour planning easy. Get your Spectrocolor cards from the Spectrocolor unit (right) in your Taubmans paint store today.

For added contrast and beauty use Taubmans Revelite Semi-Gloss or Full-Gloss on doors and woodwork. Thix and Revelite — like all Taubmans paints — are in Spectrocolor.



All Taubmans paints now in...

SPECTROCOLOR®

LETTER BOX

• We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

She's still scared of teacher

I FIND it extraordinary that a person who left school many years ago, can still feel quite ill at ease in the presence of a teacher. It takes all my willpower when speaking to a teacher not to say "Yes, Miss" or "No, Miss" and to refrain from twisting my handkerchief around my fingers. Do others have the same trouble?

£1/1/- to "Nervous Mum" (name supplied), Cootamundra, N.S.W.

The other half

WHAT an eye-opener it would be if some of those grumbling Australians crying out for marriage subsidies, shorter working hours, longer holidays could live for a while in the Asian countries. Most have no conception of what it means to exist on one meal a day in crowded conditions where it's a constant struggle simply to keep alive. I was a complacent Australian, and a critical one at times, before I saw for myself how thousands of unlucky people live.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. H. Rahman, Lahore, West Pakistan.

Doubtful donor

WHEN we give money and old clothing to collectors for charity, how do we know the persons in need receive them? The collectors could easily keep half the benefits for themselves.

£1/1/- to Miss S. Barnes, Sandy Beach, West Tasmania.

Hand-me-downs

I THINK it's better for children to have a larger variety of new clothes made from the colorful cheaper prints than a few expensive "hand-me-downs." Although extra sewing is involved, as they last only a season, the cost is approximately the same.

£1/1/- to Mrs. P. O. Rogash, Maryborough, Qld.

Color (ugh!) slides

HOW soon will it be before we completely lose the art of conversation? Television is blamed for anti-social visits, but what about the new insidious menace: the person whose sole idea of an evening's entertainment is showing his color slides—hundreds of them—to guests.

£1/1/- to "Tongue-tied" (name supplied), Melbourne.

Old and happy

IT would be a splendid idea for those who haven't yet visited a modern aged people's home to do so. This would help combat the violent prejudice based on the old workhouse stories against "putting grandma or grandad in a home." The dear old souls are happy with their own generation, they don't feel in the way, and the care—even if impersonal—is understanding and kind.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. L. Young, Mt. Lawley, W.A.

Modern art

IT always amazes me when I hear an "impressionist" painting praised. Surely there is only one true way to capture a scene or form on canvas, and that is to have absolute reproduction. I realise this requires a skill possessed by very few, but it tests the capabilities of an artist. How easy it is for an incompetent person to slap rubbish and fantasy into a frame and pass it off as "modern art."

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Bradshaw, Balgowlah, N.S.W.

Sunken fireplaces

ARCHITECTS and builders should see that fireplaces are built below the floor level. This would ensure a maximum of heat being directed into a room and on to one's feet instead of up the chimney and into one's face. Not only is a sunken fireplace more attractive than a raised one, but there would be no danger of logs and coals rolling out on to the floor.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. W. Robinson, Brayville, S.A.

Old—but not grey

• It appears from many readers' letters that Mrs. A. McElroy's (Vic.) friend with naturally black hair in her seventies hasn't set a record:

WHEN my grandmother died at the age of 82 she had pitch-black hair. She had never used a tint or dye.

£1/1/- to "Granddaughter" (name supplied), Wasleys, S.A.

WHEN my mother was over 70 she had soft, shiny, dark brown hair in which there was hardly a silver thread. It was never cut or permed, was washed with ordinary toilet soap, and she always wore a hat out-of-doors when the sun was hot.

£1/1/- to Miss D. Browne, Coonamble, N.S.W.

APART from a few distinguished grey hairs at the temples, my 82-year-old uncle has a fine head of black hair.

£1/1/- to Mrs. J. Hannan, St. Lucia, Brisbane.

AN 80-year-old friend of mine has still got his thick black hair and eyebrows.

£1/1/- to Mrs. W. McCrossin, Woollahra, N.S.W.

I AM 76 this month, and except for a few grey hairs near my temples my hair is brown. I have a long plait which has never been cut or permed. I think that hair retaining its color runs in families and has nothing to do with troubles and worries, of which I've had plenty. Just wash and brush it well.

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Johnson, Northbridge, N.S.W.

Ross Campbell writes...

"THIS mower will give years of trouble-free service..." "Here is the car for trouble-free motoring..."

I have noticed that many goods are recommended to us now as trouble-free.

It is done because most of us long to be free of trouble.

There is something rather pathetic about this longing of ours. It shows how much trouble we are in already.

I agree heartily with the manufacturers that trouble-free is a good thing in household appliances.

At our place we used to have a refrigerator and a washing-machine, both old models, which were the opposite of trouble-free. Nobody knows the trouble I've seen.

They broke down mostly at the weekend, so we had to wait till Monday to have them mended—or serviced, to use the modern word.

Then they would break down again, and we reproached service men for giving poor service, and the service men thought we were narks.

In the end the fridge blew up and gave off a nasty gas, and the

TROUBLE TROUBLES YOU

washing-machine expired in a cloud of suds.

The new ones we got to replace them have behaved well. Modern appliances give less trouble than the old ones did.

They are not all trouble-free, however. Only last week we had



a plumber in to cure our cistern of hiccups.

The sad thing is that even when household gadgets are trouble-free people will still have troubles.

Nobody has invented a trouble-free wife or husband.

On the wedding day they look

forward hopefully to years of trouble-free marriage. But sooner or later one of them comes down with stomach trouble, or kidney trouble, or something.

Or, again, there may be friction because the husband smokes in bed or his wife refuses to cook tripe. This kind of trouble can grow serious, because you can't ring anyone to come and fix it.

Children, too, are notoriously troublesome. Teething trouble, tantrums, measles, falls off tricycles, dreams about crocodiles—I needn't go into further details.

When trouble-free children are available, that'll be the day. I am not even sure I would like them. They would be duller company than the ordinary kind.

So here we are, stuck with our troubles until the time when, as the Bible says, the wicked cease from troubling.

No wonder we long to have trouble-free appliances in our home. Good luck to the engineers and other people who try to provide them.

At least I have been able to cease from troubling about the fridge and the washing-machine.

Velnit

underwear
comfort for
every body!

- ★ Easy to wear, easy to wash, never needs ironing, won't shrink.
- ★ Warm yet light in weight and will not irritate the most sensitive skin.
- ★ Although soft and absorbent, "Velnit" is extremely strong and durable because of the Interlock method of knitting which gives elasticity.
- ★ A large variety of styles for Men, Women, Boys and Girls.

Always look for the name

MORLEY

Shining Vitapointe Beauty for your hair



Only Vitapointe can give your hair that wonderful look of perfection. Just one minute's brushing with Vitapointe adds glorious highlights and remarkable lustre, makes hair manageable and keeps it in place.

Vitapointe conditions and grooms the hair because it acts like the natural oil of the scalp. It revitalises in colour and texture, reconditions dry hair and prevents split ends. Try Vitapointe to-day—the pleasantly perfumed cream for every coiffure.

VITAPOINTE OF PARIS is used in all International Hair Shows and by the leading salons of Paris, London and New York.

Vitapointe
OF PARIS

The Perfect CREAM HAIRDRESS AND CONDITIONER

Come to Queensland

THE SUNSHINE STATE

for your happiest holiday!

Wondering where to take your next holiday? Then come to Queensland where there's glorious sunshine all round the year and blue skies make every day a day to remember. Choose from a host of holiday playgrounds including the world famed Gold Coast with fabulous hotels and apartment houses — and holiday fun . . . or the Near North Coast from Caloundra to Noosa . . . perhaps you'd like Mackay or Proserpine and the Whitsunday Islands; or Townsville and Magnetic; or Toowoomba and the Darling Downs. The Tropic Wonderland of North Queensland provides an exotic holiday, and of course, the islands of the Great Barrier Reef with the romance and colour of the South Seas are a sheer joy for holidays.



Queensland Girl and Tropical Fruit

For literature, information and bookings, consult the

QUEENSLAND GOVERNMENT TOURIST BUREAU

Anzac Square
BRISBANE

157 North Terrace
ADELAIDE

149 King Street
SYDNEY

303 Collins Street
MELBOURNE

16-18 Watt Street
NEWCASTLE

and at Coolangatta, Surfers Paradise, Toowoomba, Rockhampton, Mackay, Townsville and Cairns.

BRISBANE

Come sightseeing in and about Brisbane, the colourful capital of Queensland . . . visit the Gold Coast, North Coast, Toowoomba, and other outstanding attractions.

One week . . . from £21.10.0

THE NEAR NORTH COAST

These holiday centres north of Brisbane, from Caloundra to Noosa Heads, offer surfing, boating, fishing and magnificent coastal scenery.

From Brisbane, 2 days £10.15.0

THE GOLD COAST

Surf and sunbathe on wide golden beaches on the glamorous Gold Coast, with sightseeing along the coast, to near mountain resorts and Brisbane.

7 days . . . from £15.0.0

13 days . . . from £25.0.0

TOOWOOMBA — BRISBANE GOLD COAST

Wonderful variety in holiday pleasures, embracing golden wheat fields — the State capital — and sun, sand and surf on the Gold Coast.

11 days . . . from £26.15.0

MACKAY AND WHITSUNDAY ISLANDS

Cruise through the Whitsunday Passage on the *M.V. Roylen* — visit the Eungella National Park with its riotous jungle splendour . . . combine these pleasures on the Whitsunday Wonderland Tour . . . or spend your vacation at the holiday playgrounds of Brampton and Lindeman Islands.

Tour costs and details on request

HERON ISLAND

On this coral cay, spend sunny days in swimming — fishing — cruising, or exploring the coral wonderland.

From Brisbane, 9 days, from £31.0.0

WHITSUNDAY ISLANDS VIA PROSERPINE

At the northern end of Whitsunday Passage are the resorts of Hayman, South Molle, and Happy Bay and Palm Bay on Long Island. The *Emeralda* operates a five-day cruise through the Passage each week.

Tour costs and details on request

TOWNSVILLE AND MAGNETIC ISLAND

Stop-over at Townsville, "Gateway to the Tropics" . . . visit Magnetic Island, a tropical paradise of sheltered beaches and pine-clad slopes.

3 days . . . from £8.15.0

ORPHEUS AND DUNK ISLANDS

In these perfect holiday settings, life has a new meaning, with days of swimming — fishing — walking, or lazing in golden sunshine.

8 days . . . from £24.10.0

Brampton Island, Great Barrier Reef

CAIRNS AND GREEN ISLAND

There's so much to see on the Tropic Wonderland Tour, including Green Island's underwater coral observatory . . . Innisfail and Paronella Park . . . the scenic Palmerston, Gillies and Cook Highways . . . Lakes Eacham and Barrine . . . and Barron Gorge and Falls.

9 days . . . £38.15.0

THE GRAND TOUR OF QUEENSLAND

Here, in one tour, are the outstanding attractions of Queensland's sun-splashed coastline — road travel to Mackay, cruising in the world-famous Whitsunday Passage, and then north to Cairns and the Tropic Wonderland.

From Brisbane to Cairns
20 days . . . from £98.10.0

Unless otherwise shown, transport costs to and from the tourist centres mentioned are additional to the tour costs quoted. Ask for brochures giving full details of these and other tours in Queensland.



Harvesting Pineapples, Glass House Mountains

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 20, 1960

North to the sun

● Golden beaches edged with sparkling surf
along a sun-soaked coastline . . . coral islands
of the Great Barrier Reef . . . Gold Coast luxury
resorts—all add up to paradise for winter tourists.

A message from the Hon. K. J. Morris, M.L.A., Deputy Premier of Queensland, Minister for Tourism:

"QUEENSLAND, in its 101st year, is a State with a new outlook and philosophy.

"Take tourism for example. Queenslanders have become aware that the holiday attractions which they have taken for granted for so long provide a tourist paradise.

"The tourist industry today is worth many millions of pounds to this State.

"The Government is spending something like £100,000 a year on its promotion.

"We now have tourist accommodation that compares favorably with any in the world, and there has been a marked improvement in rail, air, and sea transport and roads.

"We aim to make Queensland an ideal tourist State ALL the year round."



QUEENSLAND TOURIST FEATURE

POOLS at Schnapper Rocks, Coolangatta, Qld., viewed from Point Danger. In the larger pool live two porpoises, Bobo and Fifi. Their antics amuse visitors who swim in the smaller pool.

QUEENSLAND is the youngest of Australia's States, and the second largest. You could put the British Isles, France, Germany, and Italy inside and still not fill its 667,000 square miles. It occupies nearly a quarter of Australia's area.

Some tourists may wish to explore the mighty outback, ride along the dingo fence, or go down the fabulously wealthy mines.

But the real tourist paradise is centred on the enchanted islands of the Great Barrier Reef, in tropical Cairns and up on the Atherton Tableland, on the glittering Gold Coast and Brisbane's Near North Coast, and on the rich soil of the Darling Downs.

The thousand miles of beaches from Cairns to Coolangatta attract honeymooners and holidaymakers.

Queensland's capital, the River City of Brisbane, has more than half a million inhabitants, yet gives the impression of a large, friendly country town.

Ships sail up the Brisbane River into the heart of the city.

Toowoomba, on the Darling Downs, is the second city, as fertile as an English garden.

This south-east corner of the State also offers sub-tropical mountain scenery at 4000ft.-high Lamington National Park—and boasts the world-famous Gold Coast, one of Queensland's major tourist attractions and money-spinners.

Winter sun-seekers head first for the Great Barrier Reef.

The reef's tropical climate is tempered by soft breezes which play across 1200 miles of coral islands.

Many of the islands are well developed as tourist resorts, with first-class accommodation, recreation, and glass-bottomed boats to view the colorful undersea life.

Green Island, near Cairns, and Heron Island, near Gladstone, are the two coral sentinels of the reef, which lies between.

These islands are formed entirely of coral. The other islands are fragments of the continental structure, fringed with coral, though no less attractive.

Green Island, reached from Cairns, has Australia's only underwater observatory, operated by former crocodile-hunters Lloyd Grigg and Vince Vlasoff.

Going north from Quoin, the main holiday islands are Heron, Brampton, Lindeman, Long Island, South Molle, Hayman, Magnetic, Orpheus, Dunk, and Green.

Dunk Island has an all-weather airstrip to receive planes from Townsville and Cairns; and boats run across from Tully, near the Hinchinbrook Passage.

Orpheus Island's visitors go by boat from Lucinda Point, Ingham's port.

Orpheus claims the bluest sea in the world. To all the islands, visitors should take sandshoes for walking on the reef.

Princess Alexandra described her long weekend on Lindeman Island last year as "a heavenly holiday."

The neighboring Queensland coastline is

interesting. Thriving towns and cities are outlet ports for beef, minerals, sugar, and for sheep from the Western Plains.

Many of the ports run cruise launches to the islands. The luxurious Royleen cruisers set out from Mackay.

Cairns is the most northern city in Queensland. From here the Queensland Government Tourist Bureau runs a nine-day "Tropic Wonderful Tour."

The city of Rockhampton can offer fine beaches at Yeppoon and Emu Park, and sightseeing at Mt. Morgan gold and copper mine.

Closer to Brisbane the thriving Near North Coast is quickly rivalling the Gold Coast in development.

And everywhere motels are speeding up efficiency for the traveller.

● Turn to page 41



Frank Beck

There are moments, such as this, which make us acutely aware that it's a marvellous thing to be alive. Life is something of value which we cherish, knowing more wonderful moments lie in the future—knowing, too, that life has troubles in store for us.

But life insurance provides a buffer against financial disaster. Life insurance is for the living!

Is your insurance sufficient to ward off financial troubles—guarantee financial security?

Australia's greatest life office—the A.M.P.—has prepared, for you, "Something of Value", which reveals how life insurance may be geared with Social Service Benefits to replace earned income.

Any A.M.P. office or agent will be glad to give you "Something of Value" if you ask, or write for it.



Z182



AUSTRALIAN MUTUAL PROVIDENT SOCIETY

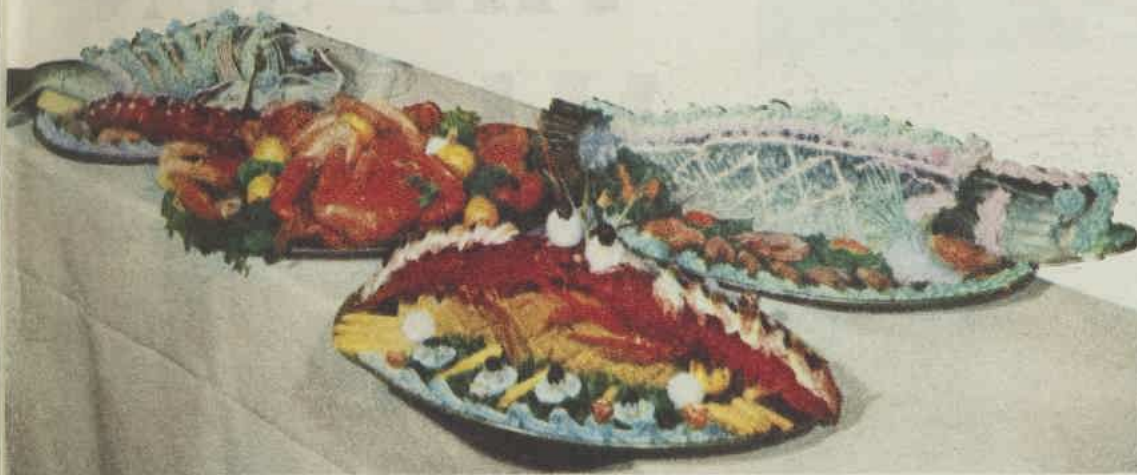
HEAD OFFICE: 87 PITT STREET, SYDNEY

EVERY A.M.P. MEMBER ENJOYS THE UNQUESTIONED SECURITY AFFORDED BY FUNDS EXCEEDING £450,000,000 WHICH THE SOCIETY SEEKS TO INVEST TO THE GREATEST BENEFIT TO MEMBERS

Page 34

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 20, 1960

TROPICAL FOODS A LA CARTE



● Queensland has much to offer in the way of good food. Sea-food and tropical fruit are the chief lures to an epicure, and good hotels and restaurants are making the most of them.

MR. and Mrs. David Felsman, two of Brisbane's most popular locally born connoisseurs of food and wine, recently gave a party at Lennons Hotel, Brisbane, for Melbourne visitors.

The food they ordered is pictured on this page.

Mr. Felsman is Queensland manager for the A.B.C. (Radio and Television), honorary wine steward for the Royal National Association, and a member of the Wine and Food Society of Victoria.

Here are some of Queensland's products:

Turtle (from Barrier Reef).

Fish: Barramundi, red emperor, sweetlip, king salmon, scallops, sand crab, king prawns, bay prawns, rock oysters.

Fruit: Pineapples, bananas, monstera deliciosa, papaw, mangoes, passionfruit, egg-fruit, granadillas.

Peanuts from Kingaroy and ginger from Buderim.

The chef at Lennons Hotel, Brisbane, has given us these two recipes:

CRAB OXLEY

One medium-sized onion (finely sliced), 2 large mushrooms (chopped), $\frac{1}{2}$ green pepper, 4 tablespoons butter, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, pinch black pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon dry mustard, 1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce, dash of tabasco sauce, 2 tablespoons plain flour, 1 cup hot milk, 1 cup hot fish stock, 2 egg-yolks, 1lb. mud crab meat.

Saute onion, mushrooms, green pepper in butter; add salt and pepper, hot stock, and well-beaten yolks, and cook all together for ten minutes. Add crab meat and cook gently five minutes more. Pile into

large crab shells or ramekins. Dust with breadcrumbs. Brush tops with melted butter. Bake in moderate oven until brown. Serves six people.

FILLET BARRAMUNDI A LA NICOISE

Cut a 3lb. barramundi into 1in.-thick slices. Put into a buttered dish, season with salt and pepper. Sprinkle on top half teaspoon chopped garlic mixed with four peeled chopped tomatoes and chopped parsley. Top with dabs of butter. Bake in moderate oven for 20 minutes.

In Brisbane the tourist may be served Moreton Bay bugs.

Caught in trawling nets and ranging from six to 12 inches long, they have a tail like a cray, but no claw. They taste like lobster, but are more tender.

The banana prawn, as dis-

tinct from the king prawn, rates the highest price on the American market because of its pure whiteness.

Perhaps the most tasty delicacy with the plainest name is the mud crab. It's at least twice as large as the sand crab, and rather a terrifying sight inside one's refrigerator. Everyone who comes to Queensland acquires a taste for the "muddie."

Few people associate apples with Queensland, and yet over

CHEFS dishes, Lennons Hotel, Brisbane. Right, barramundi; foreground, Queensland crays; centre, mud crabs, prawns; left, snapper.

a million cases of apples a year are harvested.

One can add to the locally grown fruit list strawberries, figs, Chinese litchis, cape gooseberries, custard apples, Queensland nuts (macadamia), avocado pears, and Bowen mangoes.

Many of Queensland's fruits are finding their way to interstate markets.

Sales for tinned fruit salad have risen sharply recently. And it has been found that the avocado pear is of benefit to the diabetic.

Coffee is grown on the Atherton Tableland, and there have been successful experiments with tea-planting.

PYRAMID of tropical fruit topped with red pineapple orchids, with, beneath, monstera deliciosa, which is sometimes called "ready-mixed fruit salad."



Island in the Sun

LUXURY FURNISHED FLATS
AT SURFERS' PARADISE
OVERLOOKING THE BEACH

24 Sound-proof flats situated right on the Esplanade and a few yards from the main patrolled surfing beach can be rented for as little as £12/12/- a week including LINEN, CROCKERY, CUTLERY, ELECTRIC LIGHT, RADIO, REFRIGERATOR, OWN BATHROOM.

The flats are luxuriously furnished and accommodate four persons. They are serviced weekly, but daily service can be arranged.

Each flat has a roomy balcony overlooking a beautiful tropical setting and a SPECIALLY HEATED SWIMMING POOL.

There is a tenant's laundry and ironing-room with all the necessary fittings.

There is a billiard-room for recreation, table-tennis, dancing, etc.

And guests have free use of all the amenities at "ISLAND IN THE SUN WATER SKIING RANCH" to enjoy water skiing, speed-boat rides, tennis, and squash in a glorious tropical setting.

All this: at these SENSIBLE PRICES
October, November, Per Week
to 5th December . . . 12 gns.
5th December to 19th Dec. . . 15 gns.
19th Dec. to 30th Jan. . . 24 gns.
31st January to 30th April . . 15 gns.
Easter Week . . . 24 gns.
May, June . . . 16 gns.
July, August, September . . . 24 gns.
Clip this coupon for 2½% special discount to "Australian Women's Weekly" readers AND folders by return mail—it's our pleasure to be of service.

LAURIE WALL PTY. LTD.,
PACIFIC HIGHWAY, SURFERS' PARADISE.

Name

Address

CONTINUING

QUEENSLAND TOURIST FEATURE

PLACE IN THE SUN ALL YEAR



BOATLOAD of tourists returns from an inter-island fishing trip at Great Barrier Reef. In background is Bampton Island, where a motel firm plans to spend £80,000. Bampton is reached by boat from Mackay.



SUGARCANE burning at night in the Mossman district is signal that harvesting has begun. Fire cleans it out. State produces ten million tons of cane a year.

CALOUNDRA BEACH, 70 miles from Brisbane on the near north coast, is popular for still water and surf. It has a permanent population of 2000 people.

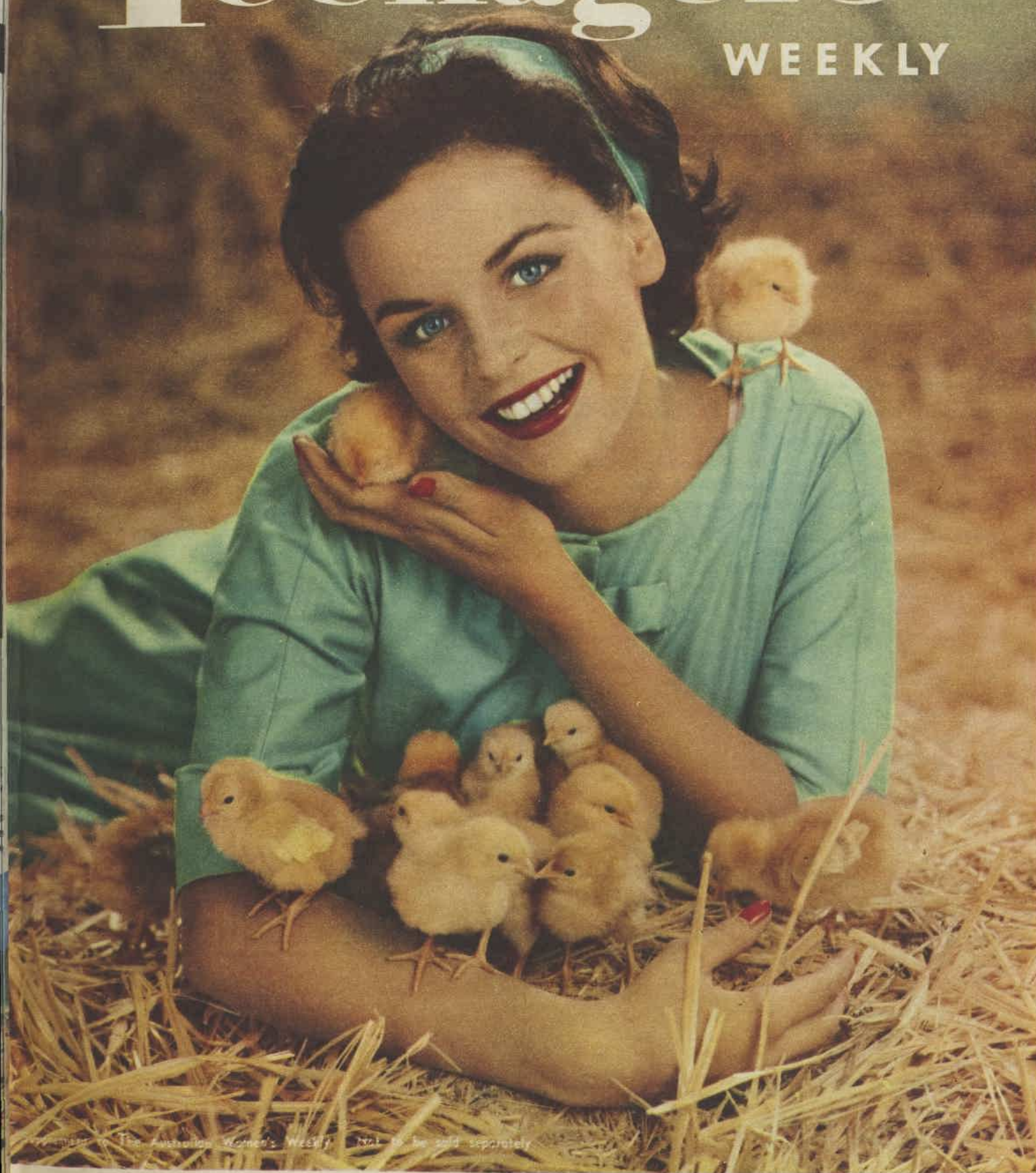


THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

April 20, 1960

Teenagers

WEEKLY



Published by The Australian Women's Weekly, Ltd. to be sold separately

gueese origin is reflected in building's design.

LETTERS

Lorraine set short-hair style

IT is now six years since Lorraine Crapp popularised the current no-cap, short-hair style among competitive swimmers. This was the idea of her coach, Frank Guthrie, who wanted her to hear his instructions. Today hundreds of Australian teenagers are following her example, and finding this much more satisfactory than wearing a tight "perfectly horrid" cap. "Long Hair" (T.W. 9/3/60) urged Aussie girls to follow the style of long-haired American girls, but they should realise that we don't want to look like American teenagers. Instead, we are following the example of our famous sport idols, who have set a marvellous standard with their short hair.—Jenny Gleeson (14), Glen Innes, N.S.W.

Against diet

MY statistics are 38, 27, 38 and I have the most abominable figure, but many girls are jealous of me because I am popular with boys. I am not skiting, but how about improving your personalities, girls, instead of becoming thin and cranky by dieting?—"Popular," Glenbrook, N.S.W.

Chess in schools

CHESS should be taught and played in schools. As well as debating teams we could have chess teams playing against other schools, too. Chess is an interesting game as well as being good exercise for the brain. — L. Hansen, Taree, N.S.W.

N.Z. welcome

RECENTLY when I visited New Zealand as a member of the Brisbane Eisteddfod Junior Choir, the people were wonderful to us. It was not unusual to be stopped in the street by someone who "noticed you were a Queenslander by your blazer, and hoped you were enjoying yourself." Their hospitality and the kindness of our billeters helped make our trip a success.—Robyn Reoch, Coorparoo, Qld.



ROBYN REOCH
... in Wellington.

Page 2 — Teenagers' Weekly

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Young marrieds answer "Teena"

FOR one can tell "Teena" (T.W. 23/3/60) why, when a girl gets married, she is not so well groomed or dressed as she was before: she has neither the time nor the money, as "Teena" will find out for herself when she has a family to look after. And a wife's lack of beautiful clothes does not cause all husbands to have roving eyes; marriage goes a lot deeper than just a woman's appearance.—(Mrs.) G. Ward, Innisfail, Qld.

AS a young married woman with two boys, I would like to tell "Teena" that not all

young married women "let themselves go." I and all my friends take a delight in dressing up ourselves and our children, and going out every fine afternoon. When our husbands arrive home after work they are greeted by cheerful, attractively dressed wives and children. It's small things like these that make a man really hurry home from work. — (Mrs.) A. Roles, Deloraine, Tas.

Sappy-looking

WHY must teenage idols be sappy-looking creatures who can't sing for toffee? Elvis, Fabian, and the rest give me the horrors, while Kookie seems a poor demented boy who stars on TV just to advertise combs and hair oils. Fats Domino is still getting many tunes on the hit parades, yet he is disregarded. I'll just stick to jazz and stay away from girl fans who have gone stupid. — B.D., Applecross, W.A.

Both should do the dishes

● "Washed Up" (T.W. 16/3/60) put the proposition: Boys should wash dishes, girls never, because when they're married it's the women who wash up, not men. Most readers disagree.

For . . .

GIRLS will have enough washing-up to do when they are married and have homes of their own, while boys will rest in an easy chair and leave it all to their wives. Why shouldn't they take their turn now? I only wish my mother would get the same idea.—(Miss) G. Matin, Too-woomba, Qld.

THIS is a very good idea. When a boy is married, it is not often he does the dishes, but the girl will have to. If this idea is carried out when they are children, it will be a change for both. — "Brown Eyes," Kingaroy, Qld.

. . . and against

THIS is an absolutely stupid idea, as the boy would be laughed at by his mates for being a sissy and being "tied to mummy's apron strings" and would lose confidence in himself. He could be given manly jobs like chopping wood, helping in the garden, and other heavy jobs which would boost his morale. Anyway, he'd probably help with the dishes after he's married like most husbands do. As for the girl, what if she has to do the dishes all her life? She must help her mother in other ways, so why not take over from her brother the washing-up, instead? — "Sensible Girl," Forbes, N.S.W.



BARRY O'SULLIVAN
... a boy needs freedom.

I DISAGREE, for when married the man of the house finds himself doing the dishes each night. A boy should have his freedom from the "tea towel" while he is young.—Barry O'Sullivan, Camberwell, Vic.

A GIRL should do the dishes to help her mother and also to get used to it for after she gets married. If some people think that a girl shouldn't do the dishes before she is married, then a boy shouldn't have to cut the wood before he is married. — Jill Lewis, Molong, N.S.W.

BOTH should help with the dishes at tea-time. If the girl did not do the dishes sometimes, I think she would make a poor sort of a wife because she

Teenagers, TV and hotels

I MUST ask 14-year-old "Shut Up" at which Lismore hotel do her friends view TV (T.W. 23/3/60). There is a strict police ban on minors on licensed premises and I can't believe that such a thing happens. Does she feel she can "dress up" to look like 21 to be allowed in? If so, her mother is right "not hearing of it."—"Mother," Lismore, N.S.W.

I COME from Lismore, too, and although I agree that no 14-year-old should be allowed to go into a hotel to watch TV, I will admit that the lack of entertainment for the youngsters in that town is astounding. I left Lismore and came to Sydney to find work because some businessmen have blocked the development of secondary industry in Lismore, thus making it very difficult for the younger generation to find work in their home town. This, with the lack of entertainment, means that more and more young people will leave town, the hoodlum element will increase, and parents will become even less inclined to let their youngsters go out. — "Disgruntled," Hornsby, N.S.W.



JOY GASSMAN
... knock for rockers.

Too casual

WHY do American entertainers such as Crash Craddock, Fabian, and Dick Caruso, whom I admire at their public appearances, wear such informal clothes? They give the impression of thinking it unnecessary to dress impressively for us. Is it that they think we are not worth the effort, or that we are ignorant of clothes sense? — Joy Gassman, Leichhardt, N.S.W.

Club diehards

OUR church youth club has been ruined by several diehards who are most certainly past their youth. They cannot understand that we are quite capable of conducting meetings and socials ourselves. Instead we are treated like kids of 12 instead of 18 and 19. As a result the membership has dwindled to a few faithfuls. This is not the way to encourage young people to come together in fellowship.—M.M., Vic.

Pretty lonely

WOULD some male reader please tell me why they like plain girls? A lot of pretty girls have been "dropped" because of a plain girl. Are boys afraid of pretty girls? A boy seems to think because a girl is pretty she is never sincere. Give them a chance, boys. Some plain girls haven't nice natures, either.—"Wonderer," Brubane.

No mixing

I GO to a so-called co-educational school, but if a boy is seen talking to a girl in the grounds he is told off with a threat of detention next time; likewise at swimming and athletic sports where the boys are seated separately from the girls. I see no sense in co-educational schools if the boys and girls are not allowed to mix. — "Unfair," Canterbury, Vic.

Long hours

I GO to a school where lessons commence at 8.45 a.m., recess is from 10.55 to 11, dinner hour is from 12.25 p.m. to 1.20, and then we go till 5.04 without a break. Every night we get eight subjects for homework, which usually takes three hours. How can anyone expect us to do so much homework? Surely they could break it down a bit? — Mary Bruce, Adelaide.

YOU can be happy, TOO

● *Getting satisfaction out of life is essential for happiness — but just having a "good time" all the time gives no real satisfaction. Nor does being waited on or being entertained. Dr. William C. Menninger shows in this article how you can MAKE yourself happy.*

TO be happy, everyone has to learn how to find satisfaction in whatever they do.

And this is closely related to being self-reliant, resourceful, and independent.

Everyone is dependent on other people in some degree—for love, for care, for recognition, for approval. That dependency is essential.

Sometimes it can be excessive, and the person who waits around for someone else to figure out what to do usually finds boredom instead of satisfaction.

If you're not finding satisfaction in what you have to do you have three alternatives.

You can change what you are doing. You can simply quit. Or you can take a long, hard look at what you are doing, how you are doing it, and why you aren't getting satisfaction out of it.

That is often necessary on "must" jobs, and it's surprising how often it will provide you with the solution you are seeking.

Practical hints

For those who think that they are not as happy as they should be, here are some practical suggestions:

● **Do you ever venture into a new activity?** This could be anything from a stunt party to an excursion through an industrial plant.

You can start forth on an adventure — start a new club, enter some new school activity, do something you like all by yourself or with one of your pals.

New adventures don't have to be trips to the North Pole or excursions to the South Sea Islands. You can have them in your own home, school, or community if you have the ingenuity and want to make the effort.

● **Have you ever learned the joy of reading?** Right now you have a wonderful opportunity to read the most thoughtful, beautiful, humorous, scientific, or exciting writings of famous men and women all down through history.

You can do it alone and when you feel like it. There are types of reading material to fit the interests and the capacities of everyone.

● **Have you ever tried to create something?** When you took woodworking or sewing and had to make something you may have had a little taste of this kind of satisfaction.

Writing is another form of creation that can give enormous satisfaction. And there's painting, sketching, composing, drawing, constructing, building, moulding, carving, and so forth.

● **Have you a hobby?** A hobby is a wonderful way to spend leisure time. Since life is made up so largely of required activities free time should be devoted to whatever meets the more selfish needs of a person.

Of course, society must approve of these. Staying emotionally well means keeping a delicate balance between the demands of yourself and society.

● **Have you friends?** Most of the joys of life, and sorrows, too, depend on how you get along with other people.

Friends can be your greatest source of satisfaction. They can be the strongest of all supports in time of trouble.

Friends—and, of course, this includes your family—are your most valuable assets and should be treated accordingly. Real friendship is a two-way relationship, although one of you may have to take the initiative early in its development.

Are you the type of person who can take that initiative? Are you the first to say "hello"?

Friendliness is an art. Maintaining a friendship is difficult, because it takes a constant effort that too few people will give.

You can't always expect to receive more than you give and assume that the other fellow is going to continue it.

Maybe you should think a little about who your friends are, how many you have, how you really feel about them and act towards them, and how they act towards you.

Maybe you don't have enough friends; maybe you don't have the right type.

Anyone whose code of behaviour isn't motivated by unselfishness a lot of the time is sure to fail in his relationships with others. Such a person

HAPPINESS depends largely on how you get along with other people . . . and friends can be your greatest source of satisfaction, as these four youngsters have learned.

can't hope to get the most out of life.

Lots of times it is awfully hard to decide whether a thing is right or wrong.

A good yardstick that you can use is:

- Whether or not you will harm yourself in the long run.
- Whether or not you will harm anybody else.
- Whether or not there is a better way to find the same satisfaction.

If you are going to hurt yourself or if you are going to cause other people distress or pain or sorrow or disappointment, then by any standard the act is wrong and will lead to unhappiness.

To keep happy and well-adjusted you need "security." Security doesn't mean just protection. It means feeling comfortable inside yourself, with your friends, in school, on your job, and in many other situations.

When you feel insecure or uncertain you feel disturbed, maybe tense, and quite possibly worried.

To "belong," to be recognised, to be in good standing are terribly important to all of us.

Like many of the other worth-while things in life this doesn't just happen. Friendship has to be earned; it sometimes takes many years to develop security with friends. It deserves the best of care.

Being able to feel at ease with your friends is another important factor. While there are some exceptions, you will usually find that you feel most comfortable with people of about your same capabilities, background, and interests.

Gaining maturity

Security has to be planned. Every adult has to develop his own sense of security.

The banker can give all of us pointers on how to work towards financial security. He tells us to save something on every pay day and not to put all our savings in one place.

The same thing is true about emotional security.

If your girl jilts you, you know that your family still cares about you. If one teacher dislikes you, you have the friendship of others.

Finally, one of the prize goals in life is emotional maturity.

And it usually takes most of a lifetime to attain it.

The mature person is the person who:

- Finds greater satisfaction in giving than he does in receiving.
- Is able to form satisfying and permanent loyalties.
- Receives as well as gives satisfaction in such relationships.
- Is creative in his leisure time and contributes to the improvement of his school, his family, and his community.
- Is able to learn and profit from his mistakes and successes.
- Is relatively free from fears or anxieties or tensions.
- Will ride over the rough spots in life and go on to his destination.

Like any form of perfection, emotional maturity is an ideal state that everyone can approach but no one ever quite reaches.

Fortunately, it is possible to come close to that goal and many people do — by understanding themselves.

From the book, "How To Be a Successful Teenager," by Dr. William C. Menninger and others, published and copyrighted by Stirling Publishing Co., Inc., of New York, as excerpted from the pamphlet, "Understanding Yourself," copyright by Science Research Associates, Inc., of Chicago.



This Ham is a very good listener

● When I first met 20-year-old Jon Dawson at North Sydney Technical College, he was crouched over a radio set.

HE was listening keenly to a voice making this rather odd statement: "I'm not lying. Fair dinkum, I've got two sockets missing from my set . . ."

Jon switched the set off apologetically. "That was station ZK-4AD," he said, "and I'm station WAI-L2005. Hams always like to talk shop, you know."

But I didn't know. I was way off the beam about Hams, who are amateur radio operators. How come Jon was his own private station? Could I be a Ham?

"Yes, you could," he said. "There are some girls, but it's mostly a man's hobby."

"It's a bit of an international brotherhood. On short wave you can talk to chaps from all over the world—by voice or Morse code."

The thought of chatting to an Arabian Prince about the weather seemed too enchanting, but Jon shattered the dream.

"You can't talk trivialities, pass on third-party messages, tell jokes, or talk about your job," he said. "Those are the regulations of the Australian Wireless Institute."

Distress calls

"What Hams talk about mostly is radio, and we listen for distress signals."

"Because of this, men are picked up from sinking ships, and nearly all the technical advances in wireless transmission and reception are made."

Jon was only a child when he decided to become a Ham while listening to overseas stations on his family's dual-wave radio set.

On leaving school he became an apprentice radio tradesman and is now in his fourth year.

At work he tests radio sets, and at Tech. he is doing a TV receiver course.

"But my job and Hams are worlds apart," he said.

"The first step to becoming a proper Ham, able to transmit as well as receive, is to join the Australian Wireless Institute."

"To become a full member you have to pass the P.M.G. Department's exam for an amateur operator's certificate."

"In the meantime you can become an associate Institute member for £2 a year, and study for the exam by correspondence lessons or go to lectures in town."

Jon and a group of Tech. electronic students have started a short-wave listeners' club, which meets once a month for lectures and discussions.

by Carol Tattersfield

"Listening is just as much part of being a Ham as transmitting," he said.

"Every associate member of the Institute becomes a registered listener with his own private station number, and he doesn't just listen for his own amusement."

"In his log book he records the audibility and intelligibility of each transmission he hears and sends a card recording his findings to the transmitting station—maybe in Iceland or Russia or Central Africa."

Jon said he had made a lot of friends all over Australia just by listening, and some messages he picks up are quite exciting. Once he heard distress signals from a Japanese ship in a tidal wave.

The price of some suitable transmitting equipment is as high as £200, but Army disposal sets, transmitters, or receivers can be bought through the Institute for as little as £10 to £15.

"I was lucky," said Jon.

"My set cost only 30/- and my earphones 5/-."



JON DAWSON tunes in to an overseas broadcast on equipment at his technical college.

QUIZQUIZQUIZQUIZQUIZQUIZQUIZQUIZQUIZQUIZ

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW AUSTRALIA?

● You may love your sunburnt country—but what do you know of its history, customs, people? Here are twenty questions to test your knowledge. Write your answers in the spaces under each question before turning to page 15.

1. Son of a poor farmer, he was born in Yorkshire, England, in 1728. His career began when he was 12 (as a shop assistant), but he later became a seafarer. His ship was called Endeavour—and his name was
2. The officers of a British ship introduced a new game to Australia in 1803. A year later a local newspaper described the game as a "laborious diversion," but now it has become a national sport called
3. In the 1880s, a small town 60 miles south of Darwin was just the nearest railway siding to the famous John Bull goldmine. Now the small town is the centre of the Commonwealth's uranium enterprise. Its name is
4. "And he sees the vision splendid of the sunlit plains extended, And at night the wondrous glory of the everlasting stars" was written by Australia's best-known balladist, whose nickname was
5. One suburb in an Australian city has a world-wide reputation for cosmopolitan gaiety. Also the country's most densely populated area, it is
6. A famous Prime Minister (of World War I) began his career by "humping the blues" as a typical swagman. He was
7. Queensland's Great Barrier Reef is noted for its exotic and colorful fish. One variety actually climbs trees and is called
8. In 1952 perfect weather conditions were selected and a vast section of the ocean off Western Australia was declared a prohibited area. The Australian population had to be protected from an
9. There's a descriptive name for rich Australian landowners which, in colonial times, was used in a derogatory sense. It is
10. Mutton when boned and stuffed with sage and onions makes an established Australian dish named
11. Named Oolra by the natives, a brick-colored monolith rises majestically 1100ft. above the surrounding desert and it is generally called
12. An Australian bird with long tail feathers dances on a self-made "stage" of leaves and soil. It is the
13. The longest straight stretch of railway line in the world runs for more than 300 miles across a plain named
14. In 1957 a N.S.W. town was moved to a new site and the old town was inundated with water. The town is
15. Named after an Australian city, the first Australian-built jet aircraft was completed in 1953. The plane is the
16. In 1955 a new Australian play was premiered at Melbourne's Union Theatre. It was later made into a film and its author is
17. During World War II Lord Haw Haw (Irish traitor on the German radio) coined a contemptuous phrase for a group of Australian and other troops in the Middle East, but their courage made it a term of distinction. The phrase was
18. The name of one Australian capital city was on the lips of the sports-conscious world late in 1956. It was
19. A notorious bushranger was so daring in his defiance of the law that a five-word phrase, including his name, is used to describe a courageous person. It is
20. The aborigines know a 94-year-old Australian poetess as "the dark people's friend." She is

Rock nearly raised the hospital roof

● Matron Jean Bromell had some guests of honor at Sydney's Margaret Reid Orthopaedic Hospital, and she was worried. She was afraid they might raise the roof.

AND they very nearly did. With the same enthusiastic rock-'n-roll that rattles the rafters of stadiums and dance halls, the musicians really "sent" the child patients.

All the entertainers were well known to the children from their television appearances and records.

There were the Crescents, a young Sydney singing trio, whose tight black suits lined with scarlet intrigued the patients, pretty Kerry Bryant in a pretty ballerina, Warren Williams, Rob E. G., and Lucky Starr, all vocalists, and two bands.

On the way to the hospital they were in a bit of a quandary about what sort of music the children would like, but when they got there they found it was just the same sort as with any other young people.

Some fast rock-'n-roll set the "audience" clapping loudly to the beat as soon as they began.

"We enjoyed playing for them more than for any others," said Rob E. G. afterwards. "When you see them loving it, it inspires you. Gets you with a warm feeling."

It was the "warm feeling" that Rob E. G. and the others first experienced last year, when they went to the hospital with the Chatswood Lions Club, that prompted them to join the newly formed "Australian Charity Entertainers."

This group, with the support of many other popular entertainers and show-business people, intends to give similar free concerts in hospitals whenever they can spare the time from their professional commitments.

They also intend to raise money for children's charities, through giving their services at big concerts and dances. Television and broadcasting programmes to raise money are planned, too.

As yet, the project is operating only in Sydney, but Graham Webb, Sydney disc jockey and president of the A.C.E., says that they hope to set the cause rolling throughout Australia.

"A colossal idea that's well worth while," said Rob E. G. after the Margaret Reid concert. "You know when I left there was little Stephen rocking his plaster cast, flat on his back, strumming an imaginary guitar and singing 'The Hippy Hippy Shake.'"



LUCKY STARR, above, serenades four-year-old Sandra with "Oh, Carol" at the Margaret Reid Orthopaedic Hospital. At left: The Crescents—from left, Mike, Kel, and Col—and Kerry Bryant talk with seven-year-old Christine. Eric, below, another seven-year-old, is fascinated by Rob E. G., right, and Warren Williams. With Eric is Matron Bromell.





● "Too bad we're only going to the drive-in for a hot dog," Fabian told starlet Judy Harriet when he called for her at her Hollywood home . . .

Dream date with FABIAN

● There are all sorts of dates a teenage girl can have, and most of them are fun. Whether she's going steady or free-lancing, she enjoys the movies, the day on the beach, the local dance, or the riverside picnic.

SOME are dull and at some she has the time of her life.

But every girl also dreams the big romantic dreams, and in these you find sports cars and moonlit drives, and dinners in restaurants where the waiters speak French.

In these dreams you also find orchestras composed entirely of violins, to the music of which a girl waltzes endlessly, dressed in her prettiest gown, pearls at her throat, and her feet, like Cinderella's, encased in the most delicate of shoes, with high, absurdly fragile, heels.

The girl's eyes are full of stars, and her escort looks a lot like Fabian Forte.

For Hollywood starlet Judy Harriet, the dreams all came true.

She met Fabian at a party, they liked each other. "What are you doing next Friday night?" he said.

"Seeing you?" asked Judy hopefully, and they both laughed, and he said, "I'll pick you up at eight," and started away and then came running back looking sheepish. "Uh, where do you live?"

"Los Angeles," Judy said. "I mean West Los Angeles. I mean—" She stopped, took a deep breath, and started over again. "I'm just shook—"

"Me, too," said Fabian gallantly, and dark head bent close to dark head as they smiled at one another.

The big night came. Fabian picked Judy up, told her how wonderful she looked. "Too bad we're only going down to the drive-in for a hot dog." He was teasing, but Judy didn't know it. She was perfectly content, as she settled back in the car.

"How's the Coconut Grove sound to you?" Fabian asked.

Judy squealed. "The Coconut Grove? Pearl Bailey's there, and I love her. Are you serious?"

"Nope," said Fabian, driving on to the Coconut Grove.

Fabian and Judy talked together as if they'd known each other forever.



. . . but he was only teasing. At the Coconut Grove she fed him prawns from her sea-food cocktail . . .



. . . and they danced, had their pictures taken, met other celebrities backstage. They had a real ball far into the night. It was a dream date come true . . .



He told her all about "Hound Dog Man," and how lucky he was that Rick Nelson had demanded 150,000 dollars for the picture (Fabe did the part for 35,000 dollars and it could make him as big a star as Rick is).

Fabe also said, everybody had been kidding him because he admitted publicly that he "couldn't sing good."

"But I've started to wonder lately what would have happened to me if I could sing good," he told her. "Maybe I wouldn't have been so well off."

Judy said she'd made her first record at the age of ten — it was a version of "I Saw Mommy Kissing Santa Claus," but she'd really begun her career on television when she was six.

During the years between ten and 12 she'd been a Mouseketeer, and she'd only recently finished her first movie, "Bop Girl Goes Calypso."

"You're a good height for me," Fabian said.

"I'm five-three," said Judy, "and I weigh 110 pounds, and I go to University High, and I'm seventeen, and what I want to know is will you take me backstage and introduce me to Pearl Bailey?"

"If you're a good girl," said Fabe, admitting that he was seventeen, too, and he thought it might just be the perfect age.

At the Coconut Grove, Fabe and Judy checked the menu, ordered everything from shrimp cocktails to parfaits, then got up and danced.

They had their pictures taken by the nightclub's photographer, they saw the show starring Pearl Bailey, and they went around and said hello to Pearl and her husband, drummer Louis Bellson.

Finally, having eaten and danced and applauded themselves dizzy, they went back out into the quiet night, and there was just a bit of snap in the air.

Fabian put his arm around Judy's bare shoulders, and they moved towards the car slowly.

Yes, he kissed her goodnight. You can see that by the picture at the right.

Yes, she liked it. You can see that, too.

There was never a dreamier date in the world.

It all began on local milk run

● Grade Wicker's career in rock-'n-roll started with the milkman. When he was five he used to follow the milkman round the streets, trying to copy his yodelling.

NOW in his twenties, Grade is one of Sydney's up-and-coming singers.

He has made two records—"Over the Rainbow," backed by "Prettiest Babe," which he wrote with Neville Gaha; and "Mama's Little Baby," backed by the ballad "Why Cry?", which he and Gaha also wrote.

"After I'd learnt to yodel," Grade said, "my sister Bonny taught me to play the ukulele, and I went into show business."

First, as a small boy, he travelled the Tivoli circuit in Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, and Sydney, and during the war he joined the Youth Show, where he worked with stars like Joy Nichols, Gladys Moncrieff, Jack Davey, and George Wallace, sen.

But when Grade was 12 two things happened which put a temporary check to his singing.



GRADE WICKER

WORTH HEARING

BEETHOVEN: Fifth Symphony

"THUS Fate knocks upon the door," Beethoven said of the imperious four-note figure which opens his fifth symphony and is echoed throughout the work.

Fate dealt hardly with Beethoven. He was going deaf when this work was being written, he was in the midst of one of his many tragic love affairs, and all his life composition was for him both a compelling necessity and an agonising struggle.

One can find struggle, protest, and final triumph in this dynamic symphony, which is one of Beethoven's greatest and most self-revealing works.

Its "modernism" baffled audiences when it appeared a century and a half ago, but it soon came to be one of the most famous of all symphonies.

You can get a strong, authoritative performance of the work by conductor Otto Klemperer with the Philharmonia Orchestra (Columbia).

—Martin Long.

"My voice broke, and, then my mother died," he said. "I seemed to give up then. Mum had always been my guiding star, and I just didn't know what to do."

"After I'd finished my Intermediate at North Newtown High, I went north to work on wheat properties in Queensland and western New South Wales."

"Then I decided to tour Australia with a friend. We bought an old car and set off. Somehow, we only got as far as Dalby, in Queensland."

"There I joined a five-piece group called the Wal Tilston Combo, and they put me on my singing feet again."

"Two years ago I came back to Sydney to see what I could do alone."

Grade got odd bookings in hotels and clubs and for a year worked with Alf Luciano as a guitar vocalist.

Then, with Tony Gaha (Neville's brother), he formed a group called the Gradians.

"But it was difficult to get work for a five-piece band," he said, "so we split up. Tony and I joined Wal Tilston, and we play six days a week at a suburban hotel and on Sunday afternoons at a Kings Cross restaurant."

Grade says he likes rock-'n-roll, but views it only as a means to an end.

"I'm trying to make my name first, then work round to the kind of singing I like—ballads," he said.

"I want to sing big songs, like 'Granada,' 'The Wonder of You,' and 'Ol' Man River,' in a style like Ray Melton or Jimmy Parkinson."

"But I think rock-'n-roll will last several years more in Aus-

tralia, though not in its present form."

"Already it seems to be swinging to a more sensible form in the jazz idiom."

"There seems to be less shouting and throwing oneself around the stage, although the beat remains."

Grade is short and unassuming, and wears glasses under artificial light.

He has a pleasant, quiet-speaking voice and a lively sense of humor.



ELVIS PRESLEY, the day he left the U.S. Army. Volume II of his Gold Records is now on sale.

LISTEN HERE —with Ainslie Baker

Pops Little Richard was in great vogue among the rock-'n-rolling fraternity until he retired to ponder upon the threat to the future of man posed by the nuclear age.

You can hear the colored boy at his most frenzied on "Little Richard" (R.C.A. Camden). You might call his eight numbers, which include "Get Rich Quick," "Taxi Blues," and "Thinkin' Bout My Mother," songs without words, for the language mouthed by Little Richard bears little resemblance to English—or even American.

Buck Ram and his Rock-'n-Rams complete the disc with "Crazy Lips," "Any Hour," "Hey, Operator," and "That's a Lotta Brass."

If you get this disc, remember that a combination of Little Richard and Buck Ram is guaranteed to make anyone older than 17 reach for the tranquillisers.

SINCE his admirers won't hear a word against him and his detractors haven't a word in his favor, I record without comment the release (R.C.A. LP) of volume II of **Elvis Presley's** Gold Records.

The title: "50,000,000 Elvis Fans Can't Be Wrong." The tunes: "A Fool Such As I," "I Need Your Love Tonight," "Wear My Ring Around Your Neck," "Doncha' Think It's Time," "I Beg of You," "A Big Hunk of Love," "Don't," "My Wish Came True," "One Night," and "I Got Stung."

Incidentally, a portrait of Elvis contriving to look both manly and soulful occupies the whole of the back of the cover.

I VO ROBIC, who had every teenager whistling or humming "Morgen," has another winner in "The Happy Muleteer" (Polydor). The tune clip-clops merrily along in fascinating rhythm. Flip is "Rhondaly."

Local Talent "The Saints Go Marching In" (Leedon) is one of those jaunty old tunes that sparkle as brightly as on the day they were minted. Johnny O'Keefe's group, the **Dee Jays**—how these boys keep improving—swing along with youthful enthusiasm. But the flipside, "Straight Flush," is no jackpot winner.

Folk songs: One of the most agreeable voices and guitars to come out of the North Carolina hills are those of **Don Gibson**. You can hear him on an R.C.A. LP, "That Gibson Boy."

Don's repertoire is out of the ordinary, and his manner of presentation sincere and pleasing.

HEARD of the piffero? It's a kind of flute which Sicilian shepherds make from sugar-cane stalks and you can hear it on "Down At Paone's Place" (W. and G. stereo). Nicola Paone, the man whose "Blah, Blah, Blah" voiced the feelings of henpecked husbands everywhere, wrote all the numbers on his new LP. They include a stornelli, an Italian folksong in blue mood.

Dancing "Latin American Waltzes" (Philips LP) remind us that the South American countries which inherited the rigid social taboos of old Spain regard dancing

as one of the few legitimate means of contact between the unmarried.

There's some chilli-hot guitar playing in these dozen melodies—some gay, some sentimental, some sad—from Mexico, Peru, and Paraguay.

Musical We're not likely to see on stage here the **Rodgers and Hammerstein** musical "Pipe Dream," which opened in the States five years ago. However, we can hear the music sung by the original cast (Helen Traubel, William Johnson, Judy Tyler) on R.C.A. LP.

The music of "Pipe Dream" (the work is based on the Steinbeck novel "Sweet Thursday") is only fair average quality Rodgers. The "Oklahoma" and "South Pacific" magic is missing.

Classical Getting together a classical record library is an expensive business, but the burden can be eased by keeping an eye open for some of the fine music now being marketed on EP (on some discs, of course, you get excerpts—not the full work).

A new batch of classical and light classical music comes from Coronet. Some of the titles: "Carmen" (mezzo-soprano Rise Stevens, baritone Robert Weede, tenor Raoui Jobin), "Danse Macabre," "Capriccio Espagnol," "La Boutique Fantasque," "Swan Lake."

And for Pye, Richard Farrell and the Halle Orchestra conducted by George Weldon play highlights from the sugar-sweet A Minor piano concerto of Grieg.



GLAMOR GIRL: Dianne wears a glamorous evening coat of palatine for a night out with her beau. It has a huge cuddle collar fastened with a single button, wide-cuffed sleeves, and "jet-line" pockets.



STUDENTS: Sipping iced tea between lectures, Dianne (left) makes a young town suit of a hip-length jacket and slim skirt. Rosemary chooses a slacks-and-jerkin outfit, the jerkin fastened to the V-neckline with buttons dyed to match the material, and worn over a long-sleeved blouse.

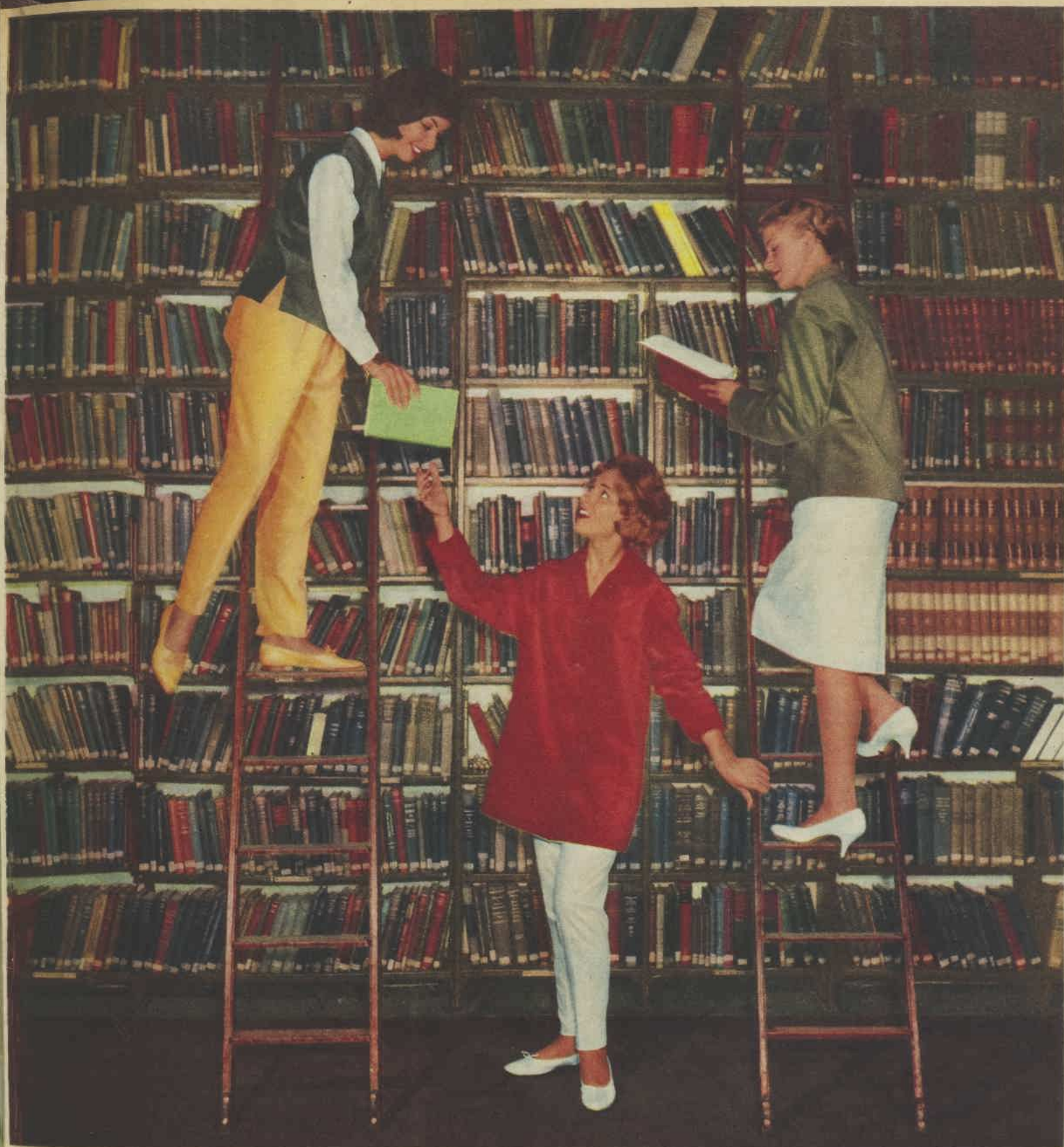
New fabric for teenagers

● Palatine, a new fabric dyed in the latest colors, is a hardy cotton with a velveteen finish. It is water-repellent and machine-washable.

These garments were made from the first bolts of palatine to arrive in Australia from leading French fabric manufacturer Cosserrat, and modelled specially for Teenagers' Weekly by Melbourne girls Dianne Williams, 19, Rosemary Smith, 14, and Carol Anne Silk, 17.



HOLIDAYMAKER: Carol Anne hasn't decided where to go, but she's ready for anywhere in a seven-eighths palatine swagger coat. Tied with a wide sash belt and fitted with roomy welted pockets, the coat is worn over a slim skirt of the same material.



DIANNE, in her search for a book, wears slim palatine slacks and side buttoning jerkin over a long-sleeved woollen blouse.

CAROL ANNE in a buttoned car coat of palatine trimmed with matching corded velvet collar and cuffs over slacks.

ROSEMARY'S jacket, cut straight from a wide yoke, tops a slim skirt with a deep slit backed by an extra panel in the centre back.

Buffet parties are popular

● Buffet parties are becoming more and more popular with teenagers. They are pleasantly informal, the food served looks attractive, and the outlay is reasonable.

THE size of the party and the inclination of the host and hostess determine the variety of the food and drinks to be served.

Three or four cheeses, with two or three other savory dishes, make a good choice for a party of between 20 and 30 people.

The savory dishes are often more popular than the plain cheese; to many they are more interesting.

Chipolata sausages or frankfurts, though not appearing as a rule in a party of this kind, are also popular. Cut them in half after grilling, stick on cocktail sticks, and put them into a red or green cabbage for your buffet table or, if you have several small tables, on to large rosy-cheeked apples.

And here are the recipes for all the goodies in our picture.

Spoon measurements are level.

Cheese Tartlets

Rich shortcrust: Eight ounces plain flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 4oz. butter or margarine, 1 egg-yolk, approximately 2 to 3 tablespoons water.

Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in butter until mixture resembles breadcrumbs. Add egg-yolk and water and mix to a firm dough. Chill, then roll out thinly on lightly floured board, and cut into rounds with a fluted pastry-cutter large enough to line tartlet tins. Press each pastry round into tartlet tins and chill again while preparing filling.

Filling: Six ounces cream or cottage cheese, 2 eggs, 1 to 2oz. shredded ham or tinned or fresh smoked salmon or 6 to 8 anchovy fillets, seasoning, 2oz. thinly sliced Gruyere cheese (optional).

Sieve the cream cheese, season well and mix with the beaten eggs. Stir in the ham, salmon, or anchovy fillets. Put a spoonful of this mixture into each tartlet-case, cover with a piece of Gruyere cheese, and bake in a moderately hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

Quiche Tartlets

Pastry: One quantity pastry as given in recipe for Cheese Tartlets.

Filling: One small onion, finely chopped, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. butter or substitute, 3 rashers streaky bacon (finely diced), 1 egg, 1 egg-yolk, 1oz. grated cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ pint cream or top milk.

Soften onion in heated butter, add bacon, and when slightly crisp turn mixture into a bowl. Add the beaten egg and egg-yolk, cheese, and cream. Place a spoonful of mixture into each pastry-case prepared as for Cheese Tartlets and bake in a moderately hot oven 12 to 15 minutes.

Page 10 — Teenagers' Weekly

Cheese Rounds

Four ounces butter, 6oz. flour, 3oz. grated tasty cheese, 1 teaspoon paprika, 1 egg-yolk, salt and pepper to taste, water to mix, egg-glazing, extra cheese.

Filling: Quarter pint milk, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. grated cheese, 1 teaspoon arrowroot, 1 egg, salt, pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon paprika, 1 teaspoon butter.

Rub butter into the sifted flour, salt, and pepper, add cheese and paprika. Add egg-yolk and sufficient water to make a dry dough.

Roll out on lightly floured board to 1-8th inch thickness, cut into rounds using a 2in. scone-cutter or pastry-cutter, place on greased oven-tray, brush tops with egg-glazing, sprinkle with extra cheese.

Bake in a moderately hot oven until pale golden brown. When cooked and cooled, sandwich cheese rounds with the filling.

Combine cheese, milk, and arrowroot, which has been blended with a little water in a saucepan, stir over low heat until mixture thickens. Remove from heat, stir in egg-yolk, paprika, salt and pepper to taste, and butter.

Lastly, fold in stiffly beaten egg-white, return to heat, and cook 1 or 2 minutes.

Walnut Savories

Three ounces butter or substitute, 3oz. flour, 3oz. grated cheese, pepper, salt, coarsely chopped walnuts, water to mix, egg-glazing.

Rub butter into sifted flour, salt, and pepper, add cheese. Mix to a dry dough, adding a little water if necessary.

Roll out thinly on floured board, cut into strips 2in. wide. Brush with egg-glazing, sprinkle thickly with walnuts, then a little salt.

Cut strips into triangles, place on well-greased oven-tray, and bake in moderately hot oven 10 minutes or until golden brown.

Sandwiches

Three sandwiches per head is the usual allowance for a good snack or two sandwiches and a bouchee (small tart-cases).

Fill these small bouchees with either the mushroom or chicken mixture. Bouchees taste better if served hot, so use a cream sauce to bind rather than mayonnaise. Split them and fill well with the chosen mixture, then reheat until piping hot.

Any, or all, of the following sandwiches could be served, but a choice of two or three would be enough, especially if you are planning to serve bouchees, too.

● Thinly sliced button mushrooms

cooked in a little butter for 2 or 3 minutes. Drain off the juice and add 2 or 3 tablespoons of cream and boil rapidly until thick. Add to the mushrooms.

● Chop or mince cooked chicken. Bind with mayonnaise or a cream sauce. Scatter a little chopped parsley or cress over the finished plate of sandwiches.

● Smoked cod's roe pounded with butter and mixed with a little cream.

● A double-decker made with wafer-thin slices of ham and a well-seasoned liver pate.

● Chopped prawns or flaked crab meat mixed with mayonnaise. Season with a little cayenne or Tabasco sauce.

Rosy Cabbage Heart

One small cabbage, 1 8oz. tin shredded tuna, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup thick mayonnaise, 8oz. cream or cottage cheese, 2 or 3 gherkins, 2 or 3 shallot stalks, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup tomato sauce, salt, cayenne pepper, few drops scarlet food coloring.

Remove heart from cabbage, keeping outside leaves as intact in shape as possible. Wash and dry leaves carefully. Prepare filling.

Combine tuna, mayonnaise, cheese, chopped gherkins, finely chopped shallots, and tomato sauce; season to taste with salt and cayenne.

Add sufficient food coloring to give mixture a rosy hue. Mix well, fill into centre cavity in cabbage. Place in refrigerator until ready to serve with thick slices French bread.



FRESH, CLEAR, HEALTHY SKIN FOR TEENAGERS



Teenagers (and adults, too) — if you are subject to the embarrassment of simple skin rashes, try this new discovery in skin care. At the first sign of trouble, treat the affected areas with double-antiseptic Valderma Balm for quick relief.

Non-greasy, soothing, cleansing Valderma is specially prepared to assist in keeping the skin fresh, clear and healthy.

Non-greasy Valderma brings these triple benefits

1. Soaks into affected areas. Valderma penetrates deep into the pores, keeping the skin clear and the pores clean and healthy — free from impurities — encourages the natural healing agents to go to work.

2. Twin antiseptic action. Valderma contains two just the thing for cuts, grazes, small wounds, burns, sunburn and windburn.

VALDERMA BALM for quick relief

antiseptics to help keep the skin clear and healthy. No single antiseptic can kill the whole range of skin germs.

3. Irritation relieved. Apply Valderma — and you feel a soothing, healthful coolness. That's the twin antiseptic action going instantly to work. Itches and irritations are relieved almost at once.

Soothing, cleansing, double antiseptic Valderma is obtainable from all chemists in handy tubes at 3/6, or jars at 4/6. Ask for it today.

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — April 20, 1960

IT'S ALL DONE WITH ROLLERS

● The success of all those puffed-up, wide-winged hairdos that are so pretty and popular depends on the way you roll your hair. Rollers are always used for setting hair whenever that effect of exaggerated height, width, and curve is desired. Big rollers make soft, loose waves, small ones give more curl. Below are some useful pointers to help you set a curvaceous roller hairdo.

● Have hair trimmed so that it hangs evenly and is a bit shorter around face. Set while it's still wet from shampooing and after combing in clumps as shown below. Don't try to roll too much hair on one roller, and the strand being rolled should be narrower than the roller. Use small metal clips to hold rollers in place.

● Take special trouble setting rollers around face—these make or break the hairdo. If hair is short at back, use two rows of pincurls to set, otherwise roll all the way down. To make a puff-bang like the teen model at right, section clump of hair right in the front, roll forward, and pin right on the forehead until bone dry.



By Carolyn Earle



Section
hair
in
clumps

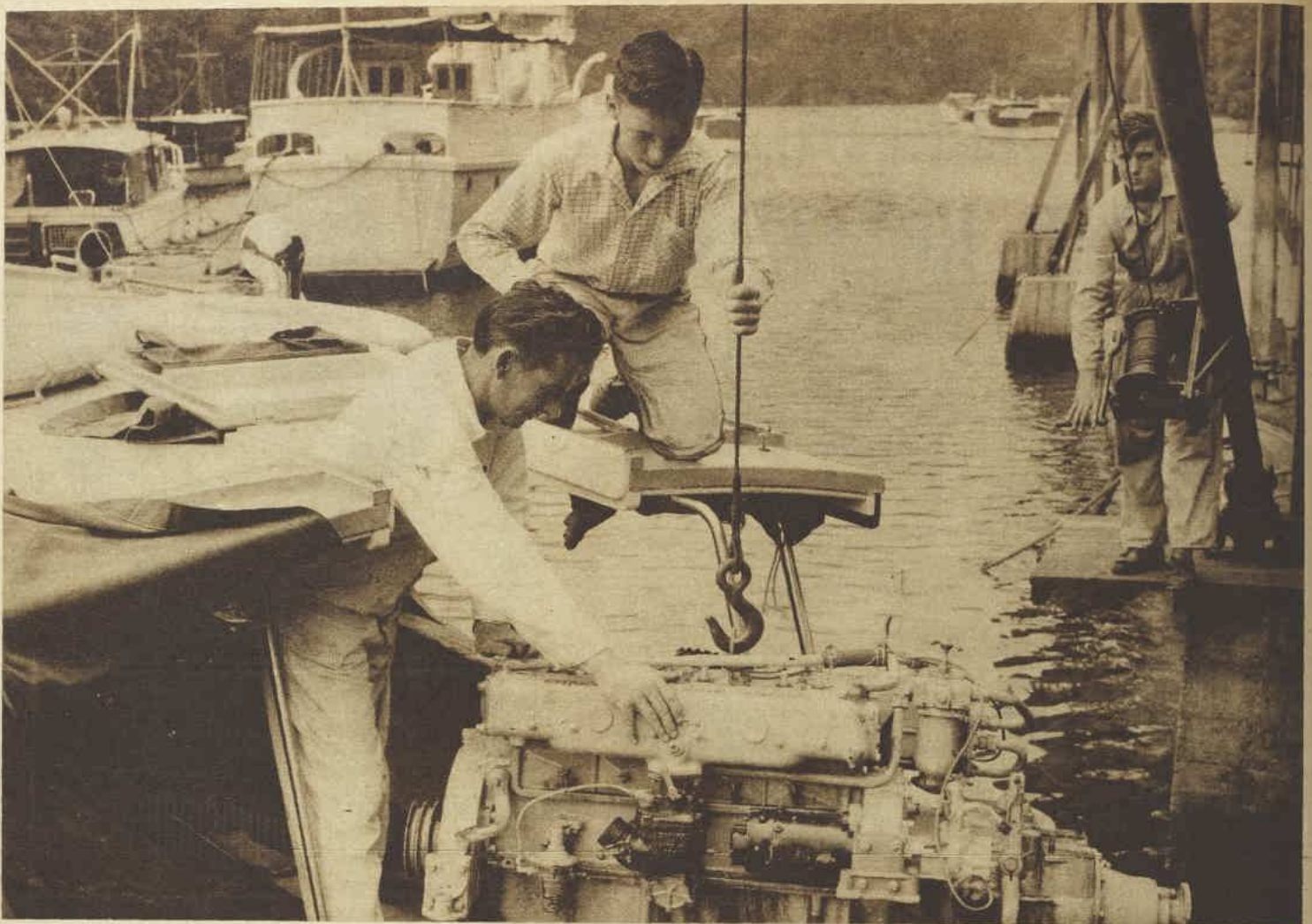
IT is essential to divide your hair into neat clumps before you start rolling, otherwise you're bound to have trouble. Use the long end of a tail-comb to separate hair into neat sections, then part each one off cleanly so that no stragglers are left to tangle. Use hair clips to hold each clump in place. In the sketch above there are six sections — one on the crown, one on each side, two at the back, and one at the front (unseen). There is also room for two rows of pincurls. You may need fewer hair sections than this, but rarely more. Hair that is naturally thick and bulky may be a bit harder to handle at first, but it repays for all the trouble by holding roller-waves longer. Use plenty of lotion when setting the hair and finish off the set with lacquer.

Angle rollers this way

FOR HEIGHT at front hair-line and crown and fullness at back. Part and smooth a section of front hair as shown in sketch at right above and comb firmly up from the scalp. Wrap hair ends in a small square of tissue, such as the small papers that come with home permanent kits, and wind away from face and under towards scalp. Fix as shown in sketch at right below.



FOR FULLNESS, width, and a look of no-curl at the sides. Comb a section of hair smoothly away from the scalp as shown in sketch at left above. Gather hair ends in piece of tissue, and, keeping the strand firm, place it over the roller. Now roll hair under, towards scalp, and roll all the way to the scalp. Roller should rest across the hair as shown in lower sketch when it is fastened.



other people's jobs . . .

The SHIPWRIGHT'S APPRENTICE who always knows "Where They're Biting!..."

When a young man's leisure time is divided between making model boats, helping to crew on boats, and going fishing, he doesn't really need a Vocational Guidance expert to tell him what sort of career to choose. That's the position John Freeborn, of Mt. Colah, found himself in three months ago when his search for the right job ended at Halvorsen's Bobbin Head boat yard.

We went up to see what progress John has made in those three months and discovered that he has already proved himself worthy of being apprenticed as a shipwright — one of the oldest and most skilled trades. "I've started the shipwright's course at Sydney Tech.," John told us, "and in five years' time I'll be fully qualified. Halvorsen's is a great place to learn because of the different kinds of craft and the range of work . . . building boats, maintaining them (there are about fifty hire-cruisers to maintain for a start!), altering or converting boats and small ships — every kind of job comes here sooner or later."

We wondered whether working on or near the water all week had changed his mind about fishing as a sport.

"Not a bit," said John. "Every Friday I go through the Daily Telegraph 'Where They're Biting' page and if the fish are on we generally manage to get out for a few hours."

"Is that all you read the Telegraph for?" we asked, feeling a little hurt.

"Well . . ." said John. "It is the best fishing guide. But I go for the sports news and serials and a lot of other things, too. It's great entertainment besides keeping you up to date on things."

PEOPLE AT THE TOP TOMORROW

READ THE TELEGRAPH TODAY

Daily Telegraph

Louise
Hunter

Here's

your answer

Likes them older

"MINE is not actually a problem. It is out of the ordinary, I think. I am a teenager of 16 and look at least 18 to 19. All my boy-friends have been over 20, as to me the younger boys seem to be too young. I hope you don't think I am silly at making that statement, but it is the way I feel. At the moment I have been going out with a very nice boy aged 23. He lives in another town, so I don't see him

often. Boys in my home town have asked me to go out, but I find I do not enjoy their company. They just don't interest me. When my boy-friend comes over to see me I can never eat, and I get so excited. Everyone says there is a difference in my appearance, as I seem awfully happy and my eyes shine. Do you think this is love? I have been out with many boys before this one, but I've never felt like this. I have been told by various people that I look and act much older than my age, and this has been the same ever since I was 11. My father is 10 years older than my mother. Do you think this could have something to do with my looking older, acting older, and attracting the members of the opposite sex who are years older than me? My boy-friend knows my age and says it does not make any difference to him that I am so young."

"Wondering Brown Eyes," S.A.

The difference in your parents' ages does not necessarily affect you in your likes and dislikes of men. You just like older men.

You certainly have all the symptoms of love for this man of 23, but do take things quietly. I think it is a good thing you don't see too much of him; you are too young to cope with a man seven years older than you are.

When you are 20 the seven years will be neither here nor there, but at present I think you're too young in experience for the difference in your ages not to be noticeable.

Shy with boys

"I AM 17, not very striking or beautiful, but attractive, so I am told, when dressed up. My problem is that though I am very popular with girls I am not so popular with boys. I go to a mixed school, attend church and a youth club, and thus have had a chance of meeting boys. Although they are always very polite and friendly to me, I am not asked out by many. So I have taken a critical look at myself and have come to the conclusion that to a boy I would seem to lack personality. I find that as soon as I am alone with a boy I have difficulty in being naturally bright and in making conversation. I wish you could help me to overcome this difficulty, as I like boys very much. Other girls go out frequently with boys and with boys they like a lot. I have not been crazy over any of the boys I have been out with, although I have really tried to enjoy myself. If I do like a boy very much I am never lucky enough to have my feelings returned. Please don't think that I show my feeling towards the boy and frighten him away, because this is not so. How can I learn to be a bright conversationalist and as good a companion to boys as I am in the company of girls?"

"Muddled," W.A.

I wish I could give you some fool-proof formula that, applied, gave you the flow of conversation you want. I

"How COULD you have admitted that Judy was home on a Saturday night?"



can't, as you know. All I can do is to give you completely impossible advice—impossible because what I was going to say is that next time you find yourself alone with a boy, try to forget that he is a boy. And how can a girl do that?

I think you've thought about the art of talking to boys so much that you're now at the stage where you think boys are only interested in gay repartee and bright talk like in books and movies.

This is quite untrue. There's no great mental difference between boys and girls. They enjoy small talk about the weather, the latest discs, and the state of the world as it exists in the bit of it you both know well.

They don't expect every girl they meet to have a wonderful line of conversation. And probably you try so hard to be gay that they feel they can't match you in conversation. Next time you talk to a boy, try being an ordinary girl who talks about ordinary things.

What boys love is someone who knows something about what they are interested in and can talk to them about it. What they are interested in is quite likely to be go-kart racing, bugs under microscopes, space travel, or Olympic swimming records. If you find out what is the big interest of the man you most want to talk to, read up about it so that you can throw in that intelligent question that keeps the conversation going.

I think the greatest help to conversation is to read a paper every day. It's a rare teenager who does. If you know what is going on in the world around you, life is more interesting and so are you.

You'll learn to be a good conversationalist, whether you spend your time with girls or not. Girls' company is important in other girls' lives, because girls have brothers. Never forget that.

Cheap to chase?

"I AM 16 years of age, and I like a boy who is a year older. The trouble is that he knows nothing of my feelings, as I am afraid that he might think I am cheapening myself by chasing him, and I do not want to lose his respect. I have only known him casually for about a month, and he appears to like me. Could you please advise me how to enlighten him of my feelings without cheapening myself?"

"Wondering," N.S.W.

The only way is to be natural and

pleasant—but not too starry-eyed and adoring—when you are with him.

It will be obvious from your attitude that you find his company interesting. But if you say anything about your feelings towards him at this stage you'll probably find that he can show as much speed as an Olympic runner—sprinting out of your reach.

If he likes you he'll take the initiative in developing your friendship. And he won't need a verbal declaration of your affection to spur him on to do so.

Later—if and when you are going steady—you'll find it's not really so difficult to express your feelings without any loss of dignity.

But not while you're just casual friends. Not under any circumstances.

Be on time

"I HOPE you can clear up a little argument between my boy-friend and myself. He says that the bride should never, but never, be late for the wedding. I disagree. I say the bride should be a few minutes late, say five or so. My mother has told me it is bad manners to be on time. Is this true? I have taken particular notice lately, and all except one of the brides has been a few minutes late. My boy-friend said that if I wrote to you and asked your opinion, he would accept your answer without question."

A.L., Vic.

I agree with your boy-friend. I think it is bad-mannered and hurtful for a bride to be late. What she is doing is bolstering up a silly convention that the bride must not appear to be too eager to marry. Well, if she isn't, why did she say she would?

I think it's good manners to arrive right on time if possible—a bit early is just as rude as a bit late. Punctuality is a virtue that adds to happiness, so why not start off being on time at the church?

If you're held up by traffic or for some reason beyond your control, that is a different matter. But to arrive on time is I think the least a bride can do to compliment her bridegroom and her guests.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.



A GUY laid in the aisle rows...

"Till DEBT do us part"

- One of the vaunted benefits of marriage is the billing and cooing.

WELL, that might be okay for the happy couple.

But has anyone ever spared a thought for the groom's poor attendants? Not on your sweet (mystery of) life!

For one thing, I ask you, do we groomsman get any billing-and cooing?

Now, I can take any amount of cooing from a pretty bridesmaid I partner.

But the billing we get is another kettle of fish. Or, I should say, fettle of cash. Because the main billing I ever get from a wedding is of the money variety.

Let's take it from the beginning and I'll prove that if marriage IS a lottery, then it's the groom's sidekicks who pay out the prizemoney!

First off, the poor fellow announces the nuptials. We have to put on a stag night for him. Who foots the bill? I can assure you that it's NOT the woman who pays this time. And it's not the groom-to-be, either.

The next expensive step is getting ready for the big day.

On account of its being the groom's last day of freedom, groomsman let him pick the suit he'll wear. (This is a last desperate fling by the prey, as his wife will pick his clothes for him from now on.)

Robin, beware!

FROM your often contradictory criticisms, I glean one obvious and interesting fact. The girl you choose, either "for better or for worse," will have to be guilty of every "offence" you mention week by week, for then, Robin, she will indeed be truly feminine. — M.H., East Lindfield, N.S.W.

The groom picking the cloth means, of course, that we have to follow suit, literally. Bang goes 25 or so quid each. This is known in the tailoring trade as a bolt from the blue!

There are other prices groomsman have to pay which, while not in hard cash, still weigh heavily on best men and other ranks.

Take the Big Day itself. If you bride attendants think getting a girl ready for a wedding is a big job, pity the poor groomsman.

We have to make sure he's arranged for the buttonholes, the cars, and the dozen other odds and ends.

And you bridesmaids don't have to run a razor over the lucky lass' jowls, do you? That's an important duty for a groomsman—shaving the poor devil, who is so nervous he'd slash himself with a blade of grass and make the girl of his choice a widow before he made her a bride!

The wedding service is an ordeal, too. At least the groom when he snaps out of his coma can clear his throat during the mumbling of the "I dos."

But we have to stand like soldiers on parade, and that has me up in arms.

Bridesmaids have flowers with

which to fiddle. Groomsman have nothing. Except, of course, for the best man. He has the ring in his pocket—he hopes!

Groomsman pay a heavy personal price at the wedding reception, too.

Everyone else there can have a ball. But an attendant to the groom is just like a floorwalker in a big store—and not just because they both wear carnations on their coats. Like the floorwalker, the groomsman is working.

There are the speeches. Now, the groom can dither and mumble and everybody expects him to do just that. But if the best man, or the groomsman reading the telegrams, can't carry it off with the aplomb of a professional toastmaker, then he's a dope in the eyes of the guests.

Another interesting aspect of groomsmanhood is the fact that the official wedding party is the one circumstance in which fellers have no choice of partners.

So the best and second-best men are usually stuck with girls they wouldn't pass the salt to, let alone pass an evening with.

—Robin Adair

QUIZ ANSWERS

● Here are the answers to the 20 questions on page 4. Score five points for each correct answer and if your total is 80 or more you're a Dinkum Aussie.

1. **Captain James Cook.** On August 22, 1770, he took possession of Australia's east coast in the name of King George III and named it New Wales, or New South Wales.

2. **Cricket.** It was introduced by officers of the Calcutta, which arrived at Port Jackson in December, 1803. In 1877 the first Test Match was played — and won — by Australia.

3. **Rum Jungle.** It's no jungle — just sparse scrub — but history says the name was bestowed after an epic goldminers' party. John Michael White discovered uranium-bearing ore in the district in 1949.

4. **Banjo.** The lines are from A. B. Paterson's "Clancy of the Overflow." Paterson died, aged 67, in 1941. His ballad "Waltzing Matilda" is Australia's unofficial national song.

5. **Kings Cross, Sydney.** The limits of "the Cross" have never been defined; its residents live in closely packed apartment houses and residential — and the Cross is always a "must" for the tourists.

6. **William Morris ("Billy") Hughes.** He was affectionately called the "Little Digger" by Australian troops and was noted for his acid wit. Once, making a speech to a hostile audience, he began: "Gentlemen . . ." There was an uproar. "Very well," said Billy Hughes, "I withdraw that remark." The word "bluey," incidentally, is supposed to derive from a swagman's blankets, usually blue.

7. **The goby or mud-skipper.** Only a few inches long, it has side fins that are used as "arms" — and with the help of a powerful tail it can leap from root to root of the mangrove trees at low tide. The goby's enlarged gill cavity acts as a lung when it's out of water.

8. **Atom Bomb Explosion.** It was Britain's first A-bomb test aboard H.M.S. Pym off the Monte Bello Islands. Preparations for the blast took nearly two years; the bomb was exploded under the direction of Dr. W. G. (later Sir William) Penney.

9. **Squatters.** They were originally ticket-of-leave or freed men who grabbed land and stole stock. In 1840 Sir George Gipps, Governor of N.S.W., said that squatter "was hardly a proper word by which to describe the occupier of 10,000 acres!"

10. **Colonial Goose.** When the same seasoning is used in a boned shoulder of mutton, the dish is called colonial duck.

11. **Ayers Rock,** 24 miles south of Lake Amadeus in the south-western part of the Northern Territory. It was named by William Gosse in 1873 after Sir Henry Ayers, a Premier of South Australia.

12. **The lyre-bird.** Not only a dancer, it is also one of the best mimics in the Australian bush. It can imitate anything from whip-cracks and waterfalls to the crash of a falling tree.

13. **The Nullarbor Plain.** A limestone plateau, it stretches across South Australia to Western Australia. The Trans-Australian railway, opened in 1917, runs across the plain from Port Augusta to Kalgoorlie. Surveyor-explorer Alfred Delisser named the Nullarbor (Latin for "no tree") Plain in 1866.

14. **Adaminaby.** The old town site of Adaminaby (means "resting place") gave way to the waters of the giant Adaminaby Dam, part of the multi-million-pound Snowy River Scheme.

15. **The Canberra.** It was named after the Australian Federal Capital, and was built at Fishermen's Bend, Victoria, after the original British design.

16. **Ray Lawler.** The play, of course, was "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll." Ernest Borgnine, John Mills, Anne Baxter, and Angela Lansbury starred in the film.

17. **The Rats of Tobruk.** This small band of troops held the North African fort of Tobruk for 220 days against the Nazi forces till the Navy carried out a brilliant evacuation. To commemorate the struggle, medals bearing a rodent rampant were struck from the aluminium of a smashed German aircraft.

18. **Melbourne.** The occasion was the 1956 Olympic Games.

19. **"As Game as Ned Kelly."** Kelly headed a cut-throat gang which operated in the ranges between Victoria and New South Wales. He was executed in 1880 for a series of violent crimes; his last words were said to be, "Such is life."

20. **Dame Mary Gilmore,** whose poems and essays are known to most Australians. Dame Mary was a leader of the New Australian movement which founded a settlement in Paraguay in 1895; she returned after five years and was, later, the first woman member of the Australian Workers' Union.

Cool jazz man is real hot in the water

By Cynthia Strachan

● Australia's swimming selectors have so many aquatic winners that they don't have much practice in blushing over mistakes — but there's a "cool jazz man" from Sydney who has the chance to turn their faces red at the Rome Olympics.

HE'S 18-year-old Warwick Webster, who in addition to being a cool jazz man is one of the nation's hottest free-style swimmers.

But if he wins an Olympic medal — as he's quite likely to do — it will be the South African flag, not the Australian, which will be hoisted during the victory ceremony.

For Warwick was rejected when Australia's Olympic swimming squad was chosen, and he's since flown to South Africa — where he was born — to train with the Springboks.

According to his Sydney coach, Frank Guthrie, Warwick will be the strength of the South African team, as a sprinter and relay swimmer.

"Warwick is really a class swimmer, and I think he's been extremely unlucky to miss selection in the Australian team," he said. "I think he should have been in it, and he certainly would have been the next one selected."

"I'll be very surprised if he doesn't at last get to the finals of the 100 metres event in Rome, and it's not beyond his ability to embarrass the Australian selectors by streaking past some of his old Australian buddies."

His greatest wish

Warwick, who was born in Johannesburg, has lived in Australia for 11 years and he regards it as home.

His greatest wish in life was to represent Australia in the Olympics, and he was naturally very disappointed when he missed selection after being placed fourth in the 110yd. and 220yd. events at the Australian Championships.

However, his second greatest wish was simply to compete in the Games, so he's delighted that the rules allow competitors to represent the country where they were born — provided they have never represented any other nation.

After he'd competed in January in a relay team which established a 4 x 100yd. Australian record at Canterbury Pool, Sydney, South Africa asked him if he'd be available. And when he wasn't named with the Aussie water wizards, he accepted the offer to compete in South Africa's selection trials.

Warwick hadn't swum a stroke when, at the age of seven, he came to Australia with his family, who settled at Mount Isa, Queensland.

There Warwick took to the water with his school friends, and it wasn't long before he became prominent as a fine swimmer. By the time he was 15, he showed tremendous promise.

The turning point in his swimming career came in 1957, when Frank Guthrie was visiting Townsville. Frank saw Warwick swim and said he was a potential champion.

Warwick's parents were impressed by this report, and were so keen to help him improve his swimming that they moved to Sydney, where, excited and enthusiastic, he began his training with Frank Guthrie three seasons ago.

But tragedy struck when Warwick's father died several weeks after they arrived in Sydney, and Warwick and his mother were left to support three younger members of the family.



WARWICK WEBSTER

Warwick had to find part-time jobs and yet still manage to train.

"He really came up the tough way in the swimming world," Frank Guthrie told me. "Apart from the fact that he's a fine swimmer, that's one reason I like to see him have success. He's a really fine lad."

Warwick, who now works as a clerk with an oil company, is one of the biggest swimmers in the world. He's 5ft. 11in., and when he's in swimming condition weighs in at 13st. 7lb.

A few months ago he was also probably one of the few top-class swimmers in the world sporting a beard. He shaved it off before the State Championships, but it had been his pride and joy for several weeks.

"Growing the beard was a typical Warwick whim," said Frank Guthrie. "He's a boy who likes to get with it and be a little different. As the kids would say, he's no square."

Laughingly he added: "And that's an understatement. In fact, Warwick is a cool jazz man. He carries a 45-record machine with him wherever he goes. He'd even bring it to the pool during training."

Our pin-up

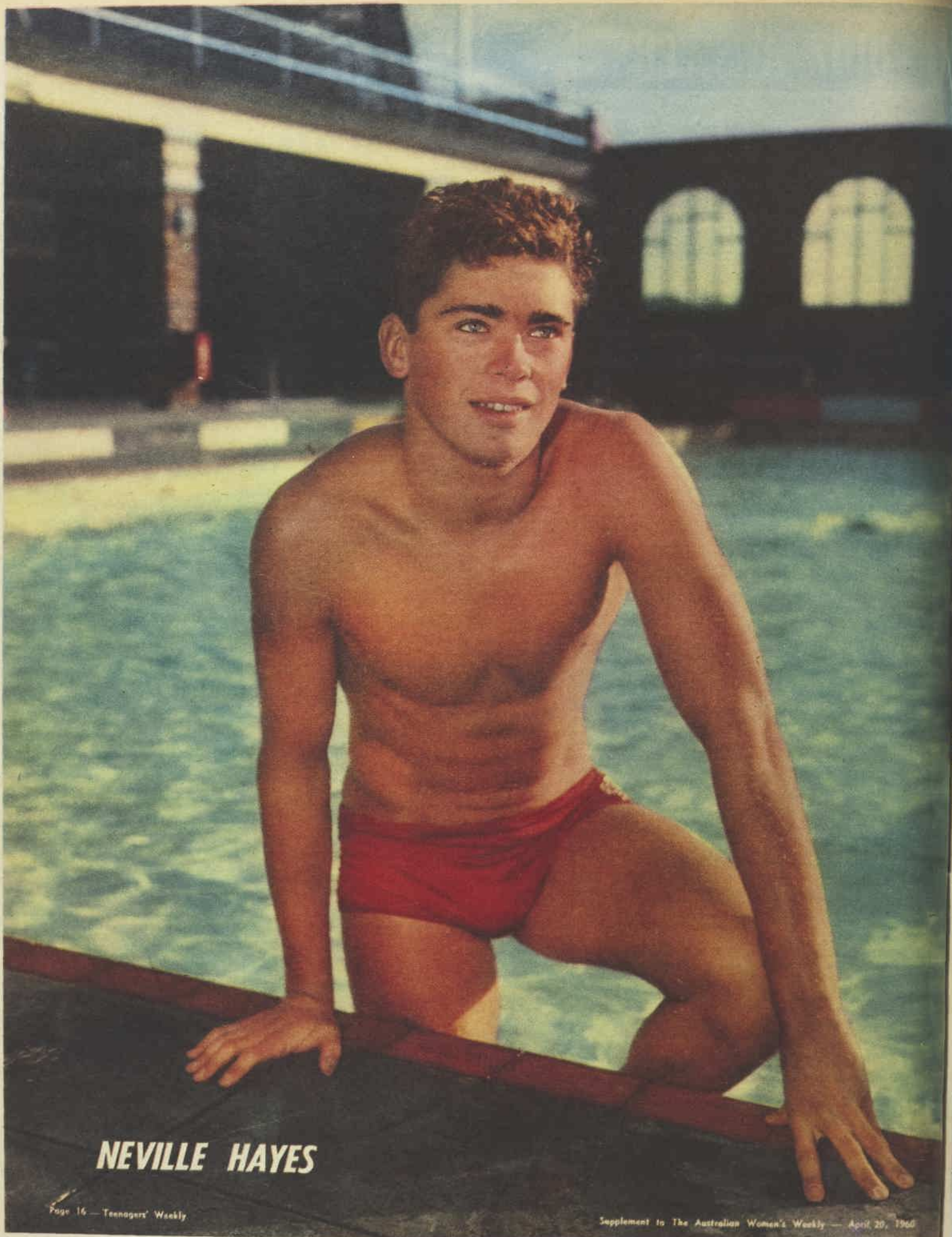
TO win an air-trip to Rome, 16-year-old Neville Hayes has swum from Sydney to Melbourne — or at least the equivalent of the journey.

For Neville, who is our color pin-up this week, has swum more than 550 miles this summer during his five hours in the water every day, every week.

It's been a long swim — but it's been worth it, since the training has brought him not only Olympic selection but the 220yd. world butterfly record, too.

Neville began swimming at Manly, N.S.W., when he was just six, but it was only three years ago that he entered his first big swimming event — the State Championships — and started his training at Bankstown with Don Talbot, the man who also coaches the Konrads Kids.

Amazingly, though Neville is the world champ of the men's butterfly brigade, this is a stroke he really started swimming only last season — and then just because he "liked the look of it."



NEVILLE HAYES

Page 16 — Teenagers' Weekly

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly — April 20, 1960

where a motel firm plans to spend \$80,000

● With tropical islands in the north—excellent surf beaches and luxury resorts on the southern coast — good roads and rail, sea, and air transport — Queensland is now a year-round holiday State.



— CONTINUED **QUEENSLAND TOURIST FEATURE**

SURFERS' PARADISE
from air. Round swimming-pool is at Chevron Hotel; left centre, Kinkabool, 10-storey multi-unit building. At right, Nerang River.

VIEW from Buderim Mountain, ginger-growing area 65 miles north of Brisbane, to the coast. The ginger-growers produce 1000 tons raw ginger a year.



MENA CREEK FALLS, in tropical rain-forest resort Paronella Park near Innisfail, never run dry. Chalet in the park was built by "Old Joe" Paronella. His Portuguese origin is reflected in building's design.



"That's nice—what's your recipe?"



Sugar belongs to the sweetest moments of your life

It's a sweet moment when friends ask you for a favourite cake recipe — makes you feel that afternoon tea has been a success.

It's almost certain your favourite cake recipe contains sugar. Sugar is an important ingredient of many wholesome foods and plays its part in a well-balanced diet.

A properly balanced diet should include body-building foods containing proteins, like meat and eggs; protective foods containing vitamins, like milk, fruit and vegetables; and energy-giving foods containing carbohydrates, like sugar, bread and potatoes.

Here's a recipe for a cake that will help make your afternoon teas a success.

CARAMEL WALNUT CAKE

Ingredients: 1½ cups S.R. flour; ¾ cup sugar; ¼ lb. butter or margarine; 2 eggs; ½ cup milk; *¼ cup chopped walnuts.

Method: Cream butter and sugar, add eggs one at a time, mixing after each addition. Then add flour and milk, alternately, ending with flour. Add walnuts.

Pour into greased 8" ring tin and cook in moderate oven (350°) for about 40 minutes.

CARAMEL ICING

Place 1 packed cup brown sugar, ¼ cup milk and 1 dessert-spoon butter in a saucepan and bring to boil, stirring constantly. Boil for exactly 5 minutes, stirring only occasionally. Remove from heat and stir with wooden spoon until icing begins to thicken and then ice cake quickly. Decorate with cherries or walnuts.

*Walnuts optional. The same quantity of cherries, sultanas or chopped dates can be substituted for walnuts.

Cane Farmer's Family

Mrs. W. C. J. Smith, of West Plane Creek, Mackay, Queensland, with her sons Neil and Graham. Neil likes driving the tractor and helps his father on his 53-acre cane farm. The home is built on wooden piles to help keep it cool during the steamy summer months.

Sugar cane growing is not easy work but Australian growers, using modern methods, get big yields from their small farms.

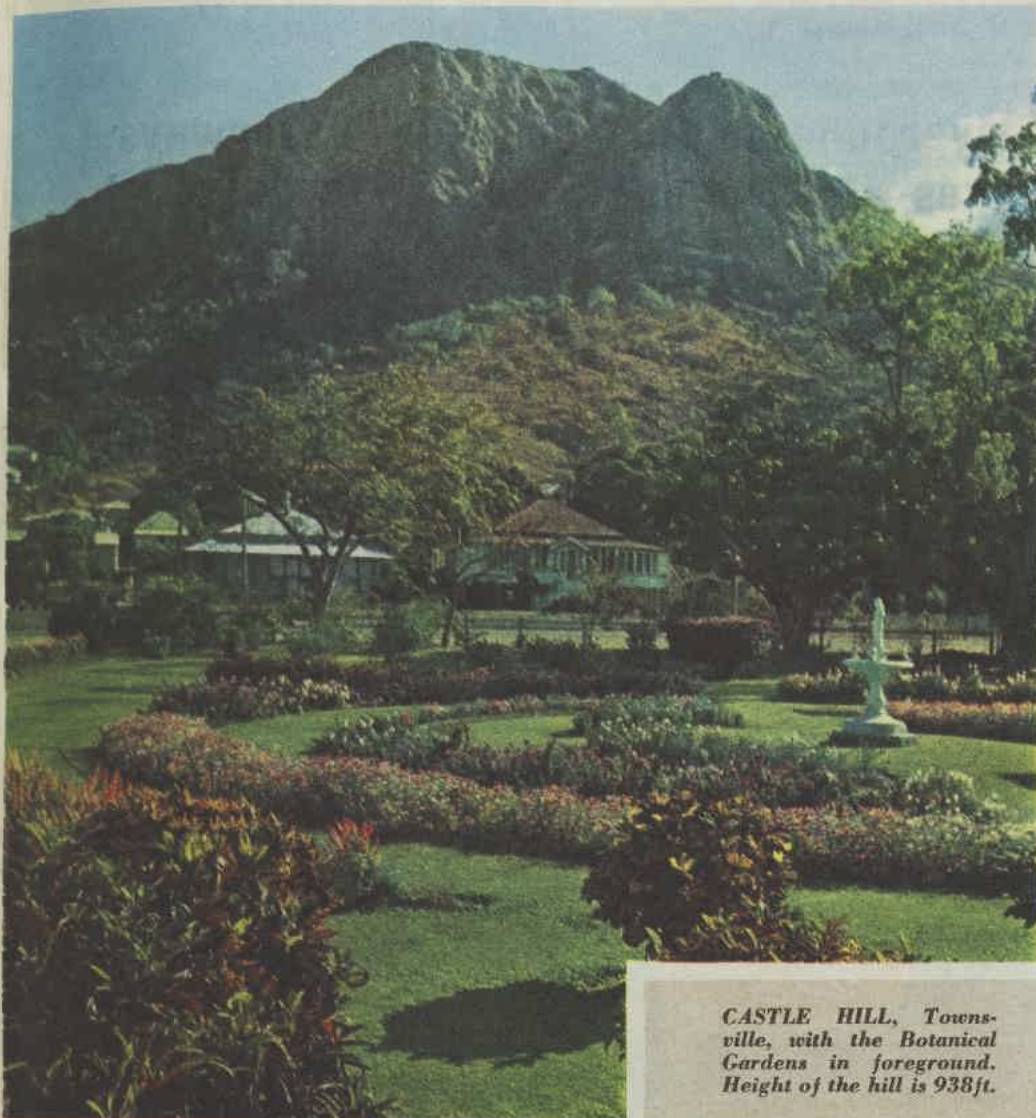
The women of the canelands, like Mrs. Smith, help a lot. Last year, Australian growers, supported by their wives, grew more than 9 million tons of cane which yielded 1,250,000 tons of raw sugar.



The Colonial Sugar Refining Company Limited

SYDNEY • MELBOURNE • ADELAIDE • BRISBANE • PERTH

QUEENSLAND TOURIST FEATURE



CASTLE HILL, Townsville, with the Botanical Gardens in foreground. Height of the hill is 938ft.

TOWNSVILLE — State's second port

- Townsville, with a population of 43,000, is North Queensland's main city and port.

IT is situated on the mouth of the Ross River, 832 miles north of Brisbane, and named after Captain Robert Towns, pastoralist and successful businessman.

The gold finds at Ravenswood (1868) and Charters Towers (1871) speeded up plans for an artificial harbor, with the result that Townsville is now Queensland's second seaport.

A feature of Townsville is Castle Hill, overlooking the city.

Castle Hill, which was known to the aborigines as Mount Cutheringa, is just 62 feet short of 1000ft., the official height for a mountain.

Local residents often say they'd like to take a few yards of soil to the top and make a mountain of it.

A good road leads to the top of the hill, from where there's a 40-mile view.

Mayor of Townsville, Mr. Angus Smith, says he hopes there will soon be a restaurant on the top of the hill—possibly a revolving one.

"There is also a possibility that a television tower will be placed there," he added. "There is great development in this city, including plans for an eight-storey multi-unit building."

Townsville's Tobruk Baths are the recognised practice grounds for Australia's best swimmers.

The city is the outlet for sugar from the Herbert River area, sheep and wool from the North-West Downs, cattle from the Gulf Country, and silver, lead, copper, and zinc from Mt. Isa, 600 miles away.

The Great Northern railway runs inland from Townsville to Charters Towers, Hughenden, Cloncurry, and Mt. Isa, and also serves the famous uranium town of Mary Kathleen.

Magnetic Island and nearby Hinchinbrook Passage are two "musts" for the Townsville visitor.

Early this century Townsville turned down a proposal by American interests to quarry Castle Hill and use its rocky substance to build a highway across the shallows of Cleveland Bay to Magnetic Island, seven miles away.

Magnetic Island is becoming famous for its annual swimming race, when men and women swim across to the mainland inside individual sharkproof cages made of steel and wire netting, and floated with oil drums.

This swimming race is scheduled for May 1 this year.

During World War II Townsville was a garrison town, with thousands of Australian and American troops camped around the city. Hundreds of warplanes shuttled from the aerodrome at Garbutt to the Battle of the Coral Sea.

CROCODILE HUNTING

- The far north has a tour for huntsmen who are prepared to rough it, but it's strictly for men only. Wives are recommended to spend the ten days in historic Cooktown.

At Welcome Siding, 45 miles from Cooktown, the hunters are met by Col Polkinghorne, an enterprising young cattleman, who takes them to Base Camp on Battle Camp Station.

The party hunts crocodiles, wild pig, kangaroo, dingoes, and ducks.

The first tour is scheduled for June 6 this year.

Cooktown is off the beaten track, perhaps because it is a town that progress has passed by.

The visitor may have a drink in historic hotels frequented by thirsty miners 80 years ago, or see the Cooktown Orchid, which was chosen last year to be the official floral emblem of Queensland.

FLY TAA TO BRAMPTON ISLAND



Dream holiday on the **GREAT BARRIER REEF**

Brampton Island—Carapark's new enterprise—is now ready to give you the holiday of a lifetime! Golden beaches, swaying palms, all the allure of a tropical coral wonderland... with first-class accommodation and every modern facility. And to make your holiday complete, fly there by luxurious T.A.A. Jet-Liner. Book at T.A.A. Holiday Travel Service, any Tourist Bureau, Travel Agent or Carapark Centre.

a Carapark Enterprise

LINDEMAN

The island a Princess chose



**Royal Seaforth Island
from beautiful Lindeman**

ADD DAYS TO YOUR HOLIDAY

★ **MORNING**—Leave Sydney

★ **NOON**—reach Lindeman

★ **NIGHT**—relax to the whispers of sea and palms

SEE your travel agent — or write us direct — for our holiday folder

**LINDEMAN ISLAND RESORT —
GREAT BARRIER REEF
via Mackay, Queensland**

First Land for Sale on Australia's Greatest Land Development

KAWANA ISLAND

£5,000,000 Playground of Surf Beaches, Waterways, Rivers and Lakes at Brisbane's Sunny North Coast



The Tremendous Development of
KAWANA ISLAND
has been entrusted to
AN ALFRED GRANT DEVELOPMENT CO.
BY THE QUEENSLAND GOVERNMENT

Kawana Island is Crown land of vital interest to the Queensland Govt. Government sponsored, it will be developed under Special Lease to rigid requirements of Govt. Dept. Heads and Local Authorities to standards equal to Australia's best, and available to buyers as **FREEHOLD TITLE**.

This is an artist's rendition of the Development, when completed, drawn from official plans.



FREE AIR TRAVEL
for Interstate & Country
Buyers...contact your nearest
Alfred Grant Office now

Sole Managing Agents:

ALFRED GRANT PTY. LTD.

Member: Real Estate Institute of Queensland

"AUSTRALIA'S LEADING LAND DEVELOPERS"

Head Office: Prudential Building, North Quay, Brisbane. 2 1301
Sydney: Milton & Alfred Grant Pty. Ltd. 228 Pitt St. Phone BM 6031.
Melbourne: 53 Queen St. Phone 61 3051.
Adelaide: Rooms 65 and 66, City Mutual Bldg., 118 King William St.
Hobart: 67 Murray St.
Alexandra Headland and Surfers' Paradise, Qld.



Kawana Island, fronting 6 miles of glorious white surf beaches, and the home of many varieties of colourful Queensland wild-flowers, joins the famous Caloundra and Mooloolaba resorts. It is the closest link to Brisbane in the Queensland Government's Brisbane to Noosa Coastal Highway Scheme.

The Town Plan for Kawana Island includes:

6 1/2 Mile Main Highway: providing 13 miles of highway frontages; approved sites available for Hotels, Motels, Service Stations and Shopping Centres.

4 Major Bridges: including those spanning the Mooloolah River and Currumbundi Lakes.

Construction of these major works commences next month. It is a Government requirement that they are completed in 18 months.

51 Mile Ocean Front Freeway: providing an ocean view drive along the entire beach frontage. All streets on Kawana Island will be fully bituminized with concrete kerbs and gutters.

6 Miles long, 300 feet wide, Intra-coastal Waterway: connecting Mooloolah River and Currumbundi Lakes, and 5 miles of Bays.

Buy now at Kawana Island, in the heart of Brisbane's sunny north coast, now undergoing tremendous development under the guidance of the Queensland Government and experienced Local Authorities.

First Release opportunity —

"Cooinda Waters" from £275

"Pt. Cartwright Park" and "Buddina Beach" from £975

"Banyandah Gardens" from £475

10% Deposit — 4 years' Terms — ALL LOTS

each 200 feet wide, provides 22 miles of water frontages and anchorages for ocean-going craft.

Two Country Clubs: One in the north, one in the south. The Northern Club to be commenced almost immediately.

175 Acres of Parks and Wildflower Reserves throughout the Development.

First Releases of Kawana Island Land include:

The only 48 sites available on famous Pt. Cartwright, overlooking ocean, beaches and coastline. Real Estate experts state that these sites constitute some of the best real estate ever released for sale in Australia.

Other first release sites include those which will front the Main Highway, Ocean Freeway, Waterways, Mooloolah River and Currumbundi Lakes.



POST COUPON FOR FREE INTRODUCTORY BROCHURE
To Alfred Grant Pty. Ltd., Prudential Building, North Quay, Brisbane, Q.

NAME

ADDRESS

WW



TOURISTS at Alex Griffiths' Bird Sanctuary, Currumbin Beach, watch lorikeets.

A haven for birds

● At his bird sanctuary at Queensland's Currumbin Beach, Mr. Alex Griffiths keeps the bees that keep the birds that thousands come to see.

ONCE bees were his business, birds his hobby.

Birds are still his hobby — but one that takes all day and sometimes half the night. "It all started," said Mr. Griffiths, dodging a flight of lorikeets swooping down for their breakfast, "with a saucer of bread and honey in the back garden."

That was 13 years ago. Alex Griffiths came to Currumbin, near the border of Queensland and New South Wales, to keep bees as he had done for eight years on Norfolk Island. His parents came, too, to retire.

Then one dry season he fed honey to the birds. The word got around. Birds came in hundreds, then thousands.

So did people — youngsters and their parents. All ages, they came to watch the feeding ritual.

Nowadays, some 250,000 people come every year to Alex Griffiths' sanctuary.

"I don't think many people realise," said he, gathering up dozens of sticky tin plates, "just what a lot of chores I have to do for these birds."

He did the washing up. Then he "cooked" breakfast — for thousands.

He mixed honey, bread, and water in two big shiny buckets for lorikeets, soldier-birds, leatherheads, honey-eaters, spangled drongos, and pigeons.

Mass meals

When natural food supplies are short, or in wet weather, the wild birds are now consuming 30 loaves of bread, 60lb. honey, and 100lb. grain and pellets a day.

The sanctuary covers nearly three acres of bushland, with a lake on one side.

Big lawns are studded with tame kangaroos, wallabies, Chinese geese, guinea-fowls, ducks, mallards, pheasants, furry-legged silky bantams, pigeons, and parrots.



FEARLESSLY, lorikeets perch on Alex Griffiths' head and shoulders on his lawn.

Guinea-pigs play behind a wire enclosure.

Peacocks stroll about or perch in the branches of the honeysuckle trees.

"Chinese geese," said Alex Griffiths, as he scratched the head of an affectionate peacock, "are exceptionally intelligent birds, but they don't seem to have the patience to sit on their eggs."

"I set the eggs under a muscovy duck. As soon as the young are hatched the other geese drive off the foster mother and take charge."

His is truly a sanctuary. It is both hospital and home for the maimed and friendless.

Sometimes the hospital is brimful of patients.

Once there were a wallaby, a hare, a baby kangaroo, a kookaburra, a tiny magpie with a broken leg . . . with Alex Griffiths and his mother bottle-feeding them and keeping hot-water bottles up to them all through the night.

The patients always want to stay on.

Even a koala that was treated after being badly hurt by a car on a nearby highway comes back every now and then.

CONCLUDING

QUEENSLAND
TOURIST
FEATURE

Caloundra to Mooloolaba—six-and-a-half miles of coast.

The area will be "islanded" by a man-made tidal canal, to give extra water frontage, in imitation of his Miami Keys project on the Gold Coast.

At Surfers' Paradise and all along the Gold Coast multi-storey buildings now going up are changing the skyline.

Fabulous prices are being paid for choice allotments.

Laurie Wall, who owns "Island in the Sun" flats, says the coast has been good to him, and now he's putting something back into it; a well-equipped water-ski ranch at Paradise Gardens, on the Nerang River, behind Surfers' Paradise, free for all.

Vacancy" signs that there still seems room for more.

Improved roads are also giving the come-hither sign to the motorist.

A brand-new road will soon link the Near North Coast beaches from Caloundra to Noosa, and development companies will open new beaches and create new towns.

Land development tycoon Alfred Grant, of Brisbane, has built two vast residential estates — one at Tamborine Mountain behind Surfers' Paradise and the other at Terranora Lakes, near Coolangatta.

Now Mr. Grant will create a £4 million residential estate known as Kawana Island, which will stretch almost from

From page 33

A motel firm plans to spend £80,000 on improving Brampton Island's accommodation, and it is expected that the Darling Downs city of Toowoomba will soon have several luxurious motels.

A new motel with more than 100 beds is also being built in Mackay, a city which is showing rapid development. It is the greatest sugar city in Queensland and the springboard for tours to Whitsunday Passage.

There's a constant line of motels (from 25/- a night) all along the Pacific Highway from Tweed Heads to Southport, and so many "No

It's Always 'Happy Voyaging' on...



Spend Five Perfect Days

Cruising to the Great Barrier Reef!

Could you imagine a more delightful holiday than a cruise through the lovely Whitsunday Islands — then out to the vast wonderland of the Great Barrier Reef? In five enchanted days you'll cruise into fiord-like inlets, swim off golden beaches, try your skill as a fisherman, visit the main tourist islands, explore the Outer Reef and, with the aid of a glass bottomed boat, view its exquisite coral grottoes. The 112-foot diesel cruisers, 'Roylen', 'Roylen II', 'Roylen Star' and 'Roylen Vonne', leave Mackay every Tuesday, returning Saturday afternoon.

MCLEAN'S ROYLEN CRUISES

Book Now at the Q'land Govt. Tourist Bureau, T.A.A. Agents-A.N.A. & all Travel Agents.

TROPIC ISLAND FUN AWAITS YOU ON —

South Mole

Waterskiing, aquaplaning, tennis, and dancing, coral gazing, cruising, or just wandering the valleys and hiking tracks . . . South Mole caters for you.

Enquire today at your nearest travel agent for free colour brochure.

"Esmeralda Luxury 5-day Cruise sails every Tuesday 9.30 a.m. from Cannon Vale Jetty, Proserpine."

Visiting Whitsunday Islands and the Great Barrier Reef.

Bookings at all Qld. Govt. Tourist Bureaux or any travel booking office."

GREEN ISLAND



Gem of the Barrier Reef Islands

Sunshine • Swimming • Fishing • Reefing
Glass Bottom Boat • Underwater Coral Observatory.

• Good Accommodation •
Hayles' Modern Diesel Tourist Vessels Fly Daily from Cairns.

Write to
HAYLES MAGNETIC ISLAND PTY. LTD.
P.O. Box 898, Cairns, Queensland.



People in
the know
sew with
SUPER
SHEEN



But you don't have to be a dress designer to appreciate the finer, neater stitching—the fabulous range of 340 boilproof shades—you get with Super Sheen size 50.

Super Sheen size 50 is the machine-choice of experts (sewing thread manufacturers recommend it, too), simply because it sews so well. Ask for it by name... Super Sheen size 50, on the slim, modern reel.

For the good of your sewing and your sewing machine, always sew with Coats Super Sheen.



CAS4.124

SEW IT FOR GOOD WITH COATS



Trade enquiries: ARTHUR BRUNT PTY. LTD., P.O. Box 74, Brunswick, Vic. (For N.S.W. only: Phone WL 6307... For Sth. Aust. only: Phone UA 9156)

The Mary Belle made a quick passage to Papeete, covering the two thousand four hundred nautical miles in twenty-five days! They carried a fair beam, trade wind all the way, but for one day of slumming about in the light airs of the doldrums on the Equator. They sighted Tahiti with the last of the light one evening, hove-to for the night and went to sleep, and sailed into the harbor of Papeete next morning.

They had need of all their sleep, because in Papeete every man's hand was against them. On their non-arrival at Hilo the French officials had been fully informed by Honolulu over the radio of their suspected destination, and there was quite a reception committee waiting for them on the quay. There was the harbor-master, an official in plain clothes from the Bureau de l'Administration, an official in plain clothes from the Banque de Indo-Chine, the Port Health Officer, and three gendarmes in uniform armed to the teeth.

There followed the most unpleasant hour that Keith Stewart had ever had to undergo. Jack Donnelly could produce no ship's papers at all, and no log, and was told that import duty would be due upon the value of his vessel on entry into French Oceania, probably at 30 per cent.; he was also liable to a considerable fine.

He had no bill of health. They would therefore be put in quarantine for thirty days and refused permission to land during that time.

He had no passport, and no visa to visit the islands; that merited another fine. Keith Stewart had a passport which the police immediately confiscated. He pointed out that no

Continuing . . .

TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 21

visa was required for France. They said that a visa was required for French Oceania, and he would be fined.

They were forced to produce what money and travellers' cheques they had which the official of the Banque de Indo-Chine immediately confiscated, giving them a receipt and stating that accounts would be opened to their credit, a first charge on which would be their liabilities to the administration.

After that the ship was searched very comprehensively by the gendarmes, who left everything in confusion. The party then departed, leaving one of the gendarmes as a guard at the head of the gangway. They were given to understand that they would be towed to the quarantine anchorage later in the day.

JACK DONNELLY

was dazed and bewildered by this rude reception. "I don't see why they want to be so mad about these tiddy little things," he said. "We haven't done nothing wrong."

"I suppose we set about it the wrong way," said Keith.

Later to console and amuse his captain, Keith got out the little petrol generator set and started it with a flick of his thumb: there was still a little petrol left in the bottle. Jack Donnelly got down on his hands and knees to watch it running.

"Smallest in the world," he breathed, entranced. He raised

his head. "Those folks who came on board, the guy from the banque and the guy from the Governor's office and all—they'd have been mighty interested to see this. Maybe we oughta showed it to them."

They lay moored stern on to the quay for most of the afternoon while Papeete slept. The sunlight on deck was torrid, and they sweated it out upon their berths. At half-past three there was a step on deck, and Keith got up. It was a French Customs officer, very smart. He held two folded papers in his hand, and gave one to each of them.

"Citation," he said. "What you say—summons. To the law court, the judge. On Monday, at eleven hours in the morning. I will come to fetch you."

Keith opened the paper, but it was all in French. "Can I see the British Consul?" he asked.

"There is no British Consul in Tahiti," said the man.

Keith said, "If you're going to take us to court we'll have to have an interpreter. We neither of us speak French."

The man nodded, not unfriendly. "There is here an Englishman, Mr. Devenish, who was consul many years. I will ask him to come and talk to you."

"Will we get fined?"

"Perhaps."

"What happens if we haven't enough money for the fine?"

The man smiled. "You will have to get some. Sell the ship perhaps. Otherwise, there is the prison."

He left them with that to think about and walked up into the town. They sat in the cockpit, dejected, waiting for something to happen.

"I don't like all this talk about going to prison," Keith muttered. He had an idea that a permit from the governor would be needed before he could visit Marokota Island, and prison didn't seem the best place from which to forward an application.

"I'd rather go to prison than have these Frenchies steal the Mary Belle," said Jack.

"I haven't any money to pay fines," said Keith. "But they can't put us in prison. There must be some way out."

"Aw, that's nothing," said Jack, comforting him. "I been in prison. There ain't nothing to it."

Towards evening the harbor launch came back and towed them out from the quay to the quarantine anchorage.

They were sitting disconsolate on deck next morning when the Flying Cloud sailed in. She came from the north, and she came very quickly, for it was one of Captain Petersen's principles in making a passage that he carried sail all the time, but whenever the speed dropped below about ten knots he put on his diesel to help her along. In consequence he made good more than twice the speed of the Mary Belle. He had sailed from Honolulu thirteen days behind them, but arrived in Papeete only a day later.

Jack watched her berth. "Gee, that's pretty to watch," he said. "That Captain Petersen, he handles her fine. Great big ship she is, too."

He turned to Keith, a brilliant thought fresh in his mind. "Maybe he'll come and talk to us. He was real nice that day. Suppose he does, let's you and me show him the generating set. I bet he's never seen anything like that."

He did not come that morning. They thought they saw him on deck inspecting the Mary Belle through field-glasses, but the ships were nearly a mile apart, and it was difficult to say. They thought they saw the woman on deck, too, though they could not be very certain about that, either. Sails were furled quickly and neatly, a derrick was rigged and lowered a big motor pinance into the water, and the captain went ashore to the Customs House quay.

There was nothing to be looked at any more. "Let's have some chow, 'n then lie down," Captain Donnelly said. "I wish that redhead would get in one of them boats 'n come on over."

They had the meal and lay down to sleep away the heat of the afternoon.

It was about three o'clock when the launch from the Flying Cloud came alongside. Captain Petersen hailed them. "Mary Belle! Anyone aboard?"

Jack stuck his head up out of the hatch. "Sure," he said. "They won't let us go any other place."

"Mind if I come aboard?"

"Okay."

The launch drew alongside. Keith joined Jack on deck. "We're supposed to be in quarantine," he said.

"That's okay," said Captain Petersen. "I've just come from the Harbor Office." He swung himself over the bulwarks on to the deck of the Mary Belle.

To page 53

(Copyright)

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 20, 1960

A ROOM OF ONE'S OWN

HOME AND FAMILY



THE DUKE OF WINDSOR



A DUKE'S DEN. The Duke of Windsor's past life is reflected in this room of his home outside Paris. The Prince of Wales' feathers and Royal Standards are among the wall decorations. The table is made from a British drum.

● Rooms gain their charm from the people who live in them

By ANTHONY WEST

LONG ago I must have preferred styles to people, for what I liked most about a room was the way it was decorated.

How I envied people lucky enough to have eighteenth-century or Regency houses furnished with carefully chosen textiles, silver, and pieces, so that a person of the period would feel perfectly at home in them.

But now that I have come to prefer character and personality to style — to prefer people to things—I find period rooms and excessively mannered interiors less and less interesting.

The rooms I remember with pleasure now are all contemporary rooms, comfortable rooms, rooms which I cannot think of without also thinking of their occupants.

Sticklers' ideas

The principal element in these rooms is that they reflect the careers of the occupants. It is what the people themselves are, what they have been, that gives the rooms their tone and pleasantness.

Purists of the decorative arts find such rooms detestable with their excess of books and magazines, their varieties of pictures in various styles, their loyalty to old beloved things regardless of fashion, and their sentimental attachments to objects which are

only made tolerable by their associations with the past.

But I disagree. As for your "clever little room," you may have it.

Josephine created one such for her up-and-coming husband, Napoleon Bonaparte.

Its walls were covered with a thin striped material resembling tent cloth, and so was the ceiling, which was artfully made to look like the roof of a tent.

The six chairs were made to look like drums without backs.

The two beds were both the same at the head as at the foot, and each end had the same incongruous motif of a Roman Legionary's shield poised crossways between two field guns, whose muzzles pointed to the roof.

In each corner, as well as at each side, of the fireplace were souvenirs of the Orient—gigantic ceremonial fly whisks, trophies from Napoleon's Egyptian campaign.

The whole horrible blunder is still to be seen, lovingly preserved in the Chateau de Boran. It has the perfection in style, and the terrible sadness, of all rooms created in one piece and decorated with ideas instead of love and time.

For no amount of "cleverness" can give a room the harmony and charm which it derives from being lived in sensitively and intelligently.

The room designed as a whole becomes a bore in a year or two and a gaol in five years — the occupant has changed and it has not.

Those ideas which at first seemed most chic and most amusing—the "cleverest"—are the most boring things about it. Sometimes they are even

should be or as they expect one to be.

Patience is necessary because the room cannot be hurried into existence. It must grow as its occupant grows, and it can never be finished.

Intelligence is necessary to scrutinise those objects which intrude themselves — in the guise of gifts, necessities, and things one must have because they are fashionable. It also takes intelligence to answer the questions of what things—colors, textures, shapes, and styles—one really likes.

What should be in a good

range of greys, please me, and, in a sense, set the color of the room.

On the next wall is a picture by Lily Cushing.

It is not in the least abstract, and it represents a girl lying asleep in a half-sunlit, half-shadowed room in Cannes.

To my wife and myself it speaks of the heat and languor of a summer afternoon by the Mediterranean, a region we learned to love before we met.

But the Hedda Stern picture of New York, which hangs on the far side of the wall, is another matter. This is a narrow upright abstraction in black, grey, and blue, and is the very essence of an aspect of New York which my wife and I both love.

In the corner beyond is a black marble pedestal surmounted by a Roman portrait head with a severe and dedicated expression.

This somewhat forbidding face had associations with my wife's earliest childhood. She is fond of it on that account, and because I am fond of her I have become fond of it, too.

On the other hand, the lustre plaques between the two windows on the next wall recall to me glimpses of a settled, ordered life which I saw through cottage and farmhouse doors when I was a perplexed child in England, and settled, explicable lives had an enormous appeal for me.

There the plaques are, because I am fond of something not in my remote past.

On the polished elm wood dining-table is a large black plate, generally covered with

fruit, which we bought at the pottery where it was made in Japan.

Beside it is a small flat dish in which there are a hundred or so minute but beautifully colored seashells from a beach in Ireland, on which we spent the happiest of summers.

A bird flies in

Around the table are set eight black, elegantly spare Italian chairs with rush seats, which I bought because, when I first looked at them, they were so new that the rushes still had the sweet smell of newly cut salt hay, and they brought with them a suggestion of the world of peasant crafts which gives European culture its underlying strength.

Over the fireplace is a large gilt eagle.

The bird flew in, the last of all the things in the room, when a house belonging to my wife's mother was being closed.

"Would you like the eagle?" Oh, yes, indeed we would.

It arrived, and from the moment it was hung it looked as if it had always been there and as if the room had been built around it.

So as I look round this room, which pleases me as much as any room I have ever had, I recognise that it is good, because time and our lives have made it.

Good rooms build themselves to the pattern of one's life as time passes. They come not out of pattern books and off sheets of color samples, but out of the conflicts and coincidences of necessity and preference which make one what one is.

● Anthony West, critic and novelist, was born in 1914. He is the son of two famous English authors, H. G. Wells and Rebecca West. One of his books, "On a Dark Night" (called "The Vintage" in U.S.) was, according to the "Manchester Guardian," "full of the bitterness of 20th-century disillusionment." In 1950 he moved to the U.S. to live in Stonington, Connecticut, with his second wife.

detestable — their irrelevance has become apparent.

What possesses a person who, say, has never been in Japan to go in for Japanese things like low tables and scroll paintings? Time shows there is something fraudulent about such objects.

The occupant of a room which possesses excessive quantities of them is not unlike a traveller with false papers: he presents his visitors with evidences of experiences that he hasn't had. Falsehoods are always unendurable.

"Have courage"

What then is the secret of a good-looking, liveable room?

The answer is courage, patience, and intelligence.

Courage is necessary to present oneself to one's friends as one is, not as one thinks one

room? There is no answer to this question unless it is simply things one likes and things one needs.

I like my dining-room in the country not because it represents some decorative idea, but because it is a visual record of experience and happiness, and everything in it means something to me.

Two of its walls are pierced by windows, one is blank, and one is broken up by a doorway and a stone fireplace.

The blank wall, painted white like all the others, is dominated by a large abstract painting by John Piper.

This is the first picture I ever bought, and it represents for me that adventure. Its strong blues, reds, and whites, played off against a subtle

From today, a wonderful new washing experience for you!

NEW PERSIL'S BRIGHTENING DISCOVERY GIVES YOU AN EVEN WHITER WASH!

**This is the discovery that helped Persil in England
to out-sell every other washing powder by 3 to 1**

In England, where long winters, soot and grime make washing a real headache, Persil has long been a favourite with housewives for getting the whitest possible wash. With its new brightening magic, New Persil has become far and away the most popular washing powder. Never before has there been such pure, gleaming whiteness! Get a packet of New Persil and see the result of this new brightness in your next wash.



New Persil is specially recommended for every type of washing machine. Whatever type of washer you own — you'll find New Persil's pure, soapy suds shift dirt as nothing else can. No wonder Persil is recommended for all washing machines.



Prove New Persil's pure gentleness, too! Feel the smoothness of your hands after you wash-up in New Persil. That's the real three-times-a-day test of gentleness.



TREBLE YOUR MONEY BACK J. Kitchen & Sons are so confident of New Persil that they will refund treble your purchase money if New Persil does not live up to everything claimed for it in this advertisement. Just return the unused portion of your packet to Box 1590 G.P.O., Sydney.

P:185.VVWFP4

PRE-NATAL "MUSTS"

By SISTER MARY JACOB, our Mothercraft Nurse

● Although normal pregnancy is not a period of invalidism, extra strain is placed upon the various organs of the body, so it is most important to keep 100 per cent. fit.

HERE are some essentials for healthy, happy pregnancy.

1. A pure bloodstream

It is important that no poisons get into a mother-to-be's blood, for her blood supplies nature with all the building materials for the developing baby.

An early visit to the dentist is essential, for decayed teeth or septic roots of teeth put poison into the bloodstream.

The old belief that dental attention, especially extractions, should be avoided has fortunately gone.

The dentist will advise another check-up in about three months, for there is a tendency for teeth to decay when a baby is developing if the mother's diet is short of calcium, phosphorus, and other minerals and vitamins required for good bone formation.

The doctor and dentist will advise on the best time to have extractions or heavy dental work done.

Septic tonsils, a chronic appendix, wrong foods (causing indigestion), impure air, and constant mental worry

can all cause poisons to enter the bloodstream.

2. Fresh air

The unborn baby cannot get life-giving oxygen from the air, but has to get it through the mother's blood.

To give the baby enough oxygen, the mother-to-be must have fresh air day and night. Her bedroom must be well ventilated, and she should spend as much time as possible outside. Often she can do deep-breathing exercises outside.

3. Diet

A well-balanced and nutritious diet is vitally important, because nature cannot build an A-class baby unless supplied with the best materials.

I will deal very briefly with diet, for there are so many radio and TV talks and articles on the subject.

It is quality, not quantity, of food that counts. The old theory of "eating for two" has long been disproved.

A nutritious diet is needed to:

- Maintain strength and fitness.
- Provide good building materials for the baby.
- Build up the mother's

muscular tone in preparation for labor.

- Enable the mother's body to return rapidly to its normal condition after the birth.
- Help prepare for the successful nursing (natural feeding) of the baby.

During pregnancy, more protein (for rapid growth), calcium, phosphorus, iron, and other mineral salts and vitamins are needed.

These are contained in "protective" foods, which include milk (and all milk products, such as cream, butter, cheese), eggs, meat, vegetables, raw salad foods, fresh and dried fruits, and whole grain (i.e., unrefined) cereals.

Meat, fish, and eggs are good protein foods. The internal organs of animals — liver and kidneys — are rich in iron and vitamins, as is also egg-yolk.

The developing baby needs to be supplied richly with iron, which is stored in its liver, so that at birth its body contains relatively five times as much iron as its mother's.

The reason for this is that for some weeks after birth the baby will be exclusively on a milk diet, which, although rich in other valuable things, is deficient in iron. (Premature babies show an

iron-deficiency and have to be given an iron preparation.)

Good diet usually supplies enough vitamins and minerals, but the doctor may advise tablets for any deficiency.

4. Elimination

Waste matters from the mother's body should be freely eliminated; she must also get rid of the unborn baby's waste.

Constipation must be avoided.

However, the mother-to-be should avoid purgatives, taking only, if necessary, mild aperients to which she is accustomed.

NOTE: An enema is dangerous during pregnancy, and should be given only if ordered by the doctor.

Proper exercise and natural laxative foods (molasses is excellent) should prevent constipation.

The skin should be kept active and toned up by a daily bath followed by massage.

An important function of the skin is to eliminate, through the pores, poisons from the bloodstream.

5. Exercise

Never neglect this essential. Apart from the special breathing and other pre-natal

exercises, the daily routine should include suitable exercise.

Housework, when the body is correctly used, is excellent, and so is a brisk daily walk.

Outdoor sports, such as swimming or golf (provided the mother-to-be is accustomed to them), can be continued in moderation.

Over-exertion, especially in the first three months, and over-tiredness are to be avoided.

Lifting heavy and awkward weights can cause a miscarriage.

A golden rule is never to get to the point of fatigue.

6. Rest

Periods of rest and complete relaxation should follow periods of work and exercise.

The growth and development of the baby is greater during sleep and rest.

7. Weight checks

Weight must be regularly checked. The doctor will

weigh his patient at each visit to see if she is putting on too much, or putting it on too quickly. He may adjust diet.

It is not good to put on too much, nor for the baby to get over-fat before birth.

Of course, it is normal to put on weight (perhaps 21 to 25 pounds) because of the increasing weight of the baby, the increased weight of the uterus and contents, the bigger blood supply during pregnancy, and enlarged breasts.

8. Care of kidneys

It is of vital importance that the doctor test the urine every month at first and more often in the last weeks to see if the kidneys are standing up to the extra work. Any sudden diminution in the amount of urine passed should be immediately reported to him.

Another essential is the preparation of breasts and nipples to avoid cracked nipples—a common cause of early feeding troubles and sometimes needless weaning.

● The sixth revised and enlarged edition of Sister Jacob's book on parentcraft "You and Your Baby" is now obtainable from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney. Price 15/-, plus 10d. postage. This completely illustrated volume covers in detail pre-natal and post-natal care, nursery care, feeding and weaning, and the management and diet of the child up to five years. "You and Your Baby" is also obtainable at leading booksellers in capital cities.



Safe First Aid hangs by * this thread

Only **BAND-AID**
Adhesive Bandages with
"zip-open thread"
have all these features:

- ★ WRAPPED and SEALED for EXTRA PROTECTION
- ★ ROUND ENDS for NEATER, FIRMER STICKING
- ★ SUPER STICK ★ 20 AIR-VENTS for FASTER HEALING

BAND-AID

TRADE MARK
ADHESIVE BANDAGES

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON PTY LTD

NEW!

PINEAPPLE CHIP CAKE MIX

a wonderful new flavour with
crystals of real pineapple right in the mix!



Cake Mix

"Every cake perfect —
White Wings guarantee it"



says Joan Winfield of White Wings Test Kitchens.
Hundreds of thousands of Australian house-
wives have proved that with White Wings
Cake Mix they can bake a better cake than
ever before. This marvellous recipe based
on the finest possible ingredients produces a
home-made cake of unequalled quality. White
Wings guarantee it — and you'll be excited
and delighted with the result.

Just add one egg -- mix -- and bake !

Another treat for the family in wonderful White Wings Cake Mix — delicious with the rich taste and sunny goodness of real tropical pineapples. Bake a cake tonight and they'll come bouncing back for more. Just one egg—mix—and bake and you'll get the tastiest most mouth-watering cake you've ever made.

NOW IN FIVE PRIZE WINNING FLAVOURS



Omelet wins £5 prize

● A New South Wales reader wins the main prize in this week's recipe contest with a recipe for a Spanish-style omelet suitable as a brunch, luncheon, or supper dish.

THE main prizewinning recipe contains zucchini squash, but tomato, choko, onion, mushroom, or eggplant slices could be substituted if preferred.

A consolation prize of £1 is awarded for a recipe for a refreshing non-alcoholic fruit punch—ideal to serve to teenage or younger-set parties. Lemonade or carbonated drinks could replace the ginger ale if desired.

All spoon measurements are level.

ZUCCHINI OMELET

Four small zucchini, 2 tablespoons peanut oil or melted margarine, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 4 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup grated Parmesan cheese, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon oregano (powdered).

Wash but do not peel zucchini, cut into 1-8in. thick slices. Heat oil or margarine in large frying-pan, fry zucchini with pepper and salt about 10 minutes or until golden-brown and tender. Turn slices occasionally to cook evenly. Beat eggs slightly, mix in cheese and oregano. Pour over zucchini, cook slowly until eggs are set. Place under pre-heated grill to brown lightly. Cut into wedges to serve. This dish can be served hot or cold, with accompaniments such as buttered rolls and salad.

First prize of £5 to Mrs. N. Vivian, 10 Fairway Ave., St. Ives, N.S.W.

FRUIT-CUP PUNCH

Eight teaspoons tea, 2 cups sugar, 2 cups boiling water, 2



OREGANO-FLAVORED OMELET, served with fresh salad and buttered bread rolls, makes a nutritious, appetising dish. See recipe at left.

cups lemon juice, 2 cups cold water, 2 oranges, 1 cup strawberries (tinned, frozen, or fresh), $\frac{1}{2}$ medium pineapple, 1 large banana, $1\frac{1}{2}$ pints chilled ginger ale.

Pour boiling water over tea, infuse 5 minutes. Strain into medium-sized bowl. Add sugar, stir until dissolved. Then add cold water and lemon juice, chill well. Cut pineapple into small cubes, slice banana thinly. Peel oranges, cut into small sections. Pour tea mixture into punch bowl, add chopped fruits and strawberries. Lastly add chilled ginger ale. Serve in punch cups with cocktail picks for spearing the fruits.

Consolation prize of £1 to Mrs. A. Chapman, Forrest St., Goomalling, W.A.

Soothing and sure Medication for Children's Coughs and Heavy Colds

Don't put up with children's hacking coughs at night. Let them have their precious sleep — give them

Woods' GREAT PEPPERMINT COMPOUND

ONE OF THE OLDEST BUT STILL THE BEST FAMILY REMEDY

Always keep a bottle in the home



Start the Weekend well with **WEEKEND** 1/- from your Newsagent

Once a beauty, always a beauty...

—especially true of Hollywood bedspreads with their timeless, enduring loveliness. In luxurious Chenille, they wash beautifully, need no ironing, won't wrinkle, crease or crush. Whether your decorator scheme be traditional or sophisticate, Hollywood brings you a host of enchanting designs to add new beauty to your bedroom. Choose from an exciting range of heavenly high-fashion colours—including classic, immaculate white.

Illus: "SUNSET STRIP" (Design No. 77). Fringed throwover of pebble cloth, with the design frosted in new, new lint-free rayon—won't shed fluff ever! 19 colours. Double or 3-ft. sizes—priced lower than you'd ever dream. At all good stores.

hollywood

—for the modern way of life

HOLLYWOOD TEXTILES PTY. LTD.
216-220 Wyndham St., Alexandria, N.S.W.



COOKING THE MODERN WAY

● The increasingly high standard of packaged, ready-mix foods now on the market enables the modern housewife to serve her family appetising meals with a minimum of time and effort.

A WIDE range of basic recipe foods partially prepared for cooking is being put up in packaged form by Australian manufacturers. The quality is equal to, if not better than, many of the similar overseas varieties which have become an accepted item of everyday cookery in the countries where they are made.

The ingenious housewife can adapt the set formula for these preparations to her own requirements and thus provide many variations from the one dish.

On this page are some new ideas — try them and then experiment for yourself — but be sure you do not alter the proportions of the ingredients without careful thought to basic cookery rules.

All spoon measurements in these recipes are level and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure is used.

HAMBURGER-CHEESE TART

One packet pastry mix, milk, 1lb. hamburger mince, 2 tablespoons shortening, 2 thinly sliced onions, 1 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 1 dessertspoon finely chopped parsley, 1 tablespoon flour, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup tomato puree, 2 egg-whites, pinch saffron (optional), extra $\frac{1}{2}$

teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons grated cheese.

Prepare pastry mix according to directions, adding milk as specified. Roll out on floured board to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness, line 8in. tart-plate. Trim and decorate edge, glaze with a little milk, bake in hot oven 10 minutes. Prepare meat mixture. Heat shortening in pan, add onion, and saute until lightly browned. Add meat and continue cooking (stirring constantly to prevent mince forming lumps) until lightly browned. Drain off excess fat, add Worcestershire sauce, parsley, puree, and flour, season with salt and pepper. Cover with lid and simmer 20 minutes, stirring occasionally. Fill meat mixture into pastry case, top with egg-whites beaten stiffly with saffron and salt, and lastly cheese folded in lightly. Bake in moderate oven 15 to 20 minutes.

INDIVIDUAL TUNA SHORTCAKES

One packet scone mix, 2 tablespoons grated tasty cheese, milk, egg-glazing, 1 large tin tuna, 1 tin or packet mushroom soup, 1 small packet frozen peas, 2 tablespoons chopped parboiled red pepper, salt, cayenne pepper, parsley to garnish.

Prepare scone mix according to directions on packet, adding cheese and then milk as specified. Knead lightly, roll out on floured board to $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thickness. Using $\frac{7}{8}$ in. pastry-cutter, cut into rounds. Place on greased oven-tray, brush tops with egg-glazing, and bake in hot oven 10 to 12 minutes. Mean-

while prepare filling. Make soup according to directions, but using half liquid specified. Add flaked tuna, thawed peas, and red pepper, season to taste with salt and cayenne, simmer 5 minutes, stirring constantly. Join two cooked scones together with tuna mixture, spoon extra mixture on top. Arrange on serving-platter, garnish with parsley.

ROLLED ASPARAGUS PANCAKES

One packet scone mix, 3 cups milk, 1 egg, butter for frying, 2 cups thick white sauce, 1oz. grated cheese, 1 tin asparagus, 2 rashers chopped sauteed bacon, salt, cayenne pepper, tomato wedges, and parsley to garnish.

Empty scone mix into basin, rub through fingers to remove any lumps. Make well in centre, drop in unbeaten egg and a little of the milk, and stir until smooth batter is formed. Add remainder of milk; mix well. Melt a little butter in frying-pan, drain off any excess. Pour in sufficient batter barely to cover base of pan. Cook until browned underneath, then turn and brown other side. Continue in this way until all batter is used. Spread pancakes with prepared filling, roll up. Place on serving-dish and garnish with asparagus spears, tomato wedges, and parsley.

To Make Filling: Combine white sauce and cheese in saucepan, stir over heat until cheese melts. Fold in chopped drained asparagus, reserving some for garnishing (liquid can replace half of the milk when making sauce), and bacon, season with salt and pepper.

RHUBARB COBBLER

One bunch rhubarb, 1 tin apple pulp, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, 1 cup water, 1 teaspoon lemon

INDIVIDUAL TUNA SHORTCAKES (below), a quickly made yet tasty lunch dish, needs one packet of scone mix as the basic ingredient.

juice, grated rind $\frac{1}{4}$ lemon, 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ dessertspoons cornflour, 1 packet steamed pudding mix.

Wash and dry rhubarb, cut into 1in. lengths. Heat sugar and water together in saucepan, add rhubarb, and cook gently until soft. Remove rhubarb pieces from liquid, measure 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups, adding a little water if necessary. Add cornflour which has been blended with a little water, stir over heat until boiling; simmer 3 minutes. Add cooked rhubarb, lemon rind and juice, and apple pulp to thickened liquid, mix well. Fill mixture into deep greased oven-ware dish. Prepare pudding mix according to directions on packet, using extra ingredients as specified. Spoon on to rhubarb and apple in rough heaps, bake in moderate oven 20 to 30 minutes or until topping is cooked and lightly browned.

LEMON MERINGUE TART

One packet pastry mix, milk, 1 packet lemon pie-filling, water, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar for meringue.

Prepare pastry mix according to directions on packet, adding milk as specified. Roll out thinly on floured board; lift carefully into 8in. tart-plate; trim edge, decorate with pinched frill; glaze with milk. Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes or until pastry is cooked. Remove from oven; allow to cool. Meanwhile prepare lemon filling.





HOME-STYLE COOKERY from packaged mixes. These rolled asparagus pancakes, lemon meringue tart, speedy fruit cake, banana peppermint desserts, and rhubarb cobbler are some of the recipe adaptations featured on these two cookery pages.

Follow directions on packet, adding egg-yolks and water as specified. Fill into cooked and cooled pastry case; allow filling to cool. Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar, continue beating until mixture stands in peaks. Spoon roughly around edge of lemon filling and place in slow oven until meringue is set and lightly browned.

SPEEDY FRUIT CAKE

One packet plain cake-mix, 1 8oz. tin crushed pineapple, 2oz. dates, 8oz. seedless raisins, 2 tablespoons golden syrup, 1 teaspoon mixed spice, 8oz. mixed candied fruits, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 2 eggs.

Place well-drained pineapple, chopped dates, raisins, candied fruits, golden syrup, spice, walnuts, and soda into saucepan. Stir over low heat until boiling; remove from heat, allow to cool. Place cake-mix in basin, add cooled fruit mixture and eggs. Beat until well mixed. Pour mixture into well-greased loaf or square cake-tin and bake in moderate oven 1 hour. When cake is

quite cold, top with lemon-flavored icing, decorate with dried fruits.

BANANA PEPPERMINT DESSERTS

One packet plain cake-mix, 1 egg, milk and water, 1 packet lime jelly crystals, 1 packet lime-flavored flummery, few drops peppermint essence, whipped, sweetened cream, banana slices dipped in lemon juice, chopped walnuts and cherries to decorate.

Prepare cake-mix according to directions on packet, adding egg and milk or water as specified. Fill into greased lamington-tin, bake 35 to 40 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Make jelly in usual way, fill into wetted individual recess moulds, chill until set. Prepare flummery as given on packet, adding a few drops of peppermint essence. Pour into mould or basin, chill until firm. Cut cake into 3in. rounds, using sharp knife and large pastry-cutter as guide. Place cake rounds on individual serving-dishes, unmould one jelly on to each. Spoon prepared peppermint flummery around base of cake, fill recess with cream, decorate with banana slices, walnuts, and a cherry.

LAYERED MOCHA LOAF

One package chocolate cake-mix, 1 egg, milk or water, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon allspice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon nutmeg, 2 teaspoons instant coffee.

Empty contents of packet into large basin, add spices and coffee. Prepare as directed on package, adding milk or water and egg as specified. Fill mixture into greased loaf-tin, bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Allow to cool on cake-cooler. When quite cold, cut cake crosswise into four even layers. Spread prepared frosting between each layer, cover top and sides. Sprinkle with grated chocolate or chopped walnuts.

Frosting: Four ounces butter or substitute, pinch salt, $3\frac{1}{2}$ cups sifted icing-sugar, 1 egg, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 dessertspoon instant coffee, 1 tablespoon cream or evaporated milk, grated chocolate or walnuts.

Cream butter until soft, gradually add 2 cups icing-sugar and salt; mix well. Add egg, vanilla, and coffee, then cream, and

lastly remaining icing-sugar; mix thoroughly and use as given above.

CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT GATEAU

One packet chocolate cake-mix, 1 egg, milk or water, 1 tray prepared ice-cream, 2oz. crushed peppermint candies, 2 or 3oz. chocolate peppermints.

Prepare chocolate cake-mix according to directions on packet, adding egg and milk or water as specified. Fill mixture into greased recess tin, bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Turn out, allow to cool on cake-cooler. Fill recess in cake with scoops of ice-cream and sprinkle with crushed candy. Melt chocolate peppermints in basin over boiling water, spoon over cake, and serve immediately.

Alternatively, ice-cream could be replaced by a marshmallow filling made from boiling together 1 cup sugar, 1 cup water, and 1 dessertspoon gelatine for 10 minutes. Add little lemon juice or vanilla, then allow it to cool before whisking until white and frothy.

By **LEILA C. HOWARD**, OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERT

EXPANDABLE HOUSE WITH STUDY

● This week's plan has been designed for our Home Planning Service under the direction of architects Kevin Borland and Geoff Trewenack.

NO. 828 in our series of small Home Plans, it is built around an internal patio, which supplies its own attractive view for the living-room and gallery.

Plans for No. 828 and all other Home Plans can be bought for £10/10/- a full set from any of our Home Planning Centres. (Addresses are listed below right.)

"A study-bedroom has been included in this design, which is quite an unusual feature," the architects explained. "It can be screened off from the rest of the bedroom and has its own entrance on to the patio."

There is a large bathroom to cope with the needs of a young family. The laundry is also spacious.

Kitchen and dining-room are combined and the wide gallery can double as a play area for the children on wet days.

Capable of expansion to four bedrooms, this house has a frontage of 47ft. With the two bedrooms only, as shown in the plan at right, the house covers an area of 12 squares if built in timber and 13 in brick.

Cost in timber is approximately £3690 to £4300 and in brick between £3950 and £4800.

Carport as shown in the perspective sketch above would cost about £185.

For accurate costs on your own site, please consult your local Home Planning Centre.

As well as selling a great variety of small Home Plans, the Centres will arrange, for a small fee, for a representative to inspect your site and advise you about the most suitable plan for your budget, your family's requirements, and the land on which you are going to build.

Under the direction of architects and staffed with qualified personnel, these Centres will deal with all your tricky and

firesome home-building problems, from the best choice of septic tank to the right sort of knocker on the front door.

Addresses of the Centres are:

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium.

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium. (Please telephone X6111 to consult architect at this Centre.)

ADELAIDE: John Martin's.

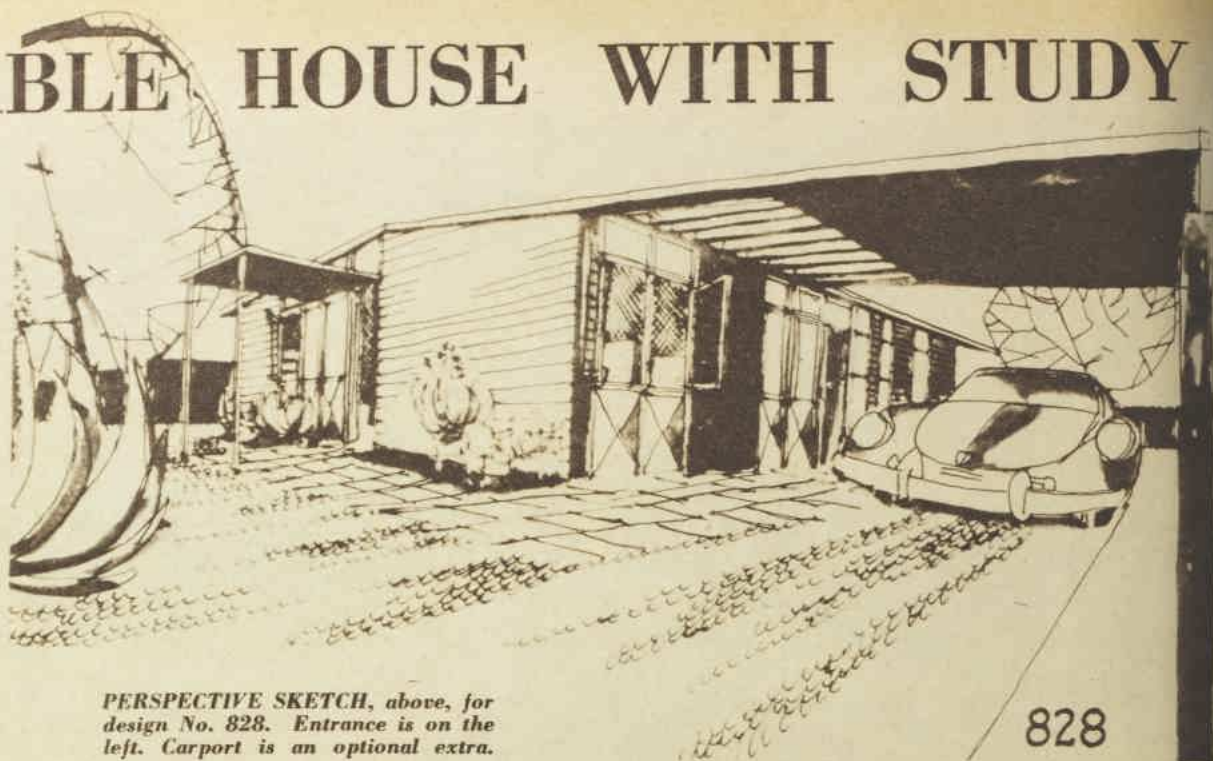
HOBART: FitzGerald's. (Please telephone 27221 to consult architect at this Centre.)

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott's.

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern's. (Please address all mail to this Centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.)

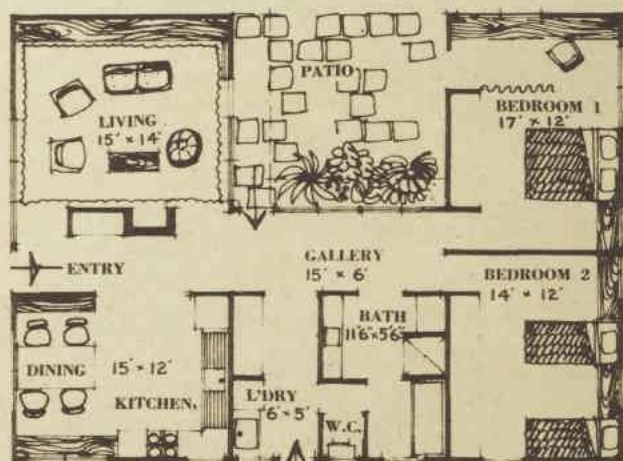
CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern's. (Please telephone J2311 to consult architect at this Centre.)

BRISBANE: McWhirter's.



PERSPECTIVE SKETCH, above, for design No. 828. Entrance is on the left. Carport is an optional extra.

828



FLOOR PLAN No. 828. Main bedroom incorporates a study. Living-room looks on to the patio.

828

It's you they're talking about!



Tact
protection
lasts all day!

It's no secret when you don't use a deodorant — everybody knows! And they talk about it; but not to you. The daily bath or shower is *not* enough... there's only one way to be certain that you don't offend — use Tact. Tact removes doubt... ensures personal freshness 24 hours a day and promotes ease and self-confidence in every possible situation, at home or away, at work or play. Tact is safe for normal skins, easy to apply and dries rapidly. Start today... make it part of your every day toilette routine.

Tact

DEODORANT
CHECKS perspiration
STOPS odour 24 hours!



PERCHED like an eagle's eyrie high in the gum trees above Whale Beach, 20 miles north of Sydney, the stone home of Dr. and Mrs. H. E. Sheridan overlooks both the Pacific Ocean and the quiet reaches of Pittwater (seen through the living-room window, at right). Also in the carefully planned garden is an ironbark log cabin (above, right), once used as a studio by former owner artist Bonar Dunlop, who is now living in England.

Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

AUSTRALIAN

HOMES



NEW

ALL NEW HOOVER (Reg. Trade Mark) *Constellation* WALK-ON-AIR

You've never had cleaning
so thorough, so easy—you've
never had cleaning so quick



NEW

Revolutionary cleaning head. You'll never change floor tools again! Constellation's new cleaning head glides over *every* type of floor surface. It's *extra-wide* to cover more floor area, and it cleans the biggest room with far fewer strokes.



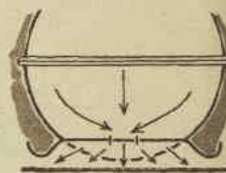
NEW

Telescopic extension wand. The Constellation's newly-designed one-piece extension wand opens out like magic to just the right length for high or low cleaning, telescopes to a compact 22 inches for easy storage.



NEW

Improved "walk-on-air" with specially re-designed cleaner base. New vacuum and dust seals mean stronger suction to lift out even the deepest dirt, the most stubborn threads and fluff.



NEW

Completely re-designed cleaning tools. There's even a new polishing mop that needs no assembling. All tools are plastic-covered, can't scratch furniture. And there's a spray gun for Dad, too!



NEW

Colour and styling throughout. From its finned handle to the tip of its radical cleaning head, this is the most exciting cleaner ever designed! You'll love its breathtaking colouring, too — antique gold and ivory.



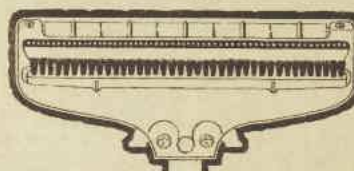
PLUS

these famous Constellation features. You'll clean right round the room from floor to ceiling with Constellation's double-stretch hose. Throw-away dust bag means your hands never touch dirt — can be thrown away or re-used.

this is the most advanced cleaning head ever developed

Hoover Constellation's entirely new cleaning head gives far greater cleaning efficiency. It glides over your carpets on nylon coasters and cleans by suction, brush and comb — it's wider too, covers more floor area to make cleaning far, far

quicker. But, best of all — this wonder cleaning head *cleans all types of floors!* You go straight from carpet to lino or polished wood and back again with just a touch of your toe — you'll never change floor tools again.



PRICE 42 GNS.
Ask your Hoover retailer about
his special easy terms.

ALL NEW HOOVER CONSTELLATION

"Well," he said. "You boys have certainly got yourselves a mess of trouble here."

"Aw," said Jack, "that doesn't amount to anything. It's only paper stuff. We haven't done nothing wrong."

"Well," said Captain Petersen thoughtfully, "that's certainly one way of looking at it. Anyway, you aren't in quarantine any more. You can move into the quay now any time you like. I'll get my launch to give you a pluck in later."

They stared at him, dazed. "I got a Bill of Health for you in Honolulu and brought it along and put it in with mine," said Captain Petersen. "I told the Port Health Officer here that you'd left in the office by mistake, and they asked me to bring it along."

In fact he had had to exercise a good deal of personal charm to soothe the ruffled feelings of the Port Authorities in Honolulu, but he had got what he wanted in the end. He had been equally successful that morning in Papeete.

In fact he was a frequent visitor to Papeete in the Flying Cloud and had built up an enduring friendship with the Chef du Port over the years. Captain Petersen dealt first with Jack Donnelly.

"They tell me that you're having trouble over no Certificate of Registration, and no clearance from Honolulu, Captain," he remarked.

"I didn't know you had to have them things," said Jack. "Nobody ever told me. Papers, aren't they?"

"That's right," said Captain Petersen. He turned to the man beside him. "Tell me—are you Polynesian?"

"I'm a U.S. citizen," said Jack. "I got born in Reedsport, Oregon, 'n lived there all my life. Eleven of us there was. Dad met Ma around these parts 'n settled down at Reedsport. They got married there I guess."

"Your mother came from round about these parts?"

"Ma came from a place called Huahine," Jack said. "She was always telling me to get down to the islands and I'd be okay."

"Did you tell them you got here yesterday. That your mother came from Huahine?"

Jack shook his great head. "Nobody ever asked."

"Look," said Captain Petersen. "They can't do a thing to you down here. You're half Polynesian. The French run his colony for the Polynesians, not for the whites. You rate down here as Polynesian, and this is your country."

Jack was very pleased. He judged Keith beside him and said in a hoarse whisper, "Show him the little generator."

Keith nodded. "You tell him," he said.

JACK DONNELLY

turned to the officer beside him. "Say, Captain," he said. "Mr. Keats got something down below we'd like you to see. Smallest motor in the world, it is."

"I'd certainly like to see it," said Captain Petersen politely. They got up from the rail and Jack led the way down below.

The captain touched Keith on the arm before going down the ladder. "Would you be Mr. Keith Stewart?" he asked.

Keith smiled. "That's right," he said. "He always calls me Keats. He got it wrong first day."

"I'd appreciate a bit of a talk with you later on, Mr. Stewart."

Keith glanced at him in surprise. "Of course."

They went down into the cabin. Jack lifted the little generator and set it reverently down from the fiddled shelf. Take a look at this, Captain," he said. "Smallest generator in the world. Mr. Keats here, he designed it all, 'n made every bit of it."

Continuing . . .

TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 42

The captain of the Flying Cloud took it in his hands and examined it with interest and growing respect.

"Does it go?" he asked.

"Sure it goes," said Jack.

"Let's show him how it goes."

Keith filled the little tank with a drain of petrol, inverted the model to prime the carburettor, and flicked it into life with his thumb.

"Gee," said Captain Petersen quietly. "I never saw anything like it."

He watched the little motor till it ran out of fuel and came to a standstill. "Say," he remarked, "is that right that you designed it all yourself, and made it?"

Keith nodded. "It's what I do," he said a little apologetically. "I make things like this, and write about them in a magazine."

"In a magazine?"

He nodded. "The Miniature Mechanics. It's an English magazine."

"Say," Captain Petersen said, "would you by any chance know a man called Sol Hirzhorn?"

"I've had some letters from a Solomon P. Hirzhorn," Keith said thoughtfully. "Lives somewhere in Washington."

"Sol Hirzhorn lives in the State of Washington, in the north-west. I live there myself. Do you know anything about Sol Hirzhorn?"

Keith smiled. "He's got a secretary with an electric typewriter," he said. "I should imagine he dictates to her from the length of his letters. He's building one of my Congreve clocks following the serial in the magazine, and he's not very experienced, so he writes me a lot of letters, all of which need answering."

Captain Petersen sat in silence for a moment. "I see I'll have to start to tell you things," he said at last. "The first is this. Sol Hirzhorn is one of the wealthiest men in the United States."

Keith stared at him. "What does he do?"

"Lumber," said the captain. "He's the biggest lumberman on the West Coast. He started off from scratch, working in the woods like any other guy. I'd say he's close on seventy years old now, and his sons have taken over the executive side of the business. It's a family concern."

"The old man, Solomon P. Hirzhorn—he's the one that's making my clock?"

"That's right. He thinks an awful lot of you, Mr. Stewart. He got all het up about the risk that you were taking sailing from Honolulu to Tahiti in a fishing boat."

"How on earth did he hear about me being here at all?"

The captain smiled. "I wouldn't know. He wants you to go visit with him for a day or so on your way back to England, and help him with his clock, I suppose."

"I'd be very glad to meet him," said the engineer. "That clock's quite a tricky piece of work for somebody who's not very experienced. But how did he know I was here?"

The captain leaned forward. "See here, Mr. Stewart," he said. "Guys at the head of a big business with plenty of money and plenty of contacts all over the world, anything they want to get to know about they get to know. Now that's a fact. I don't know how Sol Hirzhorn got to know that you were here. But I do know this."

He paused. "He's pretty well out of the business now. Most of what work he does, he does at home. He's got a distant relative—a young girl—

working for him as his secretary called Julie Perlberg."

Captain Petersen nodded. "You made yourself a good friend when you answered all his letters. He got real worried about you, coming down this way. Of course," he remarked, "he knows why you came. He knows all about your sister and the wreck of the Shearwater." "For heaven's sake!" said Keith.

"It may seem so to you, but you took a lot of trouble answering letters. The fact is that you made a friend, and now this friend's going to a little bit of trouble to help you. That's fair enough. Look at it that way."

Keith sat in silence for a minute. "Could you take me to Marokota?" he asked at last.

"Sure. Take us about four days to get there. Spend as long there as you like."

"It wouldn't be any danger to the ship?"

Fashion FROCKS

● Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.



"ANN."—Prettily styled blouse is available in tullella in pink, blue, green, lemon, and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/5/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/7/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £1/15/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £1/18/6.

Postage 3/- extra.

"ROBIN."—Attractive and useful pinafore dress is available in Silcon water-repellent velvet in black, jewel-red, turquoise, and royal-blue. The bodice is finished with a large pearl button.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £6/15/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £6/18/6.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, £3/12/6; 36 and 38in. bust, £3/16/6.

Postage 4/6 extra.

NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 69. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"There's one more thing I'll have to tell you," said Captain Petersen evenly, "and that's why I'm here. My boss is Chuck Ferris, of Ferris Hydraulics, Cincinnati. Mr. Hirzhorn got so worried about you that he borrowed the Flying Cloud from Mr. Ferris to put her at your disposal."

"My instructions on leaving Honolulu were to find you wherever you were, and put the ship under your orders to take you to your sister's grave on Marokota Island, and anywhere else you want to go."

"After that, if you're going back to England, Mr. Hirzhorn suggested I might take you to Seattle in the Flying Cloud in order that you might visit with him for a day or two and help him with his clock."

Keith stared at him, dazed. "But that's fantastic!"

The captain shook his head. "Not a bit. I'd take a pilot down here, somebody who knows the islands. There's no lagoon at Marokota that would take the Flying Cloud. We'd have to lie off under the lee and send you in with the launch. But there's no difficulty about it."

"Is it inhabited?"

"Probably not. It's got a few palms on it—coconuts. I think they come over from Kautai in the copra season—gather the nuts. I don't think anybody lives there permanently."

"Do you think I could get a headstone for the grave made here and take it with us?"

"Why, yes. There's a Chinese stonemason in the town."

"How much would that cost?"

"I wouldn't know. You'd

have to argue that one out with Mr. Ferris and Mr. Hirzhorn." He turned to Keith. "See here, Mr. Stewart, sir—I know the way you're fixed. Mr. Hirzhorn knows that, too. I got a radio from Mr. Ferris that all expenses, of whatever nature, go on the ship."

They went on deck and he hailed the launch. "I got a cabin ready for you, Mr. Stewart," he said. "When will you be moving in?"

"I'll stay here tonight," said Keith. "I've got a lot of things to fix up with Jack. Would it be all right if I came on board tomorrow?"

"Sure," said the captain. "I'll be moving into the quay tomorrow; we'll need water, and top up with diesel fuel. Come aboard any time you say."

As the launch came alongside, he turned to Jack Donnelly. "How would it be if we gave you a tow into the quay right now, Captain?" "Suits me," said Jack. "Say, would there be any place where I could get a sack of cornmeal here? We've run out."

Captain Petersen thought for a minute. "Lim Hung Foo," he said. "He's a marine store, nearly opposite your berth, he sells everything."

Half an hour later the Mary Belle was berthed again stern on to the quay with the Chef du Port smiling all over his face, and Keith was walking up with Captain Petersen to see the Chinese stonemason. He printed the simple inscription on the back of an envelope; the old stonemason took it and read it carefully, letter by letter. "Understand," he said, "parfaitement. Tomorrow evening. Will be finished."

They walked back to the quay, and met Jack Donnelly on the way to his ship carrying an enormous sack of cornmeal on his back as though it had been a feather. "Bit coarser 'n the last sack," he said. "I like it that way. And not a maggot in it!"

"That'll be a change," said Keith.

Keith arranged with Captain Petersen that he would move into the Flying Cloud when she berthed in the morning; the captain got into his launch and went off to the schooner, and Keith went on board the Mary Belle with Jack. After depositing the sack of cornmeal in the forecabin, Jack came and stood in the hatch looking at the big yacht at the mooring buoy. "Captain Petersen, he didn't say nothing about that redhead coming ashore tonight, did he?"

Keith laughed. "No, he didn't. I don't even know if she's on board. She probably stayed in Honolulu."

To take his mind off other matters Keith went below and started up the little generator set, and with the noise of the engine Jack joined him at once, and sat looking at it entranced.

"Smallest in the world," he breathed. "Captain Petersen, he liked it fine."

Presently Keith said, "I'll be leaving you tomorrow, Jack. You heard what he said? I'll be moving into the Flying Cloud in the morning."

"Fine ship," said Jack. "You make him learn you how to sail her like I learned you how to sail the Mary Belle."

"I'll be sorry to leave you," Keith said. "Where will you go now?"

"I guess I'll head for Huahine."

"There's one more thing," said Keith. "I'll be moving out tomorrow. We'd better do some settling up."

"Aw, forget it," said his captain. "You sailed the ship half the time. I didn't pay you no wages."

Keith stared at him helplessly; he knew better than to cross this man. "That's not

right," he said. "We agreed I'd pay a hundred dollars for the passage. The food came to about forty dollars. There's about sixty dollars due to you."

"Okay," said his captain amiably. "You pay me sixty dollars when the bank lets go of it. Then I pay you seaman's wage, sixty dollars a month and keep. You give me if you can get it from that bank, 'n I give it back to you. Then we'll be all square."

His mind was made up and there was no use arguing with him; Keith had had this before. "I tell you one thing," he said presently. "I'll leave the little generator set here in the Mary Belle."

Jack stared at him. "Leave that here with me?"

"That's right. This ship hasn't got a motor. She ought to have one."

"Gee, Mr. Keats—I couldn't take that!"

"I won't want it, Jack. I'd like you to have it." He did not have much difficulty in persuading his captain to accept it. The big man held it reverently in his great hand. "Smallest in the world," he breathed. "Say, I wonder what they're going to think of this in Huahine!"

They slept presently, and in the morning Keith spent a couple of hours cleaning up the ship, which certainly needed it. Then he went up to the bank with Jack Donnelly, and, somewhat to his surprise, they were both repaid their dollars in full; he was not to know that Captain Petersen had been active in the city before him.

In the bank he went through the ceremony of paying Jack Donnelly sixty dollars for his passage and Jack counted it out carefully and paid it back to him as wages. They went back to the Mary Belle and Keith picked up his suitcase.

"I'll be back on board this afternoon," he said. "I'll bring you a bottle of petrol and an oilcan for the generator."

He set off carrying his suitcase towards the Flying Cloud, now moored at the Grand Quai taking on water by a hose. A white-clad sailor from the yacht came hurrying to meet him, and took the suitcase from him.

He walked down the gangway on to the deck of the Flying Cloud, an incongruous figure perspiring in his rather inexpensive blue suit purchased in Ealing and suitable for the English climate. Captain Petersen came out of the wheelhouse and welcomed him aboard.

"I'll show you your cabin," he said. "It's the one that Mr. Ferris uses normally, with a private bath. I think you'll find it comfortable."

To page 55

I could hardly believe it, HAIRSETS FOR 4d!

Yes, when Jill said I would get 15 lovely hairsets from one 4/10 tube of concentrated Curlypet, wasn't I just amazed. But it's true, definitely true. I'm now saving pounds on my hairsets and find that Curlypet gives me the best hairdo I've ever had. Like Jill I'm telling all the girls how good, how economical Curlypet really is. It's the most!

So—Quickset with Curlypet!

Curlypet

1st Prize

TO MRS. ANNETTS . . .

for the pride she shows in
her family's clothes!

All the sparkle of Sydney's Royal
Easter Show shines in their well-
kept shirts and sunny dresses.
(If there were prizes for whiteness
and brightness, they'd steal the
show!)



For extra whiteness, extra brightness

NOTHING BEATS NEW RINSO's RICHER SOFTER SUDS



Home at Gympie Bay, N.S.W., Mrs. Annetts does three big washes a week for her husband and children, Tony, Lee and Kim. "I get the same wonderful results every time, with New Rinso suds in my washing machine", she says, "dazzling whites and coloureds that would make any mother proud of her wash".

Nothing beats New Rinso's richer, softer suds! They keep on working after other suds give up, putting that wonderful extra whiteness, extra brightness into everything you wash. Your hands are safe in New Rinso, too — they'll stay beautifully smooth and white. "That's why I like using New Rinso for washing up", says Mrs. Annetts.

NEW RINSO IS THE ONLY PRODUCT RECOMMENDED BY THE MAKERS
OF ALL WASHING MACHINES



In the luxury of the cabin Keith said diffidently. "I think I'll have to get something lighter to wear—tropical clothes of some kind. This suit's too hot altogether, and I can't go round this ship in a pair of bathing trunks, like I did with Jack Donnelly."

"That suit will be fine for Tacoma in the winter, and we'll probably be there before long," Captain Petersen said. "Clothes are a problem on this kind of trip." He opened the door of a big wardrobe.

"Say, Mr. Ferris, he leaves quite a bit of stuff on board, and you're much the same build. I'd pull out some of these suits, see if they will fit you before buying anything. It's not worth it, just for a few days."

He left Keith in the cabin. He had a very welcome shower, his first for a month, and dressed in the soft linen and the light hot-weather grey suit of a wealthy American. He went out a little self-consciously and up into the deck lounge, where he ran into the thirty-year-old red-headed woman whom he knew as Mrs. Efstathios.

"Say," she said, "you must be Mr. Keith Stewart. I've heard such a lot about you. My name's Dawn Ferris, and my pop owns this ship. He never uses it, but he just likes to have it around. Say, I remember when you came aboard in Honolulu, only I didn't know who you were then. When did you arrive here?"

"We got in the day before yesterday. The day before yesterday."

"You must have made a quick trip—we didn't waste any time. Mr. Hirzhorn, he got really worried about you going in that little boat, without any motor or anything. Say—that big ape who came in board with you—I forget his name. Is he here, too?"

"Jack Donnelly? Oh, yes, he's here. The Mary Belle's moored further up the quav, that way. You can't mistake her; she's the only boat that's got tanned sails."

DAWN smiled. "Is that so? I got some shopping to do presently; I'll take a look and see. Captain Petersen was saying we'd be leaving in the morning for the Tuamotus."

Keith nodded. "I've got to go there to see about my sister's grave. I'd like to leave as soon as the headstone's finished. That's supposed to be tonight. Will you be coming with us?"

"She said, 'Well, now, I don't know. I was thinking maybe I'd move into the hotel for three or four days while you're away and explore the island.'"

They chatted together for a little in the deck saloon. Then she said, "Time I went on shore if I'm going. Say, if I'm not back on board for lunch, tell the captain not to wait. If I find a decent-looking restaurant that can understand what I'm saying, I'll eat there."

She picked up a broad-brimmed sun hat with a gaudy ribbon and went off and up the gangway to the quay. Keith went out on deck and started to explore the polished cleanliness of the ship, an entrancing occupation. The boatswain found him and showed him the anchor winch forward and the winches at the foot of each mast.

"All hydraulic from a central power generator in the engine room," he said proudly. "Used to be manual, except the anchor winch, which was a great big electric cow of a thing. When Mr. Ferris bought the ship, first thing he did was rip all that lot out and send down his engineers from Cincinnati to make a proper job of her. She's all hydraulic now, steering and all. Ferris Hydraulic."

Continuing . . .

TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 53

Later Keith sat down happily to lunch with Captain Petersen and gave him the message from Mrs. Efstathios.

On shore Dawn Ferris wandered through the town. Near the end of the row of wharves she came upon the Mary Belle, which she recognised by the tanned sails. Jack Donnelly was sitting on the fore-deck with his legs dangling over the side, fishing with a hand-line. A little pile of small, silvery fish lay beside him.

He wore a pair of old blue jeans and nothing else; with his deeply bronzed torso he was a fine figure of a man.

Dawn stopped and said, "Hullo, big boy!"

Jack looked up, replied, "Hullo," and went on fishing. He jerked a little fish out of the water and added it to the pile.

"Are they good to eat?"

"I guess so. They look all right."

"Are you having them for dinner?"

The conversation was taking his mind off fish, but, anyway, he had enough. Enough, maybe, for two. "I guess so," he said. "Fish fried with cornmeal fritters are good chow."

She was suddenly weary of the sophisticated meals on board the Flying Cloud, and she had difficulty in understanding the French writing on the restaurant menus. "Cornmeal fritters!"

He raised his head. "Say, can you cook cornmeal fritters?"

"Can I cook cornmeal fritters? Try me and see."

He got to his feet, an amiable giant about six feet four in height in his bare feet, all bronzed. "Come on down, 'n let's see how you can do it."

In the Flying Cloud Keith Stewart was enjoying his first civilised meal for a month, not altogether sorry to be relieved of the somewhat monotonous diet of the Mary Belle. Over lunch he told Captain Petersen that he had given the little generator set to Jack Donnelly in lieu of passage money.

"He's a nice kind of a guy," said the captain. "He may not know much navigation, but he seems to get from A to B without it. Did you help him much upon the way?"

Keith shook his head. "I learned how to take a noon sight for latitude. The officers of the Cathay Princess taught me. But the course was only a point or two east of south, and there was never much more than a hundred miles' difference between my sight and his dead reckoning. He'd have got here perfectly all right without my sights."

The captain laughed. "Takes us all down a peg or two. It's wonderful the way they do it." He paused. "Make a good boatswain," he said thoughtfully.

Keith sat smoking with the captain for a time, and then went on shore and bought a little oilcan at a hardware store with an empty bottle, and took them to a filling station to get filled with petrol and oil. With these in hand he walked along the quay to the Mary Belle. Jack Donnelly was sitting in his blue jeans in the companion, looking at peace with the world, and very pleased with himself.

Keith went down the gangplank to the aft deck and stepped over the tiller. "I brought the gas and oil for the little motor," he said. He showed them to the captain.

"Gee, that's real nice," said Jack. "Right kind o' gas and right kind of oil?"

Keith nodded.

Jack was very pleased. Everything in the world was rosy. "That'll keep her going a long time."

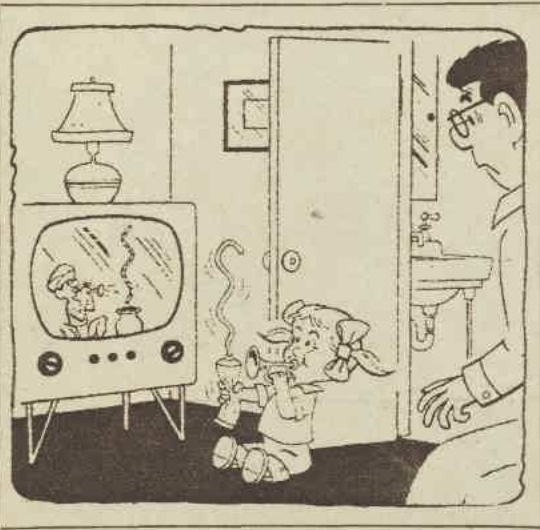
"I'll just take them down and put them on the shelf," said Keith. "Then you'll be all set."

Jack did not move his big frame from the companion. "Better not go down just yet," he said in a low tone, but distinctly. "The redhead's there."

Keith stared at him in horror. He thought only of escape from this situation. He thrust the bottle of gas and the oilcan into Jack Donnelly's hands. "Here, take these," he said. "I'll come over and see you later."

"Okay," said Jack phlegmatically. "Be seeing you." Friends and women, he knew, never really mixed.

Keith fled up the gangplank and walked rapidly away up the quay towards the Flying Cloud. On deck he passed Captain Petersen and said something incoherent about going to lie down in his cabin, and went and hid himself below. His first instinct was to keep well out of sight and avoid a meeting with Dawn Ferris. Whatever her problem was, he didn't want to get mixed up in it.



The steward tapped on the door and entered at about five o'clock. "Captain says he's sending up a boy with a hand truck to fetch the gravestone down," he said. "He wanted to know if you'd like to walk up with him, see the stone before it leaves the yard."

Apparently the storm hadn't broken yet. "Tell the captain I'll be with him in a minute," he said.

As they strolled up the hill he asked casually, "Is Miss Ferris coming with us to Marokota?"

"Not this time," said Captain Petersen. "She's seen it all before. She packed two suitcases and moved into the hotel while you were resting. We'll pick her up when we come back here with the pilot Thursday or Friday."

They walked into the stonemason's yard. The stone lay upon the bench all ready for delivery, a slab of purple colored slate engraved with the simple inscription that he had chosen.

He arranged that the boy with the handtruck should bring a bag of cement down with the gravestone to the ship that evening, and he paid the stonemason in American dollars, to his great content. Then they were walking down the hill again towards the quay in the soft, tropical dusk, through the myriad evening smells of Papeete.

On deck the captain turned to him. "I never drink at sea, myself, or in harbor before sun-

set. But this is after sunset, sir." He smiled. "Would you join me?"

They sat down in the long canvas chairs on the aft deck and the steward brought them iced beer.

Presently Keith asked, "What time are we going off in the morning?"

"I've got it all fixed for tomorrow morning first thing," said Captain Petersen. "Hands to breakfast at six, pilot on board at seven, and get under way. Then we have breakfast about half-past eight when we've got sail set and all clear."

He spent that evening with the captain, dining with him quietly in the big saloon, sitting with him on deck in the vanilla-scented tropical night, watching the reflections on the water. He heard a good deal about Captain Petersen's family at home at Midlake, and the captain heard a good deal about Keith's home in Ealing, and about Katie, and about Janice, and about the wreck of Shearwater. Captain Petersen had already picked up local information about that in Papeete.

"They had bad luck, Mr. Stewart," he said simply.

to keep remembering that this intelligent little man, who had travelled half across the world and who was thought of so highly by so many influential people, had practically no money at all. "How much do you think it would weigh?" he asked.

"Three or four hundred pounds. I shouldn't think it could be more."

The captain nodded. "That'll be okay. We can fix that for you, Mr. Stewart."

"There wouldn't be any risk of damage to your ship, would there?"

"Only paintwork, at the most," he thought again. "We can fix that when we come back into harbor here at Papeete before sailing for Seattle. Get some planks when we get back here, too, and knock up a packing case for it, so it'll be all ready to ship back to England from Seattle."

"That would be fine," said Keith. "I'd give it a bit of first aid before closing up the case. Wash it well out with fresh water, crankcase, cylinders, and all, and leave it to dry in the sun and the wind. Then pour a lot of oil into each cylinder and fill the crankcase up with oil. I don't think she'll have come to much harm."

They sat in silence for a time. "There's just one other thing," said Keith. "Marokota is uninhabited at this time of year, isn't it?"

"So they tell me," said the captain. "There's no regular settlement upon it. The people come there every now and then to pick up the nuts, but they make the copra upon Kutaiva. They happened to be there when Shearwater got wrecked, but of course they couldn't do anything."

"I know . . ." He hesitated. "Would it be very difficult for me to spend twenty-four hours alone upon the island after we've set up the gravestone?"

The captain turned his head. "There's no difficulty in that from my point of view, if that's what you want to do. We shall be standing off and on off shore. We can do that for a week if needs be. But there's nothing there, you know. I don't even know if there's any water."

"I could take that with me, with some sandwiches . . ." He turned to the captain. "I don't suppose I'll ever come back here again," he said. "I don't suppose that Janice—Jo's daughter, who's going to live with us—I don't suppose she'll ever come here."

"I want to take a lot of photos—an awful lot of photos, from all kinds of angles, and that'll all take time. I'd rather not be hurried by having other people about. I'd like to have your little rowing boat and go out to the wreck and take some photos of that. And—well, she was my only sister. I'd just like to be there alone for a bit."

"Sure," said Captain Petersen a little huskily. "I'll get a pack made up for you—blankets. It could be cold at night. Beer, water, sandwiches. What we could do is go in in the launch with the gravestone, towing the dinghy behind. Set up the gravestone and leave you with the dinghy, go back to the ship. Then come off again next day and load up the engine into the launch and pick you up. How would that be?"

"That would be grand," said Keith. "I could make a good inspection of the engine in an hour or so and decide if it's worth taking back to England. If the engine room could let me have a few spanners it might help."

"Sure. You got plenty of film?"

Keith nodded. "I've got three new rolls, over a hundred exposures."

He went to bed soon after

that and slept soundly in Chuck Ferris' cabin, the first night that he had had in comfort for about a month.

He was roused by the bustle on the decks at dawn, had a shower, and dressed in an open-necked shirt and slacks, and went up on deck. The steward found him and brought him coffee and biscuits, and he stayed on the aft deck out of the way of the seamen, watching the processes of getting the ship to sea.

The distance to Marokota is about three hundred miles, and it took them four days of hard slogging against the wind, a restful and invigorating four days for Keith.

They were approaching Marokota Island on the evening of the fourth day. Captain Petersen hove-to at sunset, unwilling to venture in among the reefs in the hours of darkness, and they lay hove-to all night with the engine stopped so that they could hear breakers but with an engineer on watch ready to start up if necessary.

WITH the first light they got under way again, and by ten o'clock they were hove-to under the lee of the island, on the west side of the encircling reef.

Captain Petersen stood at the door of the deckhouse staring at the reef through glasses. He lowered them and handed them to Keith.

"That's the wreck," he said. "She went on from this side. Just past that grey coral, where you see those timbers sticking up. That must be Shearwater."

Keith stared at the timbers washed by the sea. "Would I be able to get near her from the other side?" he asked.

The captain lifted the glasses again. "I should think so, in the dinghy. It's on the lee side of the island so there's not much sea."

They rigged the launch derrick, put the coir bolsters over the lee side, and, steadying the big launch with guy ropes, watched their opportunity and put her in the water. They lowered the gravestone cased in a wooden frame into the launch with the sack of cement, a breaker of water, a pick, and a couple of shovels.

Then they lowered down Keith's pack for the night, and dropped the ten-foot dinghy into the sea with a small davit. The captain got down into the launch with Keith, four seamen joined them, and the launch cast off and made for the narrow passage through the reef into the lagoon, towing the dinghy behind.

In the sunset Keith Stewart sat alone a little distance from the grave. He had done all that he had to do, and he had taken a good many photographs of the grave, the island, and the wreck out on the reef. He had turned the motor on its side, and he had taken off the sump, cleaned out the interior, and put it back again, replacing all the bolts and screwing them up tight.

Darkness was approaching, and he had finished all the major jobs. He sat eating his sandwiches upon the beach and drinking his beer. In the morning he would take a few more photographs, and then he would be ready to return to England.

The gravestone stood erect behind him, set in a wide box of semi-liquid concrete, stayed upright with rope to pegs driven into the coral sand. They would leave it so. The concrete would set in a solid mass when they had gone. The ropes would slacken off and rot away in time, but the stone would stay erect to mark the grave with its simple inscription to be read by any who should come to Marokota.

To page 64

for you...who can't resist the irresistible



Blissfully warm with the magic softness of moonlight.
The exotic embroidered nylon denier yoke night
by La Mode is priced at £4/19/11.
Launders like a dream and is so easy to care for.

Select from shades of Blossom Pink, Wisp Blue, Amethyst, Reef Coral, Glacier Blue



Brunch coat. Embroidered, quilted, 100% washable. £10/10/-
Ribbon yoke night. 99/11.
Scroll yoke negligee. £7/7/-
T.V. pyjamas. In brushed Terylene, "Ban-Lon" yoke and cuffs. £5/19/11.
Scroll yoke pyjamas. In brushed nylon. £5/19/11.
Bedjacket. With ribbon yoke. 59/11.
Bedjacket. With scroll yoke. 59/11.



AT MOST GOOD STORES—OR YOU MAY WRITE FOR THE NAME OF YOUR NEAREST RETAILER TO LA MODE, 31 VICTORIA STREET, N.6, MELBOURNE

Family farce

★ Anne Heywood and Michael Craig are young marrieds in Rank's "Upstairs and Downstairs," a hilarious comedy about how the couple get into strife with their domestic help. Their first "help," a boy-crazy Italian charmer (Claudia Cardinale), is followed by a gin-soaking cockney, a quiet married couple who are expert bank robbers, and, finally, a blonde bombshell (Mylene Demongeot), who sets all male hearts — married and single — aflutter, and causes the biggest rumpus of them all.



RECEIVING last-minute wedding-day instruction from Anne Heywood is co-star Mylene Demongeot, the wide-eyed blonde who made her screen debut in "Bonjour Tristesse."

Entertainment



IN A SCENE from the film, Michael Craig and Anne Heywood chat to Mylene Demongeot, their "domestic help," in the sitting-room of their "dream home."

★★★ THE LAST ANGRY MAN

Drama, with Paul Muni, David Wayne. Gala, Sydney.

FROM the squalor of Brooklyn's slums comes this vibrant story of a dedicated man.

While many of his medical school friends, including Luther Adler, became rich specialists, Paul Muni, for more than 40 years as a general practitioner, waged a one-man battle against local fear, violence, and medical ignorance from his tenement surgery.

Firm in his views—to the point of fanaticism—that medicine is not a money-making business, this seemingly frail man's life is a gripping day-to-day drama.

Where his friends' patients produce cheques, Muni's callers flash knives.

Persuaded to tell his life story on TV by producer David Wayne and his own get-rich-quick nephew, Joby Baker, Muni sees in the show a chance to "tell off" his enemies—swindling druggists. But with drug manufacturers as sponsors, there's a deadlock.

In his excellent performance, Paul Muni is one with the inspired man he portrays.

In a word . . . NOBLE.

★★★ THE LAST VOYAGE

Drama, with Robert Stack, Dorothy Malone, George Sanders, Edmond O'Brien. In color. St. James, Sydney.

AMID the screams, panic, and quiet bravery that goes with a sinking ship, this action-packed drama focuses on the reactions of three small, desperate groups in three sub-dramas.

When a fire breaks out in the liner's boiler-room, George Sanders—the captain—refuses to order passengers to the lifeboats.

While this somewhat pathetic captain is battling with his officers and conscience on the bridge, the second drama is in full swing down below. Against insuperable odds, the stokers—led by shouting O'Brien—try to quench fires and block the pounding water.

With a tremendous explosion, all hell is let loose. At this point the third drama develops.

Dorothy Malone, a passenger travelling with her husband (Robert Stack) and young daughter (Tammy Marighan), is pinned under metal in her shattered cabin.

The tense working-out of these three dramas provides high excitement.

In a word . . . SHATTERING.

New Films

Reviewed by Miriam Fowler

★★★ Excellent
★ Average

★★ Above Average
No star—Poor

★★★ STORY ON PAGE ONE

Drama, with Rita Hayworth, Anthony Franciosa, Gig Young. In color. Regent, Sydney.

THE eternal triangle, murder, courtroom drama—it's all here in fascinating detail.

Rita Hayworth and boyfriend Gig Young are gaoled awaiting trial for the murder of Rita's husband, a hard-mouthed detective. The evidence against them is heavy.

Rita's mother persuades young lawyer Anthony Franciosa to defend the couple.

After a forty-minute run over events leading to the crime the film plunges into a lengthy courtroom battle. Although these proceedings succeed in holding interest, the ease with which newcomer Franciosa flays the experienced and all-too-ferocious prosecution is unconvincing.

In a word . . . PASSABLE.

★★ A TOUCH OF LARCENY

Comedy, with James Mason, George Sanders, Vera Miles. Prince Edward, Sydney.

THIS sophisticated satire of Admiralty pomp and War Office discretion retains its high standard throughout.

James Mason, an appealing naval commander, half-heartedly "warming a seat at the Admiralty," goes overboard for Vera Miles. Mason is undisturbed by the fact that Vera is his pukka friend's (George Sanders) fiancée.

The disarming egoist considers his only handicap to be lack of funds. So to get on an even keel he meticulously prepares a hilarious hoax to trap the papers into a libel.

Supported by a well-selected cast and first-class direction, Mason is tops. And George Sanders has seldom acted with such amusing results.

In a word . . . SEE IT.

★★★ THE GENE KRUPA STORY

Biographical musical, with Sal Mineo, James Darren, Susan Kohner. In color. Capitol, Sydney.

WITH plenty of jazz for jazz fans, this swinging success story of drum king Krupa takes in the wild parties, drug addiction, and hard living of New York's big band stars in the roaring 'twenties.

While drumming in a local high-school band led by friend James Darren, Gene (Sal Mineo) meets Susan Kohner. A girl with ambition, Susan persuades Krupa and Darren to try their luck in New York.

After several months' starvation, Krupa gets his break through an invitation to a Gotham jazz party hosted by top songstress Susan Oliver.

An immediate success, the acclaimed wizard is driven by burning ambition for greater laurels. Leaving his loyal Susan behind, he's swept into a fast society and introduced to the addiction he comes to hate.

Ably backed by his co-stars Sal Mineo gives a convincing performance as the boy with the "beat," struggling to juggle conflicting elements in his life.

In a word . . . JAZZY.

★ SEVEN THIEVES

Thriller, with Edward G. Robinson, Rod Steiger, Joan Collins. Esquire, Sydney.

WITH its theme a carefully planned snatch and grab at the Monte Carlo casino, this film is the story of seven unlikely individuals brought together by a common interest—money.

Arriving in Nice at the invitation of instigator Edward G. Robinson, locally known as "Professor," Rod Steiger learns he's selected to lead six others, to the fortunes of all—via the casino's vault.

Determined to look over the operation's members before committing himself to his job, Steiger accompanies Robinson to the Cellar Club—a downtown sleazy joint—where he meets stripper Joan Collins.

The Professor points out the four gang members sprinkled around the room. The nervous young man at the bar, the stolid type at a single table, the sax player, and the well-dressed gent.

Despite lack of enthusiasm for the group, Steiger takes the job.

With events running all too smoothly to be convincing, this "thriller" has a phony ring.

In a word . . . MEDIOCRE.



Lithgow

The oldest woolen mill in Australia—established 1887

BLANKETS make warm friends

Tucked cosily in the unequalled quality of Lithgow blankets you'll quickly discover new warmth, new luxurious softness in the deeper, richer, exclusive new woven finish of Lithgow blankets.

That's because Lithgow use only the finest, top grades of specially selected, pure-white virgin wools, so dreamily soft, so snugly warm that you'll discover a new high in easier, more relaxed sleep.

One look, one touch will tell you . . . for softness and thickness, for finish, superior quality and exciting, new-season, decorator-inspired colour combinations, Lithgow is finest by far. Lithgow blankets make such good price sense of sheer luxury, too—they're undoubtedly Australia's best blanket value.

★ MOTHPROOFED FOR LIFE
★ FULLY GUARANTEED
★ AS EXPORTED TO AMERICA

Meet Lithgow this winter—
and make a lasting, warm friend

AVAILABLE FROM THESE

LEADING STORES AND FINE STORES

RIGHT THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA

N.S.W.

Farmer & Co. Ltd.
David Jones Ltd.
Marcus Clark & Co. Ltd.
(Sydney • Newcastle • Wollongong)
Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd.
Bon Marche Ltd.
Nock & Kirby Ltd.
Reuben Brachy Pty. Ltd.
Bebartals Ltd.
Western Stores—Bathurst

Cusack's Pty. Ltd.—Canberra
C. Rogers & Sons—Canberra
Frank Allen Pty. Ltd.—Goulburn
• Bowens Pty. Ltd. • Lyall's Pty. Ltd.
• Hanna's Pty. Ltd.

VICTORIA

Petersons Pty. Ltd.
Foy & Gibson Ltd.
Ball & Welch Ltd.
Payne's Bon Marche Pty. Ltd.

Steele & Co. Ltd.
Edward Love & Co. Pty. Ltd.
Paul Strad Pty. Ltd.
Hancock & Hutchins
Hartmann of Frankston

QUEENSLAND

McWhirter's Ltd.
T. C. Beilme Ltd.
Finney Isles & Co. Ltd.
McDonnell & East Ltd.

Allan & Stark Ltd.
Edwards & Lamb
Barry & Roberts Ltd.
Yared Bros.
(Maryborough • Southport)

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

John Martin & Co. Ltd.
Charles Birks & Co. Ltd.
Hooper's Furnishers Ltd.
Peopleshops Ltd.

M. S. McLeod Ltd.
Normans Pty. Ltd.
Galligan's Ltd.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Pellings Pty. Ltd.—Fremantle
Boone Ltd.—Perth

TASMANIA

Patersons Pty. Ltd.

LWW.01



New Modess



New... a "Magic Channel" of protection

The most trustworthy napkin ever! Modess has created a *new* feminine fabric with the luxurious softness, the comfort of MASSLINN, plus a "Magic Channel" of protection ... a panel of tiny perforations centred along the napkin to give quicker absorbency ... greater protection. Try *new* Modess with MASSLINN cover ... and the *new* "Magic Channel" you can trust.

Modess

because



MODESS MASSLINN WITH "MAGIC CHANNEL" IN THE GREEN PACK; MODESS GAUZE IN BLUE; MODESS "SUPER" IN THE PINK PACK — PRODUCTS OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON.
 THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 20, 1960

Page 59



*Skin so smooth
and fresh and radiant —
who can help admiring?*



MILLED FOR J. KITCHEN AND SONS PTY. LIMITED,
MAKERS OF FINE SOAPS FOR OVER 100 YEARS.

Give your skin
this lovely young look

Lovely things happen when you care for your skin with Coronet. The first time you use it, you know Coronet is gentler, more precious. You can actually feel Coronet's luxurious beauty oils smoothing your skin while you wash. And oh! the fragrance of it — finest French lavender!

**This is the gentlest soap
you'll ever use**

SOCIAL

By MARY COLES

ROUNDAABOUT

IT'S an exciting week, with the Governor-General, Lord Dunrossil, and Lady Dunrossil making their first official visit to Sydney town—the Royal Easter Show, and the nation's richest four days' racing carnival ever, to celebrate the Australian Jockey Club's Centenary at Randwick.

ON the eve of the Royal Show it was a case of "They're racing at the showgrounds" to finish the wonderful improvements, including the spectacular overhead roadway for horses to enter the main ring, extensions to the Members' Stand, and the gardens setting off the just-installed stainless-steel fountain in the Horticultural Pavilion.

"CURTAINS for the new Council dining-room were waiting to be hung before we even had glass in all the windows last week," Royal Agricultural Society Councillor Mr. T. M. Scott confided. There was drama about the curtains. The material originally ordered for the room, with its reef-gold ceiling and bamboo-colored walls, didn't arrive. An alternative design (green-foliage-patterned material against a bone background) was hurriedly chosen and the curtains whipped up in three days.

THE most "travelled" women at the Show are the president's wife, Mrs. Sam Hordern, and Lady Berryman, wife of R.A.S. director Sir Frank Berryman. They have lost count of the miles they cover during the ten days escorting V.I.P. visitors round to see the exhibits. And they both step it out, chic in high-heeled shoes!

SUPPER parties given by Mr. and Mrs. Hordern are a gay finish to the Gold Cup polo matches, which are a big attraction for night Show-goers. The match that everyone is longing to see is the tussle between Bob Skene's team — Bob, his brother-in-law Ken Mackay, and Hector King, and a crack New South Wales team on the final night, April 19.

LORD and Lady Dunrossil will meet R.A.S. Councillors and their wives at an afternoon tea hosted by Mrs. Hordern, following the official opening of the Show by His Excellency on April 13.

"OVERSEAS visitors are particularly delighted with the little cards we give them with short descriptions of the 'personalities' and habitat of the Australian vintage wines and liqueurs served at the official luncheon parties," Sir Frank Berryman told me. "It's an idea to boost our wines abroad."

ABSENTEES from the Royal Show this year are the vice-president of the N.S.W. Sheepbreeders' Association, Mr. F. F. McClung, and his wife, of Gunnedah. They have just left for six months abroad — Mrs. McClung packing a practically all-wool wardrobe to put in a good word for merinos while she is away.

LADIES' DAY at Randwick on April 13 is the fashion event of the season. Lady Potter, wife of the A.J.C. chairman, is hosting a big luncheon and afternoon tea on Ladies' Day and again on Saturday, April 16, when Lord and Lady Dunrossil will attend Randwick for the running of the Doncaster. Incidentally, to add to their whirl at the moment, Sir Alan and Lady Potter are in the midst of settling in a new house in March St., Bellevue Hill. It's smaller than their former home in Ginahgulla Rd., and fitting in all their furniture is like piecing a jig-saw.

THE invasion of racing enthusiasts from Victoria includes Sir Chester and Lady Manifold, Sir Norman and Lady Robinson, Sir Rupert and Lady Clarke, and Lady Clarke's sister, Mrs. Fred Fair. Mr. and Mrs. David Knox, and Mr. and Mrs. Jack de Little. Dr. and Mrs. John Power, Mr. and Mrs. R. U. Sloman, and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Edwards are among the familiar faces I've glimpsed from Brisbane.

"MY ancestors are all IN the land," quipped pretty Mrs. Ronald Lewis-Farquharson, restoring a lighthearted note to the table talk at a dinner party during the week when the conversation got round to who could boast the most about having ancestors who were ON the land.

AFTER their wedding at Nice, in France, this week, Jim Colman and his bride-elect, Elizabeth Trace, will receive the blessing of their families, Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Colman, of Narrabeen, and Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Trace, of Woollahra, who will be standing by to make a phone call to them immediately after the ceremony. Jim's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Colman, who are at present living in Munich, will attend the wedding. Elizabeth will set off to honeymoon on the Riviera wearing a soft moss-green velvet coat over her lovely white paper shantung, short-length bridal gown. Later she and Jim will settle in London, where he is doing an architectural postgraduate course in town planning.



AT ROYAL SHOW. Jane Venour (left) with "Burradoo Beauty," owned by Mrs. C. M. McLean, of Burradoo Park, Burradoo, and Shirley Sweetnam from "Mountview," Dunkeld, Bathurst, with "Coy Beau."

PRETTY sisters Isobel, left, and Viola McLarty, of "Silver Pines," Bundure, with aristocratic heifer "Wynyard Wakeful 643," one of the poll shorthorns exhibited by their family at this year's Show.



EASTER PARADE



FIRST-NIGHTERS, from left, Gina Eviston, Geoff Stephens, Wendy Isaacs, and Peter Wilenski in the foyer of the Elizabethan Theatre at the opening performance of "Murder in the Cathedral," the famous play by T. S. Eliot, starring noted English actor Robert Speaight. Gina wore an oyster satin theatre-coat over her backless short white evening gown.



ENGLISH VISITORS. The Hon. Edward Digby and his wife chatting with Lady Berryman, left, at the preview of the Royal Easter Show Art Competition. Mr. Digby, who is the son of Lord and Lady Digby, of Cerne Abbey, Dorset, and his wife have been spending six weeks in Australia.



RECENTLY ENGAGED. Michael Buckingham and fair-haired June Dance pictured at the home of Michael's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell Buckingham, of Faulstich. June, who has a diamond solitaire, is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. G. B. Dance, of Tamworth. Michael is a chemical engineer.



See how much faster

Steele SOAP PADS

clean aluminium...

Quick-acting detergent soap and the finest, softest steel wool give you the greatest cleaning and polishing combination in Steele Soap Pads.

The lather's "built-in" every Steele Soap Pad. Cuts wash-up time... keeps aluminium and kitchenware brighter and cleaner than ever.

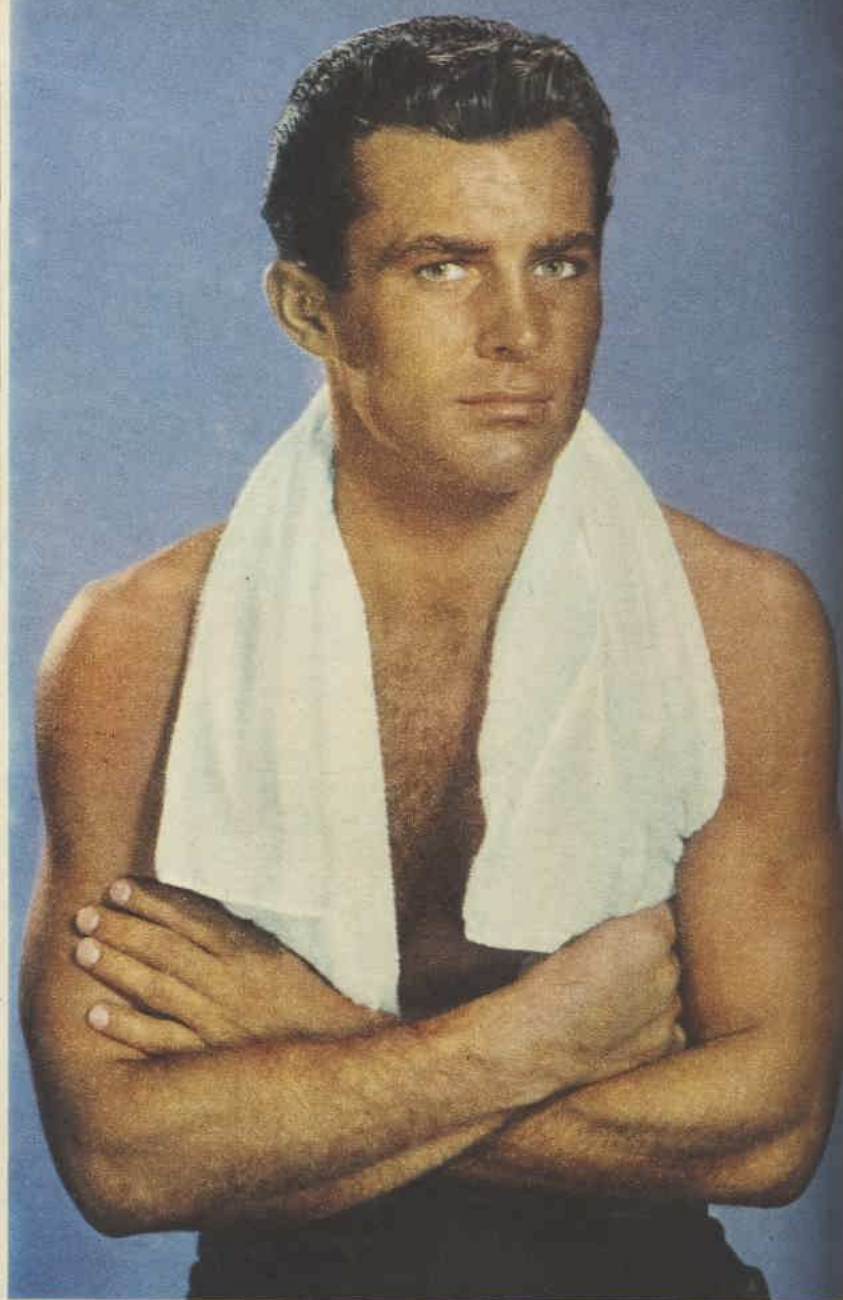
Buy

Steele SOAP PADS



easy to use and **LONGER-LASTING**

TELEVISION



BOB CONRAD

He swims as he works

THE credits of the popular TV show "Hawaiian Eye" show good-looking Bob Conrad (Tom Lopaka) rising from the office swimming-pool shaking his head to give viewers the full benefit of the Conrad looks.

He says the movement is symbolic of the way he feels about his TV success. He can't stop shaking his head to see if it's real, or whether he will wake up.

Bob is pretty sure now that his TV success is no dream, but you can't blame him—it's not so long since he was delivering milk and handling freight on Chicago's Lake Michigan, and singing in restaurants for his supper to save the family larder.

All this frenzied activity was the only way he could support his wife and two growing daughters.

Bob started his career with Warner Bros., and appeared in small roles in "Maverick," "Lawman," and "Colt .45" before he got his starring role in "Hawaiian Eye."

Bob married Joan Kenlay in 1952. Their daughters are Joan, 7, and Nancy, 6.

Bob is 25, stands 5'10", and weighs 11.6. His hair is brown, his eyes green. He's the girls' favorite, and the beef-cake policy decided for him in "Hawaiian Eye" means that he spends quite an amount of each episode showing his suntanned torso.

Live play in church for TV Easter

● "Christ in the Concrete City," staged live in Sydney's Christ Church St. Laurence, will be shown simultaneously by ABC-TV in all States on Good Friday, April 15, at 8.30 p.m.

THE play will be performed and tele-recorded a week before Easter so that this is possible.

"Christ in the Concrete City" will be performed by The Australian Christian Theatre Guild. It has a cast of six, four men and two girls.

The play was written by an Anglican priest, Philip Truner, for presentation in a church.

Special lighting was installed in Christ Church for the filming, and cameras were placed in the centre aisle, in front of the pulpit, and on a platform built over the pews.

The whole action takes place in the chancel, and the choir stalls and pulpit are both within camera range.

The play is a modern one, and illustrates parallels between life today and life at the time of the trial and Crucifixion of Christ.

Religious emphasis

THE commercial channels have also emphasised the religious side of Easter.

Sydney's Channel 9 opens its Good Friday programme at 5.30 p.m. with a J. Arthur Rank drama, "Which Will Ye Have?" The picture is the story of the Crucifixion through the eyes of Barabbas, the thief, played by well-known character actor Niall McGinnis.

On Easter Sunday a treat for music-lovers is a 30-minute recital by the Salt Lake City Tabernacle Choir. The programme of Easter music will include "Hallelujah Chorus" and the Tannhauser "Pilgrims' Chorus."

At sea at home

AUSTRALIANS love the sea and spend a lot of time on its shores, surfing, swimming, fishing, or just looking and enjoying the sea breezes.

With winter closing in, you can still spend quite a time near it on Sundays right in your own living-room.

Channel 2 takes you there first with its excellent documentary, "The Living Sea," at 4.00 p.m., and again in a more sensational style, underwater, with Hans Hass at 8 p.m.

Channel 7 fills in the gap between these from Sunday, April 17, at 5 p.m., with "The Kingdom of the Sea," a half-hour series of actuality films.

This series covers a very wide range of subjects from bent-pin fishing to luxury ocean cruises.

The sad thing about this new and excellent programme is that it replaces that entrancing character Quick Draw McGraw. Quick Draw has finished for good—something that is going to make many people very unhappy. Quick Draw's demise has caused a whole programme reshuffle and Roy Rogers moves up to the 6.30 time-slot.

TELEVISION PARADE
by
NAN MUSGROVE



"THE ARMY GAME," a new comedy show on ABC-TV, is a hilarious glimpse of British Army life. "The Army Game" starts in Sydney on April 24 at 8.00 p.m. and later on in all other States. Above: Sgt.-Mjr. Claud Snudge (Bill Fraser), Pte. Bisley (Alfie Bass), and, right, L/Cpl. Mush Merryweather (Mario Fabrizi).



It seems to be a bad aspect for all the TV McGraws at present. My favorite private eye, McGraw of "Meet McGraw," took the count recently when his show finished on Sydney's Channel 9.

McGraw's place will be taken by "Interpol Calling," an exciting series about international crime. Somehow I don't think it will have McGraw's dour charm.

Happy entertainer

TOMMY STEELE, England's rock-'n-roll singer, is a very different dish from the American variety who have visited Australia. He enjoys himself and doesn't take his singing in the grimly serious or emotional way the American imports and some Australian singers do.

Tommy, whom viewers met in an hour spectacular over Channel 9, looks rather like an ingratiating, fair-skinned golliwog with his shock of unruly hair. This hair, shaggy as all get-out, is also an improvement on the latest well-set coiffure complete with centre-forehead kiss curl which is favored by so many rock-'n-rollers now.

One of the surprises of the show that added up to a good hour's variety was Michael Wilding, who did several comic turns with Tommy and did them well.

TV's richest father

"FATHER KNOWS BEST," entering its seventh year on American TV screens, is making more money than ever, and seems to be going on to bigger and better things.

"Father," popular Robert Young, is one of the richest men in Hollywood. Experts say that a recent sale of the 200 old episodes has put Young into the select multi-millionaire class.

The sale is for re-runs of the series outside America, and the network which bought them paid, it is said, nearly £A3,000,000. Young, who has never divulged how big a part of the series he owns, is expected to profit personally to the tune of nearly £A1,500,000.

Despite his wealth, Young is worried. He doesn't know what to do next. He thinks "Father Knows Best" has only another year of new shows to go, but he wants to stay on TV.

"I am grateful to 'Father' for more than one thing," he said.

"I am 52 and he helped me to bridge the gap from romantic leads to character roles. Some men my age, take Cary Grant, keep right on playing romantic roles, and well, at that. But my romantic days are definitely ended. Thanks to 'Father,' I have no regrets."

Never-ending battle

"THE ARMY GAME," ABC-TV's new comedy show about the British Army, is as cunningly programmed as any show ever has been. Its premiere is at 8.00 p.m. on April 24, the eve of Anzac Day, when gallant soldiers, old and young, should be delighted to meet the cast.

The show is set in a mythical place called Nether Hopping, the No. 3 Transit and Surplus Ordnance Depot, and the series concerns the running and apparently never-ending battle that rages between authority and Nether Hopping's Hut 29.

Whether or not Sgt.-Major Snudge (see picture above) will be as funny as the incorrigible Sgt. Bilko remains to be seen, but it will be interesting to get a behind-the-scenes glimpse of the British peacetime Army on Sundays and the U.S. Army on Wednesday night at the same time.

What assurance to know
you can give
Bayer's Aspirin for Children
with your doctor's blessing..

It's the dosage doctors recommend. Each tablet contains 14 grains of aspirin—the precise dosage doctors prescribe for children. So when your youngster comes down with a headache, or the pains and fever of a cold, you know you can give Bayer's Aspirin for Children with complete confidence.

Bayer's Aspirin for Children is so much safer, so much more effective than ordinary aspirin. That's because 106 ingredients and product tests ensure that Bayer's Aspirin is made to more exacting standards than those required by the British Pharmacopoeia.

Flavoured Bayer's Aspirin for Children tastes so good, children take it without fussing. The tablets are sealed in protective foil—prevents children from helping themselves.

24 TABLETS, 2/6

BAYER PHARMA PTY. LTD., SYDNEY



How to
WARD OFF
COLDS!

DOCTORS SAY...

"I have much pleasure in telling you that the results of taking Anti-Bi-San was 100% efficient. I have had much pleasure in recommending it since."
J.L., M.B.
"I am freely recommending your preparation now as I have proved it to be good."
G.F.H., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P.
* Copies of original letters lodged with the Publishers.

Don't lose valuable working time through colds—it's unnecessary! ANTI-BI-SAN, taken before the cold season starts, keeps you free from the threat of colds and from trouble-making secondary infections. With a little help your body can deal with the cold virus; it's the other germs—those that come in through the breach the virus has made in your body defences—that are the worst trouble; these are the germs that cause the real discomfort—the sheer misery—of colds. ANTI-BI-SAN knocks out these secondary germs and moreover gives your system that extra assistance it needs against the actual invading virus itself. With protection against the common cold in the simple, ANTI-BI-SAN way. Seven tablets taken over three days will give you three months protection. There is a special '3-tablet-only' treatment to protect your children.

'ANTI-BI-SAN' Regd.

GUARDS AGAINST COLDS

Send for Free Leaflet to the Distributors:

POTTER & BIRKS PTY. LTD., 120 PACIFIC HIGHWAY, ST. LEONARDS, N.S.W.

Vitamins! Vitamins!

Why Pay More? Tax Deductible.

Vitamin E Tabs., 50 mgm. 500, 97/6

Vitamin B Group Tabs. 500, 25/-

Vitamin C Tabs. 250 mgm. 500, 36/-

FREE POSTAGE

Price List on Application.

NOEL'S PHARMACY, 209 Botany Rd., MASCOT, N.S.W.

For people who think—

The Observer

Australia's first fortnightly review.

1/6 from your Newsagent.

HEAL
"DETERGENT"
& Work Worn Hands
OVERNIGHT

Dry, chapped "Detergent" and work-worn hands are healed overnight when you use Edinburgh Camphor Cream. Massaged into hands, red roughness and burning irritation are instantly soothed away. The skin-softening camphor heals, protects, softens. Non-greasy Edinburgh Camphor Cream rubs right into the skin, vanishes, never stains. Nothing can make hands, arms and legs smoother, quicker.

Ask your Chemist for
Edinburgh
Camphor
CREAM



IT'S THE CAMPHOR-THAT DOES THE TRICK

VARICOSE VEINS!

Scholl 'Soft-Grip' Elastic Stockings



NEW NYLON SOFT-GRIP TOP
Supports without constriction. Gives greater comfort, longer wear.

SEAMLESS
Invisible when worn under hose.

COOL LIGHT
So light on your legs you'll probably forget you're wearing them.

NO WRINKLING — SMOOTH FIT
Remains smooth to the touch, like your own skin.

REINFORCED HEEL
Nylon reinforcement makes Scholl 'Soft-Grip' last longer.

SOFT-GRIP AT FOOT
Soft-Grip water-repellent finish at foot, giving extra grip and wear.

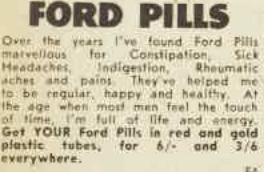
Gently and firmly, Scholl 'Soft-Grip' gives your tired legs perfect support.

Scholl 'Soft-Grip'

ELASTIC YARN SURGICAL HOSIERY
All fittings from Chemists, Druggists, Surgical Suppliers and Scholl Depots.

Also Scholl NYLON Surgical Hosiery

IM FIGHTING FIT AT FIFTY...



Over the years I've found Ford Pills marvellous for Constipation, Sick Headaches, Indigestion, Rheumatic aches and pains. They've helped me to be regular, happy and healthy. At the age when most must feel the touch of time, I'm full of life and energy. Get YOUR Ford Pills in red and gold plastic tubes, for 6/- and 3/6 everywhere.

FORD PILLS

KIDNEY TROUBLES?

like this.

Pressure and pain in kidneys, weak bladder?

Then start a course of MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS

When your kidneys are not working properly, uric acid and other harmful deposits accumulate in muscles and joints, causing aches and pains that make life a misery.

The wonder-drug MENTHOLS in MENTHOLS helps your system throw off these deposits and soothes and assists inflamed, overworked kidneys to resume normal healthy functioning.

If you or yours suffer kidney and bladder weakness, back ache, aching muscles and joints, rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis or headaches, start the MENTHOLS treatment to-day. MENTHOLS, with diet chart, are 15/-, 9/- or 5/- everywhere.

MACKENZIE'S MENTHOLS

Give Your Baby LOVELY CURLS

Banish nasty cradlecap 4 weeks' treatment. 4/10

Curlypet

Page 64

Continuing...

TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 55

is just a bit outside my province," he said. "I'll have to put this to Chuck Ferris in a radiogram."

They left the Chef du Port and went up to the Bureau des Postes et Telegraphes. The captain stood in worried thought writing three pages of a radiogram to his employer. He made a copy, paid the charge, and went out into the dark, vanilla-scented street with Keith.

They walked back in silence to the steps, hailed the motor launch, and went off to the schooner in her. On the aft deck the captain rang for the steward, ordered the evening drinks, and they sat down in the long chairs in the warmth of the tropic night.

At last the captain broke the silence. "If I'd thought a million years," he said, "I'd never have thought of this one."

"I would," said Keith. "Knowing Jack Donnelly."

"I guess you know him better than I do."

They drank. Then Keith asked, "Has she ever done that sort of thing before?"

"I wouldn't know—well—yes, I'd say she must have done. She's been married three times."

Keith laughed. "And now it's Jack Donnelly."

There wasn't much that they could do about it except to await an answer to the captain's radiogram.

They moved into the quay next morning and began to take on diesel oil and water. In the middle of the morning a radiogram arrived in answer from Mr. Ferris. It was refreshingly direct:

"King-size deal pending with Sol Hirzhorn so sail immediately for Seattle bringing Stewart along stop Keep contact with Rockawin and be sure advise him date arrival time and berth stop You weren't hired to monitor Dawn's love-life but appreciate your concern leave her settle it her own way stop Am arranging credit for her with the Bank of Indo-China Papete suggest you tell harbor-master ask him to inform her as opportunity occurs."

"Ferris."

The captain showed this telegram to Keith, who read it with interest. "Well, that's the way it is," he said. "We kiss Dawn goodbye and she goes sailing out into the far blue yonder with Jack Donnelly."

Keith asked, "What's this about the king-sized deal with Sol Hirzhorn?"

"I wouldn't know," said Captain Petersen. "Maybe I ought not to have shown you that."

He paused. "One thing," he said. "Sol Hirzhorn's getting an old man, but he still owns the business. It's quite clear that he thinks a lot of you—as an engineer. My boss—Chuck Ferris—he sells engineering. Maybe Sol Hirzhorn's looking to you for a fresh mind on his problem—whatever that is. Maybe Chuck Ferris knows it. I wouldn't know."

"I see," said Keith thoughtfully.

"Anyway," said the captain briskly, "we sail for Seattle in the morning."

He went on shore to lunch with the Chef du Port alone and to get the necessary clearances. Keith lunched alone in the saloon and strolled along the quays. He bought a tinted coral necklace for Janice and a bracelet of polished beans and shells for Katie, souvenirs of his travels that did not cost too much, because he still had no idea how he was to get back to Ealing from Seattle.

Twenty days later the Flying Cloud approached Seattle, fueled the main, and started the diesel, and finally dropped anchor in the quarantine section.

The captain came out of the wheelhouse as the chain rattled out. "We'll be staying here all night," he said. "I reckon we'll have breakfast half-past seven. Then after that we move into a berth."

"What about this chap Jim Rockawin?" asked Keith. "We had to let him know."

"I've got a shore connection now and I guess that this might be as good a time as any to try and get him."

Ten minutes later he was speaking to Jim Rockawin, who in turn rang Julie at the Hirzhorn home near Wauna. "Oh, fine," she said. "I'll tell Mr. Hirzhorn."

People who light fires on the slightest provocation are always the nicest. There's something comforting about fires.

—Jane England

"Mr. Hirzhorn has been looking forward to Mr. Stewart visiting with him for a few days, and he'd like you to bring him right out. He's kept the next four days free of all appointments."

Jim Rockawin was deeply impressed. He knew that Sol Hirzhorn thought a lot of this British engineer; he had not realised that his regard went so far as to allocate four days of his time to him.

The thought flashed through his mind that inevitably in that four days they would discuss the Flume River mill, and the proposal to convert it to Ferris Hydraulics. Keith Stewart was important to Chuck Ferris, and Chuck ought to know about it.

He said, "It would probably be midday before I get him off the yacht, past Customs, and all the rest of it. Suppose I give him lunch in the city and bring him out to Wauna in the afternoon?"

"That's fine," she said. "I'll expect you in the middle of the afternoon."

Jim Rockawin was on the quayside when the Flying Cloud berthed at about ten o'clock next morning. He knew Captain Petersen well, and greeted him cheerfully as he went up the gangway. "Hi Joe," he said. "How's everything?"

"Good and bad," said Captain Petersen. "Jim, this is Mr. Stewart."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Stewart." They shook hands. "Sol Hirzhorn's looking forward to you staying with him a few days before you go back to England. He wants to talk to you about a clock he's making, and he wants to take you round and show you something of the Hirzhorn enterprise. Is that okay with you?"

"Of course," said Keith. "I'd like to meet him."

"Well, that's fine. If you can get packed up I've got my car right here."

"That sounds fine," said Keith. "There's just one thing. This case has the engine from my sister's yacht in it, that got wrecked in the Tuamotus. I want to get it shipped back to England."

"Perkins and Durant," said Mr. Rockawin. "They'd be the best shipping agents to handle that. I'll get a truck along and take it to their warehouse. Leave it to me."

The steward brought Keith's suitcase up on deck. Keith turned to Captain Petersen. "I don't know if I'll be coming on board again," he said, "but I suppose I shan't. I'd like to say thank you for all you've done for me."

The captain said, "It's been a real pleasure having you aboard, Mr. Stewart." They shook hands. "I'll be seeing you one day."

Keith went down the gangway with Jim Rockawin to the car, the steward following with the suitcase. "I guess we'll go up through the city first of all so you can see the town."

They drove round for an hour and a half, and finished up in the grill room of the Olympic Hotel for lunch. Keith was a little daunted by the magnificence of the hotel and completely overawed by the prices on the menu, far from his Ealing way of life. Towards the end of his meal he said to Mr. Rockawin, "Tell me, Mr. Rockawin—"

"Jim," the other interrupted, smiling.

"All right, Jim," said Keith. "Tell me—what does Mr. Ferris do?"

The representative brushed the ash off his cigarette, which gave him a moment for thought. "Hydraulic engineering," he replied. "Ferris Hydraulics Incorporated of Cincinnati. Ever heard of them?"

Keith searched his memory. "Aviation mostly—and motor-cars?"

"Well, that's the way it used to be," said Mr. Rockawin. "Automotive products are up each year, both in the United States and on the Continent of Europe from our Laeken plant, in Belgium. But aviation products are declining—they're way down from what they used to be. That's general in the industry, on account of aeroplanes flying higher. But we get by."

Keith thought for a minute. "I'd like you to know that I'm very grateful to Mr. Hirzhorn and Mr. Ferris for sending the Flying Cloud down to Tahiti."

He said, "It was a tremendous help. We were really in trouble—quite bad trouble—when Captain Petersen turned up. I don't think I'd ever have got out to see my sister's grave or to set up a stone without his help. It meant a lot to me."

"Well, that's real nice to know," said Mr. Rockawin. "Mr. Hirzhorn, he'd be glad to know that, if you tell him."

KEITH nodded.

"It was very good of Mr. Ferris, too, to lend his yacht. Captain Petersen showed me a telegram he'd had from Mr. Ferris. It was all about Dawn. But Mr. Ferris did say one thing. He wanted the Flying Cloud to come straight back to Seattle with me on board because he said he had what he called a king-sized deal pending with Sol Hirzhorn."

"Well, that's true enough, Mr. Stewart," said Jim. "There is a contract pending between Mr. Ferris and Sol Hirzhorn. You know that already. But I'm not telling you about Sol Hirzhorn's business from this end." He smiled. "Julie would know all about it by the time we get to Wauna."

Keith asked, "Who is this Julie? Captain Petersen said something about her once."

"Julie Perlberg," said Mr. Rockawin. "She's the old man's private secretary, sharp as a needle." He paused. "I've heard it said that she is some kind of a relation, I don't know. You might say she's his eyes and ears right now. He

laughed. "And, say, they're mighty sharp eyes and mighty long ears."

"We'd better not talk about it, then," said Keith.

"I'm not going to," said Mr. Rockawin. "I told you that."

He paid the check and they went out of the hotel to the car. They got on the road for Tacoma and finally reached the house—a long, low, stone building, two-storeyed in the front and single-storeyed at the back by the slope of the hillside—a house very much larger than it appeared at the first glance. Below it lay an inlet of the sound, with bathhouses and a moored motor yacht, and by the water's edge there was a long airstrip, with a hangar by the road that led down to it.

Jim Rockawin drove up to the front door and parked the car. A stout, elderly man came forward to meet them.

"Mr. Stewart, isn't it?" he said. "This is a real pleasure. We've exchanged letters, but we've never met before. Say, take off your coat and come right in." He paused. "I'm Sol Hirzhorn."

They went into the huge living-room with a great picture window. "Mr. Stewart, would you like a cup of tea?" he asked. "I know you Englishmen drink tea in the afternoon. Say, Julie!" She came into the room. "Mr. Stewart, I'd like you to meet Julie Perlberg. She does all my letters to you. Julie, this is Mr. Stewart."

"I'm glad to know you, Mr. Stewart," she said quietly. "I'll see about tea right away, Mr. Hirzhorn."

Keith walked over to the big window. "What a wonderful view," he said. "I've never seen anything like it."

"I built the house for it," said Mr. Hirzhorn simply. "I saw it first when I was quite a young chap and I used to go all over for the cutting. Lumber—that's my business—you know that."

Julie came into the room behind them. "Tea will be here in a minute," she said softly. She went through into her own room, leaving the men talking.

She closed the door and went to a tall cabinet of steel drawers. She selected a file marked "STEWART" and took it to her desk and opened it again to refresh her memory.

They had few contacts in England, but she quickly discovered that there was an agency in London which specialised in finding out particulars of individuals in connection with hire-purchase credit.

This full report had reached Julie while Keith was on his way from Honolulu to Tahiti with Jack Donnelly.

After a while she put the file back into the steel cabinet and locked it up. There was no deceit about this man.

That was important, for she had little confidence in Chuck Ferris. He was too anxious to sell his hydraulics, to get into the lumber industry. Jim Rockawin was better, but not much. Seventeen hundred thousand dollars for the conversion of the Flume River mill was quite a contract in anybody's language.

She got up from her desk and went out into the living-room. The men seemed to have finished drinking tea, and Jim Rockawin was getting up to go. She went on into the living-room to pull the curtains over the great picture window and to light the lamps.

Sol Hirzhorn came back into the room with Keith. "Like to have a look at what I'm doing with your clock downstairs?" he asked.

"I'd like to very much, Mr. Hirzhorn," he said.

The two men went down to the workshop in the basement. Keith had never before seen

To page 65

Continuing . . .

TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 64

anything like it in a private house, and not in many institutions; its completeness staggered him. He turned to the old man by his side. "You've certainly got a beautiful set-up here," he said. "It's the best I've ever seen in any private house. That's the clock over there? What's the next part to be tackled?"

"Bobbins and armatures," said Mr. Hirzhorn. "I never wound a coil before, and I don't know how I'm going to make out. Forty-six gauge is mighty fine wire to handle when you can't see so well."

"I know," said Keith. "It's better not to handle it at all. It's so easy to get kinks. I made a coil-winder for mine. As soon as I get back to England I'll put my coil-winder in the post to you, air mail."

"Say, that's mighty kind of you," said Mr. Hirzhorn.

An hour later Julie came down to the workshop. She said quietly, "Drinks are on the table, Mr. Hirzhorn."

The two men started, and turned to her. Sol Hirzhorn said, "They can't be," and looked at his watch. "Oh, well . . ."

They went obediently upstairs with her and washed their hands in the cloakroom.

Over the drinks before the big log fire Sol Hirzhorn said, "I was wondering if you'd care to take a look at one of the mills tomorrow, Mr. Stewart. Ever seen a lumber mill in operation?"

"I don't know anything about the lumber industry at all," Keith said. "It's all new to me. I'd like to very much indeed. But I don't want to take your time."

The old man shook his head. "I want to go and see this mill myself. We've got an engineering problem there needs sorting out. I think we'll go into the office first of all while I look through the mail, 'n you can meet the boys—my two sons, Emmanuel and Joseph. They do most of the work now. And then we'll go on to the mill, Julie!"

"Mr. Hirzhorn?" "Julie, we'll want the car half after eight tomorrow, for the office. You'd better come along. Then—say, ring the aviation section; say I'll be coming to the airport, and I'll want the helicopter at ten o'clock for the Flume River mill. Maybe we'll drop in at the Eight Mile Cut in the afternoon, so Mr. Stewart sees the whole process."

By ten minutes to nine next morning he was in the head office in Tacoma meeting the two sons, Emmanuel and Joseph, treated as a very honored guest.

They left Julie in the office and went on at half-past nine to the Seattle-Tacoma airport, by ten o'clock they were outside the private hangar labelled Hirzhorn Enterprises Inc.

The flight was a delight to Keith, who had never been in a helicopter before. It took about fifty minutes over mountains and up shallow valleys filled with the ascending forest. In the end a river showed up ahead of them, and buildings marked by a great plume of smoke and steam, a railroad, and a small town beside. Then they came in to land softly on an open space reserved in the car park.

They spent two hours in the sawmill seeing the whole process. The flying carriages,

operated by four-inch roller chains running over great sprockets appalled Keith, but he did not say so at the time.

They lunched with the manager and the secretary at a table reserved for them in the canteen. No drinks were served, for the whole plant was dry. Emmanuel apologised to Keith for this omission. "We find that liquor and a sawmill don't go well together."

"Do you have many accidents?" Keith asked.

"Not more than what's average to the industry," Manny replied.

"Say, Mr. Stewart," Mr. Hirzhorn said, "you've been around a bit. What do you think of safety in this plant, coming to it fresh?"

"I don't think you could do much better with the saws," Keith said at last. "With big saws running at that speed you'll always get the bloke who gets careless as the years go by and puts his hand in one. You can't help that—except by cutting out the drink, as you do. The thing I didn't like were all those chains."

EMMANUEL, and Mr. Hirzhorn glanced at each other. The old man asked, "You mean the roller chains that work the carriages? Say, Mr. Stewart, do you know anything about Chuck Ferris? Ferris Hydraulics, in this mill?"

Keith faced him. "No, I don't," he said. "I know that Mr. Ferris has a contract he's negotiating with you. I asked Mr. Rockawin if he'd tell me what it was, in case I put my foot in it, and said the wrong thing. But he wouldn't tell me. He said it was your business."

There was general laughter. Sol Hirzhorn said, "Good for Jim. Manny, would you be able to come back to Wauna this evening? I don't think we'd lose anything by telling Mr. Stewart what's proposed, now that he's seen the plant."

"Sure, Dad." He thought for a moment. "I'll call the office, and have them send the plans out to the house."

They left in the helicopter after lunch and flew for twenty minutes eastward up the river. They came to the Eight Mile Cut, a timber camp, and put down on a level platform built of logs with a plank decking specially for the helicopter. They got into a truck with the young manager, and were driven a mile or two through the devastated forest to where the felling was going on.

This was wholly strange to Keith. He could make no useful comment and he said so, though he found it full of interest.

An hour and twenty minutes after leaving the forest cut a hundred miles away they were seated with cups of tea and cookies before the fire in the great living-room at Wauna.

Julie had come back to Wauna from the head office in Tacoma in the car, and had brought with her a great packet of plans and specifications from Ferris Hydraulics, a file of correspondence, and a sheaf of photographs. She had laid these out upon the table in the middle of the room; she showed them to the men, and retired to her own office. When they were warm and comfortable before the fire Sol Hirzhorn said, "I'd like you to know the way things are at the Flume River, Mr. Stewart."

"I'd like to hear it, Mr. Hirzhorn."

The old man paused in thought. "It started over a year ago," he said. "I got an invite to attend a demonstration of rockets at this place Cape Canaveral, in Florida. I became interested in the hydraulic jacks used. So I asked the officer showing us around who made the jacks, and he said, Ferris Hydraulics." He paused again.

"It wasn't till the middle of the night I thought that if those jacks could push rockets at that speed they could push our carriages in the mill just the same, 'n cut out every chain. I don't suppose you ever saw a man caught up in a four-inch roller chain that runs over a sprocket, Mr. Stewart?"

"No," said Keith.

"Well, you don't want to, either. I got in touch with Ferris Hydraulics, and Chuck Ferris he came down with his engineers, and left them with us for a week. I guessed it would be best to try it out in the one mill for a start, and we picked on the Flume River. Well, what they proposed was that we didn't stop at the carriages, but put hydraulic motors on the saws as well, worked off the same hydraulic mains, from the same plant. Well, that's attractive in some ways, although it's a big increase in the costs.

"Manny's got the drawings and the specifications on the table there," he said. "I wondered if you'd care to take a look at them."

"I'd like to very much," said Keith. "I don't know that I'd be able to help much, you know. It's not as if I was a consulting engineer."

"No. But you've been around a bit. I'd appreciate it if you'd look the scheme over."

Keith crossed to the table with Emmanuel and they started to discuss the scheme. It was one which would remove most of the apprehensions which had troubled him that morning in the mill. It would certainly make the work safer.

"What happens to the waste heat?" he asked Emmanuel at last.

"What's that?" asked the millowner.

Keith turned to the specification. "The power going into the hydraulic system is the brake horsepower of these diesel motors, the prime movers," he remarked. "Six thousand five hundred horsepower."

"That's so."

"That's the power going into the mill when everything's going at full blast. Well, of course, nothing works at hundred per cent. efficiency," Emmanuel nodded. "I don't know what the efficiency of these hydraulic rams would be," said Keith thoughtfully.

"The motors might be ninety per cent. Suppose we guess that as the figure for the whole mill—ten per cent. power loss. That means that when the plant is going at full blast, six hundred and fifty horsepower has to be got rid of as waste heat."

"Seems a lot," said Emmanuel.

"I don't know that it is," said Keith reflectively. "Not in the scale of the whole job. I suppose it goes into the hydraulic fluid. I saw something about that." He turned over the pages of the specification. "Here it is. Maximum temperature of the fluid, 110deg. F."

"That's what these inter-coolers are for, I think," said Emmanuel. "They've got them stuck around behind each motor and each ram, with water from the river running

To page 66

CARE WITH LIME



● *Kalmia latifolia*, or mountain laurel, a lime-hater, grows to about 3ft. The pink flowers appear in dense clusters. Photographed at the home of Mrs. I. Mingaye, Turramurra, N.S.W.

GARDENING

LIME is extremely beneficial to some plants, and harmful, even fatal, to others. Still others are indifferent to it.

Now, when shrub-planting is a seasonal task, the soil should be free from lime before planting kalmias, magnolias, andromedas, leucothoes, vacciniums (blue berries), zenobiums, and daphnes.

Clethra alnifolia, *Cornus canadensis*, *lithospermums*, *Pieris floribunda*, and *Persea mucronata* come into the same category. Some of the polygalas, particularly the variety *chamaebuxus*, detest lime in any form.



For many years camellias were grown in limed soil with dire effects. It is recognised now that they will do better in soil either acid or neutral.

Ericaceae (ericas and their relatives) generally are lime-haters, and do best in peaty soils that are mildly to fairly strongly acid and lime-free.

Rhododendrons and azaleas should be planted by themselves, as lime will kill them.

Make sure when applying lime that it cannot be washed by rain towards lime-haters.

Builders cause much lime trouble by burying plaster, mortar, and other forms of lime after completing a building. Test the soil of a new garden before planting shrubs.

Bulbs and tubers that will not tolerate lime are cyclamens, lilliums, auratum, canadense, giganteum and pardalinum, *Pancratium illyricum*, *Trillium grandiflorum*, and *zephyranthes*.

Trees that object to lime are *Abies* (spruce), *Arbutus unedo*, *Laurus nobilis* (sweet bay), and *Oxydendrum arboreum*.

Many plants grown in border beds also object to lime. They include *achilleas* (milfoils), many *campanulas* (blue bells), most *cypripediums* (slipper orchids), several of the *dianthus* family, including *D. alpinus*, *caesius*, *deltoides* and *glacialis*, many *geraniums*, most *hypericums*, *Meconopsis* (blue poppy), *silene*, *valeriana* (garden valerian), and *Viola pedata*.

Lime-induced chlorosis (yellowing of foliage) may be corrected by sprinkling the soil with finely powdered iron sulphate (ferrous sulphate). Use 2½ to 3lb. per 100 sq. ft., cultivate lightly, and water.

● *ANDROMEDA floribunda* or *Pieris floribunda* grows 3 to 6ft. high, and has white flowers in slender panicles.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.

through them. Here's the drawing of the water mains and pump."

"I see," Keith took the drawing and studied it. "That's all right. This is the drawing of the intercooler. . . . In two sizes." He studied the dimensions. "It's not very big."

"I wouldn't know," said Emmanuel.

Keith smiled. "Tell you the truth, I don't know, either." He sat in thought. "How hot does it get there at the mill?" he asked. "Outside, I mean—on a fine day in summer?"

"Oh, it gets quite hot," said Emmanuel. "The guys outside, they work in pants and singlet. Eighty degrees, I'd say—maybe eighty-five. It's right down in the valley, so you don't get much wind."

"That'd be the inlet temperature of the hydraulic fluid by the time it got from the power plant into the mill," said Keith thoughtfully. "It must go in at round about air temperature."

"I guess it would," said Manny.

JULIE brought the tray of drinks into the room, and the two men crossed over to Sol Hirzhorn by the fire. "How did you make out?" he asked.

"I'd like to think about it just a little bit," Keith said. "The trouble is, I don't know much about hydraulics, and they know just about everything there is to know. There are one or two things I don't understand, but that's probably my fault." He paused, and took a drink. "I'd like to read that specification through quietly after dinner by myself."

Keith settled down after dinner at the big table in the middle of the room, while the old man retired to his workshop and Emmanuel sat in a long chair before the fire smoking a cigar. He read the specification through twice and did a little figuring on the back of one of the drawings. At the end of it, when Julie went downstairs to flush Sol Hirzhorn from the workshop, Keith was as much in the dark as ever.

He got up as the old man came into the room. "I'm sorry," he said simply, "but I still don't understand these intercoolers. I'd say they were too small and they should be

Continuing . . .

TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 65

about three times the size. There's almost certainly some factor here I don't understand."

"Could be," said Sol Hirzhorn briefly. He turned to his son. "Manny, how would you like to take a run up to Cincinnati with Mr. Stewart, show him the hardware 'n talk to the engineers?"

Emmanuel reflected for a moment. "I could do that," he said.

"I'd be kind of happier, now this has been raised," the old man said. "If we don't get it cleared up, we might be worrying about it all the time." He turned to Keith. "Could you do that for us?" he asked. "It seems asking rather a lot."

"I'd be very pleased, Mr. Hirzhorn," said Keith. He smiled. "I'd be very glad of the chance of walking through the Ferris works."

Sol Hirzhorn turned to Julie. "Better call United now and make the reservations. Make them for the return flight, too."

"Okay, Mr. Hirzhorn."

Keith had a morning of absorbing interest in the Ferris plant next day, and finished up with considerable admiration for the design and manufacture of the hydraulic motors. The morning ended with an office conference presided over by Chuck Ferris, a small, dynamic red-haired man that Keith had no difficulty in recognising as Dawn's father. The Chief Engineer was present with one of his aides, a Mr. Monnington.

Keith said he didn't quite understand the intercoolers. "That's all right," said the Chief Engineer patiently. "The cold river water comes in here from the main, picks up heat, and comes out here, and back into the river. The oil comes in here, and goes out there, a whole lot cooler."

Keith said he understood that. "What puzzles me is the heat transfer balance," he said. "I take it that the hydraulic fluid goes into the intercooler at a hundred and ten degrees? That's the maximum temperature you work at?"

"That's so," said the Chief Engineer. "In the case of the

biggest motors that would be the outgoing temperature."

"And it goes into the power generator about eighty degrees?"

"More or less."

Keith stared at the drawing, still puzzled. "Well, what's the temperature rise in the cooling water, then?"

The Chief Engineer glanced at his aide, Mr. Monnington.

FROM THE BIBLE

"Truly this was the Son of God."
—Matthew 27, 54.

The centurion, a Roman soldier of authority, who spoke these words, had witnessed the crucifixion of Jesus. He had seen the earth covered with darkness, had heard how the veil in the temple secluding the holy place had been split, and had felt an earthquake, but surely it was the kingly bearing of the Son of God, even in death, which called forth these words.

said, "Fifty degrees. Fifty-five under extreme conditions."

Puzzled, Keith said, "It can't go higher than the temperature of the oil, or it couldn't do any cooling. What's the inlet temperature of the water?"

"Fifty degrees," said Mr. Monnington. Emmanuel stirred, but left the talking to Keith.

"That seems on the cold side for summer temperature," said Keith.

"It's general in these rivers," said the engineer. "Maybe you don't get the same conditions in England. This is snow water, made by melting the eternal snows upon the Glacier Peak."

Emmanuel leaned forward on the table. "That's baloney," he said candidly. "Flume River doesn't rise from Glacier Peak.

Flume River rises in the Troublesome Mountain, not much higher than five thousand feet. All the snow's gone from Troublesome by the end of April most years."

There was a dead silence in the conference room of Ferris Hydraulics Inc.

Sol Hirzhorn took his call to Chuck Ferris next morning in Julie's office because he didn't want Keith Stewart to hear what was said. The girl started the tape recorder as he lifted the instrument and stood back in the room.

He said, "That Chuck Ferris? Morning, Chuck. The boys tell me they had quite a party with your engineers."

"I know, I know," said Mr. Ferris. "Quin ribbing, Sol. My boys had the rivers mixed up. We're redesigning the intercoolers for your plant right now. That won't hold up the job, and our quotation stands."

"That's fine," said Mr. Hirzhorn. "Mr. Stewart that I sent with Manny, he was very much impressed. He had a long talk with Manny on the plane on the way back. They didn't put much importance on this intercooler business, now that's all cleared up. They advised me to go right ahead and sign the Heads of Agreement so the attorneys could draw up the contract. There's only one point to be settled now."

"What's that?"

"Who's going to pay Keith Stewart? He's not on your payroll and he's not on mine," said the old lumberman. "I asked him to look over the scheme as a friend. He said he didn't understand why the intercoolers were so small, so I sent him up with Manny to see your boys. Well, they found that there'd been a mistake in your office."

"I know, I know," said Mr. Ferris. "You think he ought to get something?"

"I sure do. Kind of a consultant fee. One per cent. on the contract."

Mr. Ferris leaped in his chair. "That's—that's over seventeen thousand dollars! He's not a guy that's in that sort of money!"

"See here, Chuck," said the

old man evenly, "a guy's worth what he earns. If he'd not spotted that the intercoolers were too small they'd have gone into the plant the way they were. Next July or August we'd have had to stop production for a month or more while you put the job right. Maybe we'd have had a lawsuit over it. There's big money involved. Do you know what one day's production from that mill is worth?"

"I know, I know," said Mr. Ferris petulantly. "Still—seventeen thousand dollars! That's three Cadillacs!"

"If we'd had a lawsuit over this, 'n you lost, it would have cost you fifty Cadillacs," said Mr. Hirzhorn.

"Sure. But there isn't going to be a lawsuit. We've got the new design laid out in the drawing office right now. I was in there just a few minutes ago."

"Sure, there isn't going to be a lawsuit," said Sol Hirzhorn. "Maybe there isn't going to be a contract, either."

Mr. Ferris threw in the towel. "Okay," he said. "If that's what you think right, well, that's the way it is, Sol. That'll be okay with us at this end."

"Well, that's fine," said Mr. Hirzhorn. "Oh, one thing more. Mr. Stewart will be leaving for England day after tomorrow, so Jim Rockawin had better bring the cheque for him along with him, with the Heads of Agreement. Seventeen thousand dollars."

He put down the telephone and leaned back, a little weary. Julie came forward from the back of the room. "He won't know if he's coming or going," she said softly.

SOL HIRZHORN smiled. "Pay off his mortgage."

"It'll do more than that," she said. "Is he going back to England day after tomorrow? Had I better get busy with the reservations for the trip?" she asked.

He nodded. "Yes, do that."

"On the office?"

"Why, certainly."

Half an hour later while Sol Hirzhorn was getting ready to go into Tacoma for a business-lunch appointment she called Keith Stewart to her office.

"There are two or three things," she said, businesslike and efficient. "First, Jim

Rockawin called yesterday. He's got some shipping documents he wants you to sign about the engine salvaged from your sister's yacht. The engine will be shipped upon a British ship sailing Thursday of next week, the Clan McAlister, to London docks."

"Fine," said Keith. "When can I sign the documents?"

"Well now, that's another thing. Mr. Rockawin is coming to the head office tomorrow morning to sign the Heads of Agreement for the Flume River contract. Now, there's another thing, Mr. Stewart, and that's about your consultant's fee?"

"My what?"

"Consultant fee, Mr. Stewart. Mr. Hirzhorn asked you to look the Ferris plans over and Mr. Ferris reckons that your technical services rate for a consultant fee, and he called Mr. Hirzhorn about it this morning," she said, lying like a good personal secretary. "They reckoned that one per cent. of the contract would be a reasonable figure—that's seventeen thousand dollars. Is that okay with you?"

Keith was dumbfounded. "But that's absurd!" he exclaimed. "It's much too much!"

"It's what's usual in this country," she said off-handedly. "There's one more thing. Mr. Hirzhorn said you'd be leaving us day after tomorrow. Will you be going straight through to London?"

Keith nodded. "I've got to hurry home. I've been away too long."

"I'll call United and book you on the flight to Idlewild, New York, that connects with the night Pan-Am flight to London. Okay?"

"Wait a bit," said Keith. "I don't know that I want to fly. I was thinking that I'd have to go by train and boat."

She said, "But you flew out to Vancouver and Honolulu, didn't you?"

"I got that free," he said. "At home—well, I don't live like you do here."

She said, "I know it." She eyed him kindly. "I asked Mr. Hirzhorn about the reservations and the tickets," she remarked. "He said to put them through the office account."

"I can't let him do that," Keith said. "Not with seventeen thousand dollars of Mr. Ferris' money in my pocket."

To page 68

Hand-knits become fashion knits with . . .

Lincoln WOOLS — EXCITING 1960 STYLES



Big ribbed collar highlights this lovely sweater. Takes 16 ozs. Lincoln "Crescent" 4-ply. Total cost (approx.), 45/-
STYLE 2270. BOOK 773.

The "Full-Fashioned" look in attractive raglan style with contrasting inset collar. Takes 10 ozs. "Daphne" 3-ply. Total cost (approx.), 27/-
STYLE 2257. BOOK 774.



No need to buy expensive knitteds this winter . . . Lincoln make it so easy to knit them yourself . . . in the world's newest fashion colours, and these eye-catching new overseas styles. With Lincoln's new pattern books and famous quality wools you can knit yourself a luxury wardrobe . . . at low cost!



Flattering Twinset with "lacy" pattern in an always-popular style. Takes 18 ozs. "Daphne" 3-ply. Total cost (approx.), 49/-
STYLE 2283. BOOK 774.



For young moderns! Two-tone "bulky-knit" sweater, dolman sleeves. Takes 20 ozs. "Buffalo" 6-ply. Total cost (approx.), 52/-
STYLE 2272. BOOK 774.

Lincoln
QUALITY
KNITTING WOOLS

LINCOLN DOES WONDERFUL THINGS WITH WOOL



Our Man has an eye for colour

Here you see Our Man at one of the Sanderson factories, running an expert eye over a length of fabric. It is one of thousands that Sanderson design, weave and print to make up a range that is little short of fabulous—in styling and patterns, colours and materials.

Ask him what it is in particular that makes Sanderson fabrics famous, and he will mention the incredible choice, the originality of design and the *lasting* freshness of colour. Ask him the secret of this lasting colour, and he will smile an inscrutable smile.

Within the wide and wonderful Sanderson range you will almost certainly find the design, the colour and the quality of fabric that you've always wanted in your home—and at the price you want to pay. Call in at your nearest Sanderson stockist's and see if this isn't so.

SANDERSON
FABRICS AND
WALLPAPERS



ARTHUR SANDERSON & SONS (AUST.) PTY. LTD., BOX 1102, G.P.O., SYDNEY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 20, 1960

Page 67

Here's the kind of breakfast growing children need...



VITAMIN
ENRICHED

MALT
FLAVOURED

OVEN CRISP

Children thrive on crisp, crunchy Weet-Bix, and a three Weet-Bix breakfast is the quickest, most nourishing you can serve. Just 3 seconds from packet to plate, and every golden biscuit contains the whole of the wheat, including the precious wheat heart, with energising malt and extra Vitamin B₁ added. Weet-Bix is economical too! 48 biscuits in every giant-size packet, and a three Weet-Bix breakfast costs less than 2d.!

NEW BOOK ALBUM—DESTINATION MOON!

An exciting new series of 50 picture plates with thrilling facts on the exploration of outer space. Get your album from your grocer for just 6d. and start collecting the full set now. Picture plates in Weet-Bix and other grand Sanitarium Cereals, too!

WEET-BIX are wonderful

Continuing...

TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

from page 66

She paused. "Don't refuse him when he wants to do this little thing," she said gently. "You've given him a lot of pleasure with your letters and the clock."

Keith Stewart landed back in England at London Airport three days later, eighty days after he had left England. Shortly before lunchtime he arrived at his house in Somerset Road, carrying his suitcase. He let himself in with his latchkey, for Katie would be at the shop and Janice would be having lunch at school.

He made a cup of tea and a couple of pieces of toast. There was one job that must not be delayed. He put on his coat after the little meal and went out again. He walked a quarter of a mile to the shops of West Ealing, and into the local branch of the Westminster Bank. Before the eyes of the astounded cashier he endorsed a cheque for seventeen thousand dollars, and paid it into his account.

He walked back to the house and let himself in. He took his coat off and went down to the workshop, and stood for a time in thought. He had brought back with him a few of the Ferris drawings of the hydraulic installations at the Flume River Mill, and his mind was playing upon those.

An hour later he heard the gate clang and heard Janice's footsteps on the path to the front door. He went upstairs and let her in before she could open the front door with her key. She dropped her satchel of schoolbooks and flew into his arms.

He hugged her clumsily. "Miss me?" he asked. She nodded. "Mm." And then she said, "It's been dull, not having anything made."

She struggled out of her coat. "I must put the kettle on, because Aunt Katie will be coming home. She gets off an hour earlier now," said Janice, rushing to the kitchen to fill the kettle. "She started doing that when you went away, because she said she ought to be at home when I get back from school, because you weren't here."

Across the table she asked suddenly, "Did you go to where my Mummy and Daddy were buried?"

"Yes, I went there," he said. "We had a stone made and put it up to mark the grave."

"Were they buried on the island?" she asked.

"Yes," he said. "On the island with the sea all round. Nobody lives there. You see, it's only a little island, and there isn't any water for people to drink, so nobody else can live there."

She stood looking at him. "Can you hear the sea from the place where they're buried?"

"Yes," he said. "You can hear the sea all round."

"I think that's nice," she said. "They always liked the sea."

"I left the grey egg with them," he said, "because I thought they'd like to have something that was yours. I buried it just underneath the sand."

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

She nodded. "They'll like that."

That was the end of it. She did not speak about her father or her mother again.

Katie came in before the kettle boiled. "Keith!" she said. "Why didn't you let us know? Where have you come from?"

"There wasn't really time to write," he apologised.

After tea, Keith unpacked his suitcase and got out the little presents he had bought for them in Honolulu and Papeete, and gave them to Janice and Katie.

Keith washed the dishes, and when Katie came up from the basement room where Janice slept they were free to talk. "First thing," she said practically, "have you got any money, Keith?"

He nodded. "I was trying to sort it out on the plane," he said, "but it's all foreign, so it wasn't too easy. I didn't have to spend very much." He pulled a muddled sheaf of notes from his breast pocket, with a black wallet of traveller's cheques. He passed the lot to her.

KATIE opened the little wallet. "There's forty pounds here, that you haven't used!" she exclaimed.

"Are things tight?"

"Not worse than they've been before. We don't owe anything. I've got a little over three pounds in my purse. But there's ten guineas to pay next month for the school. Still, this will put us right."

"We've got more than that," he said comfortably. "I paid in a bit over six thousand pounds this afternoon."

"That's Janice's money," she replied.

"It's not her money," he retorted. "That's coming along later. This is ours."

It was midnight before they went to bed.

Next morning he wrote a letter of thanks to Mr. Hirschhorn and packed it up with the coil winder in a little box to go to him by air mail. He spent most of the rest of the day in sorting out his vast pile of letters.

Next day, rested and refreshed, he took his hydraulic sketches up to Mr. McNeil in the office of the "Miniature Mechanic," and told him most of what had happened on his journey, and about Sol Hirschhorn and his Congreve clock.

Keith stayed quietly at home for the next six weeks, catching up with his work, developing the hydraulic models, and writing the serial. Then the Clan McAlister docked, and he was called down to the docks to see his packing-case through Customs.

Presently it was delivered to the house in Somerset Road upon a truck. He got the truck-driver to help him roll the case on short lengths of steel bar from the workshop through the front gate and the front garden, and down beside the house to the back garden, where they left it in the middle of the garden path. Keith gave the driver five shillings for his help.

Next morning, after Katie had gone to the shop and Janice had gone to school, he unscrewed the sides of the packing-case. The engine seemed in fair condition, though a good deal of external corrosion was evident all over it.

That afternoon he rang up Mr. Carpenter, the solicitor.

To page 71

Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney, Postal address, Box 1001, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, Hobart; New Zealand orders to Box 6343, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders will be accepted.

Fashion PATTERNS

BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F5672.—Beginners' pattern for a little girl's pinafore frock requires 1½ to 2½ yds. 54in. material. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Price 3/-.



F5691.—Smart and flattering sheath frock requires 2½ yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5717.—Unusual and flattering winter frock requires 3½ yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5603.—Sophisticated three-quarter coat with fur or fur-material collar requires 2½ yds. 54in. material and ¾ yd. 36in. fur fabric. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.



F5717

F5603

F5672

F5692

F5692.—Fashionable suit for town wear requires 3½ yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5719.—Flattering and chic sheath dress requires 2½ yds. 54in. material. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Price 4/6.

F5719

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 250.—GIRL'S TARTAN SKIRT

Practical and pretty tartan skirt that any little girl will love is available cut out ready to sew in brushed cotton tartan. The bodice is in poplin. Tartans are Royal Stewart, Dress Stewart, Buchanan, Prince Charles, and Anderson. For 2-to-4-year-olds, 27/6; 6-to-8-year-olds, 32/6. Postage 2/6 extra.

No. 251.—GUEST-TOWELS

Guest-towel set is available cut out and clearly traced to embroider on white, lemon, pink, or green Huckaback. Size 15 by 24in. Each towel features a flower motif and is 3/9, postage 3d. extra; or set of four for 14/-, with postage 2/- extra.

No. 252.—BOY'S TARTAN PANTS

Smart and useful tartan pants for a small boy are available cut out ready to sew in brushed cotton tartan. Tartans are Royal Stewart, Dress Stewart, Prince Charles, Buchanan, and Anderson. For 2 to 4 years, 18/6; 5 to 6 years, 19/3. Postage 2/6 extra.

No. 253.—CORDUROY PINAFORE

Popular winter-style pinafore is available cut out ready to sew in corduroy velveteen in turquoise, red, green, American Beauty, royal-blue, and chocolate-brown. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 57/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 59/11. Postage 4/- extra.

No. 254.—TURELLA BLOUSE

Pretty blouse for your winter wardrobe is available cut out ready to sew in pink, green, blue, white, and lemon turella. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 39/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 41/6. Postage 3/- extra.

Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

251

252

253

254

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning April 18



ARIES The Ram

MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, yellow.
★ Gambling colors, yellow, brown.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Saturday.
★ Luck in leadership.

★ At home and abroad people look to you for suggestions, ideas, plans. They will be able to help work out details, but the original scheme is likely to be contributed by you. Where group activities are in question you exercise the deciding vote, your energy, enthusiasm will be the dynamo that sparks more than one successful enterprise.



TAURUS The Bull

APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 2.
★ Lucky color for love, white.
★ Gambling colors, white, rose.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Sunday.
★ Luck in the second best.

★ Just because your first choice does not seek you as a partner, don't wait. Second best may not be as handsome, but he may have a finer character and a more interesting personality. If you aren't asked to a certain big party, console yourself with an evening at the pictures with your girl-friend; you'll forget your disappointment.



GEMINI The Twins

MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, light blue.
★ Gambling colors, light blue, silver.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday.
★ Luck in a competition.

★ If in a sports carnival you and your team are likely to bring off a victory while few other teams are, if a spectator, the side you support may win during the last minutes of play. If young, among girls who are thrilled by a handsome stranger, you may be the chosen one who carries him off for the evening. If older, profit in a speculative matter.



CANCER The Crab

JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, green.
★ Gambling colors, green, gold.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.
★ Luck in the right place.

★ Crawl into your shell and you'll be forgotten; you are shy by nature. Go out of your way to be among those present, do a few small favors for those who can help you gratify an ambition. Mix business with pleasure, ascertain the V.I.P.s of your small world, create occasions on which you can shine. You will enjoy it and benefit.



LEO The Lion

JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 4.
★ Lucky color for love, orange.
★ Gambling colors, orange, black.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday.
★ Luck in planning.

★ You're starting a new season socially. Winter activities loom in the offing. Perhaps you have a new job, or your eye on a better one. You are going to be busy. Will you run around in circles or are you going to work to a timetable which gives you peace of mind? Write down all you expect to accomplish, then take off merrily.



VIRGO The Virgin

AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, black.
★ Gambling colors, black, green.
★ Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.
★ Luck in using imagination.

★ Being highly conscientious, you want perfection in whatever you do. You worry over details which are often trifling, and miss the wood for the trees. Gain a pleasant mental picture of your goal, then keep it constantly in mind while you work towards it. Too critical an approach may discourage you from carrying on with the enterprise.



LIBRA The Balance

SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, rose.
★ Gambling colors, rose, mauve.
★ Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday.
★ Luck in the family circle.

★ A piece of good fortune in regard to career or romance could bring happiness to all the family. The celebration of a birthday or wedding anniversary is likely to be the highlight. Old friends of the family, not seen often, may be brought together for an occasion. A special gift may bring joy. Otherwise, harmony on the domestic front.



SCORPIO The Scorpion

OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 3.
★ Lucky color for love, violet.
★ Gambling colors, violet, grey.
★ Lucky days, Monday, Thursday.
★ Luck in the morning.

★ Be on the doormat early if your business is important. Be ready to scrap previous plans if an unforeseen opportunity crops up. Rise and shine promptly, make yourself and your home presentable for unexpected guests who might have a message for you. Laziness, an inclination to drift along, could cause you to miss the bus.



SAGITTARIUS The Archer

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 9.
★ Lucky color for love, red.
★ Gambling colors, red, white.
★ Lucky days, Thurs., Saturday.
★ Luck through an investment.

★ If you've bought a ticket in a raffle or indulged in a game of chance yours could be the winning number. If you've invested in a property there could be the opportunity to sell now at a profit. If you've invented love in your personal relationships, appreciation flows towards you. Let your slogan be, "Nothing ventured, nothing gained."



CAPRICORN The Goat

DECEMBER 24-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 1.
★ Lucky color for love, brown.
★ Gambling colors, brown, green.
★ Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday.
★ Luck in solving a problem.

★ Whether the problem is conflict between members of the household, a shabby rag in your lounge, whether it be financial or personal, you'll find a way to deal with it. Picture every possible solution, then discard them one by one until you come to the best answer. You could remove a source of annoyance and gain applause, too.



AQUARIUS The Waterbearer

JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 6.
★ Lucky color for love, navy-blue.
★ Gambling colors, navy-blue, red.
★ Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.
★ Luck through a conversation.

★ The grapevine telegraph may be working overtime, but heed to it. That rumor is likely to be correct, and swift action can put you on the inside track with many advantages. Get out and meet people, both old friends and new. Be a good listener; don't try to grab the spotlight or be the life of the party. Your turn will come later.



PISCES The Fish

FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5.
★ Lucky color for love, grey.
★ Gambling colors, grey, rose.
★ Lucky days, Thursday, Friday.
★ Luck in a budget.

★ A regular savings campaign is the quickest way to make wishes come true. Now is the right time to visualize that new item for your home or that longed-for trip. Put down essential expenses, allow a margin for emergencies, then put the rest where you cannot easily get at it when good resolutions waver. Watch that goal coming closer.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

Holiday fun -
WITH THE WORK ALL DONE!



SAO



JATZ

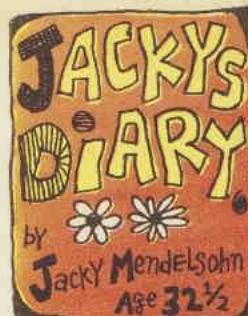
MONTE CARLO



Arnott's famous Sao Biscuits come Crisp and Fresh from the hamper to improve the picnic spread, while the tang of Jatz Biscuits brings a rich variety.

Arnott's
famous
Biscuits

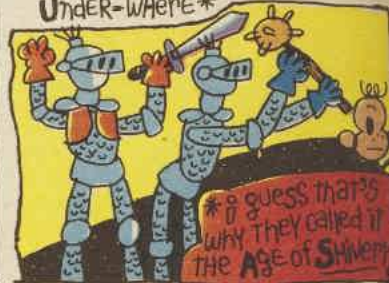
There is no Substitute for Quality



IT'S A GREAT BIG PLACE LIKE A LIBRARY. EXCEPT YOU DON'T HAVE TO WHISPER.



They GOT LOTS OF MEN STANDING AROUND WHO USED TO WEAR IRON UNDER-WHERE*



I PEEKED IN ON ONE GUY ONLY HE WAS PLAYING HOOKY. BUT I DIDN'T SNITCH ON HIM.



LATER WE WENT TO A NOTHER PART WHERE THEY HAD SOME EGYPTIANS WHO MUST OF BEEN IN A AXIDENT.



BUT THE BEST EXHIBIT EGGSIBIT EXHIBIT THE BEST PART IN THE MUSEUM WAS WHERE THEY KEEP THE DINASAURS. THEY'RE EVEN BETTER THEN THE SLIDING POND IN THE PLAYGROUND.



P.S. NOW WE GOT A NOTHER CLASS PROJECT: Which is we gotta STAY after SCHOOL & WRITE A COMPOSITION ON "WHY WE MUSTN'T CLIMB ON A DINA-SAW!"

Your FRIEND, JACKY.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



Continuing . . . TRUSTEE FROM THE TOOLROOM

"This is Keith Stewart speaking," he said. "You remember? Commander Dermott's brother-in-law."

"Of course I remember, Mr. Stewart. You've been away, haven't you?"

"Just a short holiday," Keith said. "You know those diamonds that we were looking for?"

"I do," said Keith. "I believe they've turned up. My wife, Katie—she was turning out the boxroom yesterday and she found a suitcase that she didn't think belonged to us, full of clothes."

"It must have been one that John left behind he hadn't told us about, or we'd forgotten. Anyway, there was a little box in it full of white stones."

"I should think you probably found them, Mr. Stewart. That's very fortunate."

"What had I better do with them?"

"They'll have to go back to Mr. Franck as soon as possible," he said, "to be sold for the benefit of the estate. I'll ring Mr. Franck at once. Could you bring them up to my office tomorrow morning, if I ask him to come round? Say, about ten-thirty?"

"That's all right for me," said Keith.

Keith walked into the solicitor's office next morning, dressed in his soiled old raincoat and holding his dirty old felt hat in his hand. There was a florid man with Mr. Carpenter, with curly black hair, middle-aged.

The solicitor said, "Good morning, Mr. Stewart. Mr. Stewart, this is Mr. Franck, of Rosenblum and Franck, the diamond merchants."

Keith said, "Good morning," and shook hands.

Mr. Carpenter asked, "Did you bring those stones up with you, Mr. Stewart?"

"I've got them here," said Keith. He pulled a little cardboard box out of his jacket pocket and gave it to Mr. Franck.

The diamond merchant took it, glanced at the contents, and frowned.

"What's this yellow stuff all over them?" he asked. "Have they been stored in oil?"

"Not since yesterday," said Keith truthfully. "That's all I know. Would it matter if they had?"

Mr. Franck shook his head. "It'll polish off."

From his attache-case he took a little black leather case, opened it on the desk, and erected a tiny set of scales with minute weights handled by a pair of forceps. He weighed them all together very carefully. Then he pulled a type list from his pocket and consulted it.

"Ninety-seven carats," he said thoughtfully. "The diamonds I sold Commander Dermott totalled ninety-two carats. But then, they've got this deposit on them now . . ."

Finally he put the lid on to the cardboard box and put away the scales. "I think there can be very little doubt that these are the stones I sold Commander Dermott," he said. "I can't be absolutely sure until we have polished them and examined each stone individually. I should like to take them and have that done, giving you a receipt for them, of course. Then I suppose that you would want them to be sold?"

A few minutes later he left the office, taking the diamonds with him, asking the office girl to call a taxi to the door. Keith

from page 68

said, "Well, I'll be getting along. You'll let me know what happens?" He got up and reached for his old, shabby hat.

The solicitor got up with him. "You're looking very well," he remarked. "Much better than when I saw you last. You must have been out in the sun."

"I had a bit of a holiday," said Keith defensively.

"A very good thing to do," said Mr. Carpenter. They moved towards the door. "Tell me," he said, "did you ever do anything about the engine that was salvaged from your brother-in-law's yacht?"

Enterprises Inc., so Keith will probably accept the invitation in a year or two.

Keith finally sold the engine salvaged from Shearwater for sixty pounds, but it took him six months to do so. It cost him fifty-nine pounds eight shillings and tenpence in shipping charges from Seattle, so that he made a profit on the transaction.

Katie no longer works in Buckleys drapery shop in Ealing Broadway. They discovered that the interest on the sterling equivalent of seventeen thousand dollars just about equalled her wages at the shop, and that all Janice's expenses were amply covered by the interest on her

Brilliant crime story is our new serial

IN next week's issue we begin an exciting two-part serial, "DANGEROUS SILENCE," by Donald MacKenzie. It is a story of blackmail, a brilliantly conceived burglary, a crime that looks like the perfect one.

Mark Drummond, a London criminal, plans the burglary, and with the help of Kline, a shady, disbarred lawyer, carefully track down the one man they need to carry out successfully a daring raid on a rich Mayfair home. This man is Kit Fraser, an ex-criminal.

They trace him, and Kit is faced with a desperate choice. If he does not aid them he knows their knowledge of his past crime can destroy the happy, peaceful existence he has built with his attractive wife, Barb, whom he met after he left prison. And he knows that they will not hesitate. He can buy their silence only at a cost highly dangerous to himself.

Kit Fraser faces his dilemma with a courage strengthened by the realisation of the fact that his wife loves him in spite of his past.

Donald MacKenzie writes with a brilliant authentic touch of the chokingly tense moments of the burglary and of the struggle of a man willing to pay any price to keep the happiness his new life has brought him. Don't miss next week's long instalment.

"I had it shipped home," said Keith. "But it's not much good."

The shadow of a smile appeared on Mr. Carpenter's face. "I don't suppose it is, not now," he said. He moved to the door with Keith. "I wish some of my other clients took their trusts as seriously as you have done," he said. "I think Commander Dermott made a very wise choice of a trustee."

JANICE still goes to Miss Pearson's school in West Ealing, but she is entered for the Royal Naval School for Officers' Daughters at Haslemere, and she will go there next year.

Jack and Dawn Donnelly are married. They live on Raiatea Island in the Isles sous le Vent, at the south-east corner, on Baie Hotopuu. They lived first on the Mary Belle, at anchor in the bay, mostly on fish and corameal fritters, but presently Chuck Ferris sent the Flying Cloud to Raiatea with a prefabricated house for them broken down into small sections for deck cargo, and Captain Petersen helped them to put up the main structure before sailing for home.

The completion of this house has kept Jack busy woodworking, which he does very well. Dawn is busy, too, for she has had three children already—two girls and a boy.

Sol Hirzhorn has just about finished the Congreve clock and is thinking about starting off on the hydraulic models in Keith's serial. Julie still works for him.

He would like Keith to come out to the West again and bring Katie and Janice with him for a few weeks' holiday. Keith has deferred this until Janice is a little older, but Julie writes privately that Sol really means it and that Joe says that in view of Keith's professional services the fares would certainly be chargeable to Hirzhorn

own money, relieving them of the burden they had willingly assumed.

At the same time, Keith's correspondence throughout the world was growing to such an extent that some days he did nothing but write letters. So Katie gave up her job and bought a typewriter and a tape dictating-machine, and took charge of the letters. She is not a Julie Perlberg and she never will be, but Keith by sitting in his chair and talking into the microphone can clear the heaviest mail in an hour or so, and the letters get done somehow.

If you happen to be in the tram from Southall or from Hanwell at about nine o'clock on a Friday morning, you may see a little man get in at West Ealing, dressed in a shabby raincoat over a blue suit. A fitter or a machinist probably, you think, perhaps out of the toolroom.

If you follow him, you will find that he gets out at Ealing Broadway and takes the Underground to Victoria Station. He comes up to the surface and walks along Victoria Street a little way to an office block, where he climbs four flights of stone stairs to the dingy, old-fashioned office of the "Miniature Mechanic" to deliver his copy.

He will come out presently and take a bus to Chancery Lane, to spend the remainder of the day in the library of the Patent Office. He will be home at Somerset Road, Ealing, in time for tea. He will spend the evening in the workshop, working on the current model.

He has achieved the type of life that he desires; he wants no other. He is perfectly, supremely happy.

The End

Copyright Heather Felicity Norway and Union Trustee Company of Australia Limited, Executors of the Estate of Nevil Shute Norway 1960.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, and famed mountain explorer Captain Pierce are leading an expedition to Mount Arat in the Himalayas to try to trace the "Abominable Snowman," or Yeti. Captain Pierce claims he glimpsed a strange creature on

his last venture on Mount Arat. Mandrake and Captain Pierce have been climbing the storm-beaten mountain for many days when they unearth the top of a Grecian column! They find other strange things and the mystery deepens. NOW READ ON:



THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

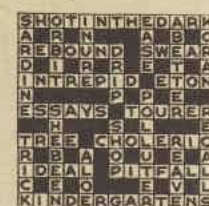
ACROSS

- Tall lampstand made of rum and cable (11).
- Pole cut eight times (7).
- When all is said he only got a shilling, still he is very rich (5).
- A German has written this famous drama and a Frenchman composed its music (5).
- I tame it (Anagr., 7).
- Problems on horseback (6).
- Agreement as despatched (6).
- Irritated mostly with a plant (7).
- Asian monetary unit (5).
- Omit the cover in case (5).
- Allows to appear more veal sandwiches (7).
- Profaning by a created sign (11).

Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

- Do aunts shock with surprise? They may (7).
- Storehouse, the top of which finally turns (5).
- Inventor of a famous extract of meat who could still tell a whooper (6).
- Brigands of its band (7).
- The dark, central portion of a sunspot (5).
- Consultations (11).
- The management does not think that it makes the heart grow fonder (11).
- Ever lie (Anagr., 7).
- Make intelligible, the end of which is readily understood (7).
- An ardent admirer (6).
- A moment with a frozen end (5).
- Strive tentatively to make a short bolt (5).



Solution of last week's crossword.

Printed by Congress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 198-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 20, 1960

TAKE A Cook's Cruise with Coke!



DELIGHT GUESTS WITH
EASY-TO-FIX DISHES
FROM ABROAD...AND
COCA-COLA, THE
WORLD-WIDE FAVOURITE!

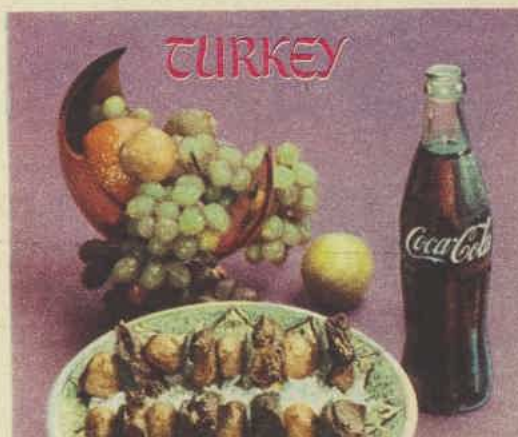
PIZZA ITALIANA

(Multi-topping Pizza). Make a pie base from flaky pastry or pastry mix. Cover with tomato paste then top each quarter with (a) sliced mushrooms, (b) processed cheese, (c) sliced ripe olives, (d) anchovies. Bake in moderately hot oven for about 30 minutes. Remember—there's nothing to beat a Coke with Pizza. In fact, the satisfying goodness of Coca-Cola has made it a favourite with any food. It's so easy to brighten a meal—just serve Coke! Coke is the delicious refreshment that brings out flavour.



CHILI CON CARNE MEXICALI (Beans with Corn). Mix one large can baked beans with two cups whole kernel corn, 1 tablespoon Chili Sauce, 1 cup water and sliced olives. Alternate bean mixture with potato chips or prawn crisps in greased casserole. Bake in 350° oven 30 minutes. Peppery dishes like this taste best teamed with Coca-Cola. For the pause that refreshes... it's Coke every time.

Cut out these recipes for future reference.



ISTANBUL SHISH KEBAB (Grilled Lamb Squares). Marinate 2-inch lamb squares in Worcestershire and Tomato sauce. Thread squares on skewers alternating with onion slices, green pepper squares, mushrooms. Grill until meat is done. And to make every bite more delicious, serve this dish with the best-loved sparkling drink in all the world... Coca-Cola. Over 58 million times each day somebody, somewhere enjoys Coca-Cola.



SMORGASBORD SANDWICH (Beef sandwich). Here's a hearty individual sandwich that's practically a cold buffet in itself. On buttered bread, put a slice of boiled beef, top with tomato slices, prepared shredded horse-radish spread chutney. Serve with ice-cold Coca-Cola. The cheerful lift of Coke is so bright and lively it makes the whole meal more fun.

Mealtime or anytime, be really refreshed...serve Coke!

SIGN OF GOOD TASTE
IN OVER 100 COUNTRIES



COCA-COLA IS BOTTLED THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA BY INDEPENDENT BOTTLING COMPANIES UNDER AUTHORITY OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

"COCA-COLA" AND "COKE" ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

Page 72

COPYRIGHT © 1959 THE COCA-COLA COMPANY

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 20, 1960